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A POETICAL ANTHOLOGY;

OR

A CHOICE COLLECTION

OF

FABLES, ECLOGUES, EPISTLES,
SATIRES, ELEGIES, ODES, AND
BALLADS;

SELECTED

FROM THE BEST ENGLISH POETS:

WITH

M. PRIOR's HENRY AND EMMA;
D. MALLET's AMYNTOR AND THEODORA;
Dr. GOLDSMITH's TRAVELLER AND
DESERTED VILLAGE;
TH. PARNELL's HERMIT, AND
THE
SEASONS
BY JAMES THOMSON.

MENTZ,
Printed for J. F. SCHILLER;

MDCCLXXXVIII.

A
POETICAL
ANTHOLOGY;
OR
A CHOICE COLLECTION
OF
ANCIENT, ECLOGUES, EPISTLES,
SATIRES, ODES, AND
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS:
FROM THE
WORKS
OF
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D. MALLET'S ANAXTOR AND THEODORA;
Dr. GOLDSMITH'S TRAVELLER AND
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Th. PARNELL'S HERMIT, AND
SOME
STANZAS
BY JAMES THOMSON.

BIBLIOTHECA
REGIA
MONACENSIS.

MDCCLXXVIII.

Printed for J. F. SCHILLER;

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A POETICAL ANTHOLOGY.

I.

FABLES.

INTRODUCTION TO THE FABLES.

I. The SHEPHERD and the PHILOSOPHER.

REMOTE from cities liv'd a ſwain,
Unvex'd with all the cares of gain;
His head was ſilver'd o'er with age,
And long experience made him ſage;
In ſummer's heat, and winter's cold,
He fed his flock, and penn'd the fold:
His hours in chearful labour flew,
Nor envy nor ambition knew:
His wiſdom and his honeſt fame
Through all the country rais'd his name.
A deep philoſopher (whoſe rules
Of moral life were drawn from ſchools)
The Shepherd's homely cottage ſought,
And thus explor'd his reach of thought:
Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books conſum'd the midnight oil?
Haſt thou old Greece and Rome ſurvey'd,
And the vaſt ſenſe of PLATO weigh'd?
Hath SOCRATES thy ſoul refin'd,
And haſt thou fathom'd TULLY's mind?

Or, like the wife ULYSSES, thrown,
By various fates, on realms unknown,
Haft thou through various cities ftray'd,
Their cuftoms, laws, and manners weigh'd?
The fhepherd modeftly reply'd,
I ne'er the paths of learning try'd;
Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts,
To read mankind, their laws and arts;
For man is practis'd to difguife,
He cheats the moft difcerning eyes;
Who by that fearch fhall wifer grow,
When we ourfelves can never know?
The little knowledge I have gain'd,
Was all from fimple Nature drain'd;
Hence my life's maxims took their rife;
Hence grew my fettled hate to vice.
The daily labours of the bee
Awake my foul to induftry.
Who can obferve the careful Ant,
And not provide for future want?
My Dog (the truftieft of his kind)
With gratitude inflames my mind:
I mark his true, his faithful way,
And in my fervice copy Tray.
In conftancy and nuptial love,
I learn my duty from the Dove.
The Hen, who, from the chilly air,
With pious wing protects her care;
And ev'ery fowl that flies at large,
Inftructs me in a parent's charge.
From Nature too I take my rule,
To fhun contempt and ridicule.
I never, with important air,
In converfation overbear.
Can grave and formal pafs for wife,
When men the folemn owl defpife?

My tongue within my lips I rein;
For who talks much, muſt talk in vain.
We from the wordy torrent fly:
Who liſtens to the chatt'ring pye?
Nor would I, with felonious ſlight,
By ſtealth invade my neighbour's right.
Rapacious animals we hate:
Kites, hawks, and wolves, deſerve their fate.
Do not we juſt abhorrence find
Againſt the toad and ſerpent kind?
But envy, calumny, and ſpite,
Bear ſtronger malice in their bite.
Thus ev'ry object of creation
Can furniſh hints to contemplation;
And from the moſt minute and mean,
A virtuous mind can morals glean.
Thy fame is juſt, the ſage replies;
Thy virtue proves thee truly wiſe.
Pride often guides the author's pen;
Books as affected are as men:
But he, who ſtudies Nature's laws,
From certain truth his maxims draws;
And thoſe, without our ſchools, ſuffice
To make men moral, good, and wiſe.

II. THE CUR AND THE MASTIFF.

A Sneaking Cur, the maſter's ſpy,
Rewarded for his daily lie,
With ſecret jealouſies and fears
Set all together by the ears.
Poor Puſs to-day was in diſgrace,
Another cat ſupply'd her place;
The hound was beat, the Maſtiff chid,
The monkey was the room forbid;
Each to his deareſt friend grew ſhy,
And none could tell the reaſon why.
A plan to rob the houſe was laid:
The thief with love ſeduc'd the maid;
Cajol'd the Cur and ſtrok'd his head,
And bought his ſecrecy with bread.
He next the Maſtiff's honour try'd,
Whoſe honeſt jaws the bribe defy'd.
He ſtretch'd his hand to proffer more;
The ſurly Dog his fingers tore.
Swift ran the Cur; with indignation
The maſter took his information.
Hang him, the villain's curs'd, he cries;
And round his neck the halter ties.
The Dog his humble ſuit preferr'd,
And begg'd in juſtice to be heard.
The maſter ſat. On either hand
The cited Dogs confronting ſtand;
The Cur the bloody tale relates,
And, like a lawyer, aggravates.
Judge not unheard, the Maſtiff cry'd,
But weigh the cauſe of either ſide.
Think not that treach'ry can be juſt:
Take not informers words on truſt.

They

They ope their hand to ev'ry pay,
And you and me by turns betray.
He ſpoke: and all the truth appear'd.
The Cur was hang'd, the Maſtiff clear'd.

III. THE FOX AT THE POINT OF DEATH.

A Fox, in life's extreme decay,
Weak, ſick, and faint, expiring lay;
All appetite had left his maw,
And age diſarm'd his mumbling jaw.
His num'rous race around him ſtand
To learn their dying ſire's command:
He rais'd his head with whining moan,
And thus was heard the feeble groan:
Ah! ſons, from evil ways depart:
My crimes lie heavy on my heart.
See, ſee, the murder'd geeſe appear!
Why are thoſe bleeding turkeys there?
Why all around this cackling train,
Who haunt my ears for chickens ſlain?
The hungry Foxes round them ſtar'd,
And for the promis'd feaſt prepar'd.
Where, Sir, is all this dainty cheer?
Nor turkey, gooſe, nor hen is here.
Theſe are the phantoms of your brain,
And your ſons lick their lips in vain.
O gluttons! ſays the drooping ſire,
Reſtrain inordinate deſire.
Your liqu'riſh taſte you ſhall deplore,
When peace of conſcience is no more.
Does not the hound betray our pace,
And gins, and guns deſtroy our race?

Thieves dread the ſearching eye of pow'r,
And never feel the quiet hour.
Old age, which few of us ſhall know,
Now puts a period to my woe.
Would you true happineſs attain,
Let honeſty your paſſions rein;
So live in credit and eſteem,
And the good name you loſt, redeem.
— The counſel's good, a Fox replies,
Could we perform what you adviſe.
Think what our anceſtors have done;
A line of thieves from ſon to ſon:
To us deſcends the long diſgrace,
And infamy hath mark'd our race.
Tho' we, like harmleſs ſheep, ſhould feed,
Honeſt in thought, in word, in deed,
Whatever hen-rooſt is decreas'd,
We ſhall be thought to ſhare the feaſt.
The change ſhall never be believ'd:
A loſt good name is ne'er retriev'd.
Nay, then, replies the feeble Fox,
But, hark! I hear a hen that clocks:
Go; but be mod'rate in your food:
A Chicken too might do me good.

THE

IV THE FATHER AND JUPITER.

THE Man to JOVE his ſuit preferr'd;
He begg'd a wife. His pray'r was heard.
Jove wonder'd at his bold addreſſing:
For how precarious is the bleſſing!
A wife he takes. And now for heirs
Again he worries heav'n with pray'rs.
Jove nods aſſent. Two hopeful boys
And a fine girl reward his joys.
Now more ſolicitous he grew,
And ſet their future lives in view:
He ſaw that all reſpect and duty
Were paid to wealth, to pow'r, and beauty.
Once more, he cries, accept my pray'r;
Make my lov'd progeny thy care.
Let my firſt hope, my fav'rite boy,
All fortune's richeſt gifts enjoy.
My next with ſtrong ambition fire:
May favour teach him to aſpire,
'Till he the ſtep of pow'r aſcend,
And courtiers to their idol bend.
With ev'ry grace, with ev'ry charm,
My daughter's perfect features arm.
If Heav'n approve, a Father's bleſt.
Jove ſmiles, and grants his full requeſt.
The firſt, a miſer at the heart
Studious of ev'ry griping art,
Heaps hoards on hoards with anxious pa in;
And all his life devotes to gain.
He feels no joy, his cares increaſe,
He neither wakes nor ſleeps in peace.
In fancy'd want (a wretch compleat)
He ſtarves; and yet he dares not eat.

The next to ſudden honours grew:
The thriving art of courts he knew.
He reach'd the height of pow'r and place;
Then fell the victim of diſgrace.
Beauty with early bloom ſupplies
His daughter's cheek, and points her eyes.
The vain coquette each ſuit diſdains,
And glories in her lover's pains.
With age ſhe fades: each lover flies.
Contemn'd, forlorn, ſhe pines and dies.
When Jove the Father's grief ſurvey'd,
And heard him Heav'n and Fate upbraid,
Thus ſpoke the God: By outward ſhow,
Men judge of happineſs and woe:
Shall ignorance of good and ill
Dare to direct th' Eternal Will?
Seek virtue, and of that poſſeſt
To Providence reſign the reſt.

THE

V. THE COUNCIL OF HORSES.

UPON a time a neighing Steed,
Who graz'd among a num'rous breed,
With mutiny had fir'd the train,
And ſpread diſſenſion through the plain.
On matters that concern'd the ſtate
The council met in grand debate.
A Colt, whoſe eyeballs flam'd with ire,
Elate with ſtrength and youthful fire
In haſte ſtept forth before the reſt,
And thus the liſt'ning throng addreſt:
Good gods! how abject is our race,
Condemn'd to ſlav'ry and diſgrace!
Shall we our ſervitude retain,
Becauſe our ſires have borne the chain?
Conſider, friends, your ſtrength and might:
'Tis conqueſt to aſſert your right.
How cumb'rous is the gilded coach!
The pride of man is our reproach.
Were we deſign'd for daily toil,
To drag the plough-ſhare through the ſoil,
To ſweat in harneſs through the road,
To groan beneath the carrier's load?
How feeble are the two-legg'd kind!
What force is in our nerves combin'd!
Shall we our nobler jaws ſubmit
To foam and champ the galling bit?
Shall haughty man my back beſtride?
Shall the ſharp ſpur provoke my ſide?
Forbid it heav'ns! Reject the rein;
Your ſhame, your infamy diſdain.
Let him the lion firſt controul,
And ſtill the tyger's famiſh'd growl.

Let us like them our freedom claim,
And make him tremble at our name.
A gen'ral nod approv'd the cauſe,
And all the circle neigh'd applauſe.
When, lo! with grave and ſolemn pace
A Steed advanc'd before the race;
With age and long experience wiſe,
Around he caſt his thoughtful eyes,
And, to the murmurs of the train,
Thus ſpoke the Neſtor of the plain:
When I had health and ſtrength like you,
The toils of ſervitude I knew.
Now grateful man rewards my pains,
And gives me all theſe wide domains.
At will I crop the year's increaſe;
My latter life is reſt and peace.
I grant to man we lend our pains,
And aid him to correct the plains:
But doth not he divide the care,
Through all the ſeaſons of the year?
How many thouſand ſtructures riſe
To fence us from inclement ſkies!
For us he bears the ſultry day,
And ſtores up all our winter's hay.
He ſows, he reaps the harveſt's gain:
We ſhare the toil, and ſhare the grain.
Since ev'ry creature was decreed,
To aid each other's mutual need,
Appeaſe your diſcontented mind,
And act the part by heav'n aſſign'd.
The tumult ceas'd. The colt ſubmitted.
And like his anceſtors was bitted.

THE

VI. THE MAN AND THE FLEA.

WHETHER on earth, in air, or main,
Sure ev'ry thing alive is vain.
Does not the hawk all fowls ſurvey
As deſtin'd only for his prey?
And do not tyrants, prouder things,
Think men were born for ſlaves to kings?
When the cr.. views the pearly ſtrands,
Or TAGUS bright with golden ſands
Or crawls beneath the coral grove
And hears the ocean roll above.
Nature is too profuſe, ſays he,
Who gave all theſe to pleaſure me!
When bord'ring pinks and roſes bloom
And ev'ry garden breathes perfume,
When peaches glow with ſunny dyes,
Like LAURA's cheek when bluſhes riſe,
When with huge figs the branches bend,
When cluſters from the vine depend,
The ſnail looks round on flow'r and tree
And cries: All theſe were made for me.
What dignity's in human nature!
Says Man, the moſt conceited creature,
As from a cliff he caſt his eye
And view'd the ſea and arched ſky:
The ſun was ſunk beneath the main,
The moon and all the ſtarry train
Hung the vaſt vault of heav'n; the Man
His contemplation thus began:
When I behold this glorious ſhow
And the wide wat'ry world below,
The ſcaly people of the main,
The beaſts that range the wood or plain,

The

The wing'd inhabitants of air,
The day, the night, the various year,
And know all theſe by heav'n deſign'd
As gifts to pleaſure human kind,
I cannot raiſe my worth too high;
Of what vaſt conſequence am I!
Not of th' importance you ſuppoſe,
Replies a Flea upon his noſe:
Be humble, learn thyſelf to ſcan,
Know, pride was never made for Man.
'Tis vanity that ſwells thy mind;
What, heav'n and earth for thee deſign'd!
For thee! made only for our need,
That more important Fleas might feed.

VII. THE HARE AND MANY FRIENDS.

FRIENDSHIP like love is but a name,
Unleſs to one you ſtint the flame:
The child whom many fathers ſhare
Hath ſeldom known a father's care;
'Tis thus in Friendſhips; who depend
On many, rarely find a Friend.
A Hare who, in a civil way,
Comply'd with ev'ry thing, like GAY,
Was known by all the beſtial train
Who haunt the wood or graze the plain;
Her care was, never to offend,
And ev'ry creature was her friend.
As forth ſhe went at early dawn
To taſte the dew-beſprinkled lawn,
Behind ſhe hears the hunter's cries
And from the deep-mouth'd thunder flies:

She ſtarts, ſhe ſtops, ſhe pants for breath,
She hears the near advance of death;
She doubles to miſlead the hound
And meaſures back her mazy round,
'Till, fainting in the public way,
Half-dead with fear ſhe gaſping lay.
What tranſport in her boſom grew
When firſt the Horſe appear'd in view!
Let me, ſays ſhe, your back aſcend
And owe my ſafety to a friend;
You know my feet betray my flight:
To Friendſhip ev'ry burden's light.
The Horſe reply'd, Poor honeſt Puſs,
It grieves my heart to ſee thee thus:
Be comforted, relief is near,
For all your friends are in the rear.
She next the ſtately Bull implor'd,
And thus reply'd the mighty lord:
Since ev'ry beaſt alive can tell
That I ſincerely wiſh you well,
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend:
Love calls me hence; a fav'rite cow
Expects me near yon barley-mow,
And when a lady's in the caſe,
You know all other things give place:
To leave you thus might ſeem unkind,
But ſee, the Goat is juſt behind.
The Goat remark'd her pulſe was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye:
My back, ſays he, may do you harm;
The Sheep's at hand, and wool is warm.
The Sheep was feeble and complain'd
His ſides a load of wool ſuſtain'd,
Said he was ſlow, confeſs'd his fears,
For hounds eat Sheep as well as Hares.

She now the trotting Calf addreſs'd
To ſave from death a friend diſtreſs'd.
Shall I, ſays he, of tender age,
In this important care engage?
Older and abler paſs'd you by;
How ſtrong are thoſe! how weak am I!
Should I preſume to bear you hence,
Thoſe friends of mine may take offence:
Excuſe me then; you know my heart,
But deareſt friends, alas! muſt part.
How ſhall we all lament! Adieu:
For ſee the hounds are juſt in view.

VIII. THE POET AND HIS PATRON.

WHY, Celia, is your ſpreading waiſt
So looſe, ſo negligently lac'd?
Why muſt the wrapping bed-gown hide
Your ſnowy boſom's ſwelling pride?
How ill that dreſs adorns your head,
Diſtain'd, and rumpled from the bed!
Thoſe clouds, that ſhade your blooming face
A little water might diſplace,
As nature ev'ry morn beſtows
The cryſtal dew to cleanſe the roſe.
Thoſe treſſes, as the raven black,
That wav'd in ringlets down your back,
Uncomb'd, and injur'd by neglect,
Deſtroy the face, which once they deck'd.
Whence this forgetfulneſs of dreſs?
Pray, madam, are you marry'd? Yes.
Nay, then indeed the wonder ceaſes,

No matter now how looſe your dreſs is;
The end is won, your fortune's made,
Your ſiſter now may take the trade.
  Alas! what pity 'tis to find
This fault in half the female kind!
From hence proceed averſion, ſtrife,
And all that ſours the wedded life.
Beauty can only point the dart,
'Tis neatneſs guides it to the heart;
Let neatneſs then and beauty ſtrive
To keep a wav'ring flame alive.
  'Tis harder far (you'll find it true)
To keep the conqueſt than ſubdue;
Admit us once behind the ſcreen,
What is there farther to be ſeen?
A newer face may raiſe the flame,
But ev'ry woman is the ſame.
  Then ſtudy chiefly to improve
The charm, that fix'd a huſband's love.
Weigh well his humour. Was it dreſs,
That gave your beauty power to bleſs?
Purſue it ſtill; be neater ſeen;
'Tis always frugal to be clean;
So ſhall you keep alive deſire,
And time's ſwift wing ſhall fan the fire.
  In garret high (as ſtories ſay)
A Poet ſung his tuneful lay;
So ſoft, ſo ſmooth his verſe, you'd ſwear
Apollo and the Muſes there;
Through all the town his praiſes rung,
His ſonnets at the playhouſe ſung;
High waving o'er his lab'ring head
The goddeſs Want, her pinions ſpread,
And with poetic fury fir'd,
What Phœbus faintly had inſpir'd.

A noble Youth of taſte and wit,
Approv'd the ſprightly things he writ,
And ſought him in his cobweb dome,
Diſcharg'd his rent and brought him home.
Behold him at the ſtately board,
Who, but the Poet, and my Lord!
Each day deliciouſly he dines,
And greedy quaffs the gen'rous wines;
His ſides were plump, his ſkin was ſleek,
And plenty wanton'd on his cheek;
Aſtoniſh'd at the change ſo new,
Away th' inſpiring goddeſs flew.
Now dropt for politics and news,
Neglected lay the drooping Muſe,
Unmindful whence his fortune came,
He ſtifled the poetic flame;
Nor tale nor ſonnet for my lady,
Lampoon nor epigram was ready.
With juſt contempt his patron ſaw,
Reſolv'd his bounty to withdraw
And thus with anger in his look
The late repenting fool beſpoke:
Blind to the good that courts thee grown,
Whence has the ſun of favour ſhone?
Delighted with thy tuneful art,
Eſteem was growing in my heart;
But idly thou reject'ſt the charm
That gave it birth, and kept it warm.
Unthinking fools alone deſpiſe
The arts, that taught them firſt to riſe.

IX. THE FEMALE SEDUCERS.

'Tis ſaid of widow, maid, and wife,
That honour is a woman's life;
Unhappy ſex! who only claim
A being in the breath of fame,
Which tainted, not the quick'ning gales
That ſweep Sabæa's ſpicy vales,
Nor all the healing ſweets reſtore,
That breathe along Arabia's ſhore.
The trav'ller, if he chance to ſtray,
May turn uncenſur'd to his way;
Polluted ſtreams again are pure,
And deepeſt wounds admit a cure;
But woman no redemption knows:
The wounds of honour never cloſe.
Though diſtant ev'ry hand to guide,
Nor ſkill'd on life's tempeſtuous tide,
If once her feeble bark recede,
Or deviate from the courſe decreed,
In vain ſhe ſeeks the friendleſs ſhore,
Her ſwifter folly flies before;
The circling ports againſt her cloſe,
And ſhut the wand'rer from repoſe,
'Till, by conflicting waves oppreſt,
Her found'ring pinnace ſinks to reſt.
Are there no off'rings to atone
For but a ſingle error? — None.
Though woman is avow'd, of old,
No daughter of celeſtial mould,
Her temp'ring not without allay,
And form'd but of the finer clay,
We challenge from the mortal dame
The ſtrength angelic natures claim;
Nay more; for ſacred ſtories tell
That ev'n immortal angels fell.

Whatever fills the teeming ſphere
Of humid earth and ambient air,
With varying elements endu'd,
Was form'd to fall, and riſe renew'd.
The ſtars no fix'd duration know;
Wide oceans ebb, again to flow;
The moon repletes her waning face,
All-beauteous from her late diſgrace;
And ſuns, that mourn approaching night,
Refulgent riſe with newborn light.
In vain may death and time ſubdue,
While nature mints her race anew,
And holds ſome vital ſpark apart,
Like virtue, hid in ev'ry heart;
'Tis hence reviving warmth is ſeen
To clothe a naked world in green,
No longer barr'd by winter's cold,
Again the gates of life unfold;
Again each inſect tries his wing;
And lifts freſh pinions on the ſpring;
Again from ev'ry latent root
The bladed ſtem and tendril ſhoot,
Exhaling incenſe to the ſkies,
Again to periſh, and to riſe.
And muſt weak woman then diſown
The change, to which a world is prone?
In one meridian brightneſs ſhine,
And ne'er like evening-ſuns decline?
Reſolv'd and firm alone? — Is this
What we demand of woman? — Yes.
But ſhould the ſpark of veſtal fire
In ſome unguarded hour expire,
Or ſhould the nightly thief invade
Heſperia's chaſte and ſacred ſhade,
Of all the blooming ſpoil poſſeſt,
The dragon Honour charm'd to reſt,

Shall

Shall virtue's flame no more return?
No more with virgin incenſe burn?
No more the ravag'd garden blow
With ſpring's ſucceeding bloſſom? — No.
Pity may mourn, but not reſtore,
And woman falls, to riſe no more.
  Within this ſublunary ſphere
A country lies — no matter where;
The clime may readily be found
By all who tread poetic ground:
A ſtream, call'd life, acroſs it glides,
And equally the land divides;
And here of Vice the province lies,
And there the hills of Virtue riſe.
  Upon a mountain's airy ſtand,
Whoſe ſummit look'd to either hand,
An ancient pair their dwelling choſe,
As well for proſpect as repoſe;
For mutual faith they long were fam'd;
And Temp'rance and Religion nam'd.
  A num'rous progeny divine
Confeſs'd the honours of their line;
But in a little daughter fair
Was center'd more than half their care;
For heav'n, to gratulate her birth,
Gave ſigns of future joy to earth;
White was the robe this infant wore,
And CHASTITY the name ſhe bore,
  As now the maid in ſtature grew,
(A flow'r juſt op'ning to the view)
Oft' through her native lawns ſhe ſtray'd,
And wreſtling with the lambkins play'd;
Her looks diffuſive ſweets bequeath'd,
The breeze grew purer as ſhe breath'd,
The morn her radiant bluſh aſſum'd,
The ſpring with earlier fragrance bloom'd,

And nature yearly took delight
Like her to dreſs the world in white.
But when her riſing form was ſeen
To reach the criſis of fifteen,
Her parents up the mountain's head
With anxious ſtep their darling led;
By turns they ſnatch'd her to their breaſt,
And thus the fears of age expreſt:
O joyful cauſe of many a care!
O daughter too divinely fair!
Yon world on this important day
Demands thee to a dang'rous way;
A painful journey, all muſt go,
Whoſe doubted period none can know,
Whoſe due direction who can find,
Where reaſon's mute, and ſenſe is blind?
Ah, what unequal leaders theſe,
Through ſuch a wide perplexing maze!
Then mark the warnings of the wiſe,
And learn what love and years adviſe.
Far to the right thy proſpect bend,
Where yonder tow'ring hills aſcend;
Lo there the arduous paths in view,
Which virtue and her ſons purſue;
With toil o'er leſs'ning earth they riſe,
And gain and gain upon the ſkies.
Narrow's the way her children tread,
No walk for pleaſure ſmoothly ſpread,
But rough, and difficult, and ſteep,
Painful to climb, and hard to keep.
Fruits immature thoſe lands diſpenſe,
A food indelicate to ſenſe,
Of taſte unpleaſant; yet from thoſe
Pure health with chearful vigour flows,
And ſtrength unfeeling of decay
Throughout the long laborious way.

Hence

Hence as they ſcale that heav'nly road,
Each limb is lighten'd of its load;
From earth refining ſtill they go,
And leave the mortal weight below;
Then ſpreads the ſtrait, the doubtful clears,
And ſmooth the rugged path appears;
For cuſtom turns fatigue to eaſe,
And taught by virtue pain can pleaſe.
At length, the toilſome journey o'er,
And near the bright celeſtial ſhore,
A gulph, black, fearful, and profound.
Appears, of either world the bound,
Through darkneſs, leading up to light;
Senſe backward ſhrinks and ſhuns the ſight;
For there the tranſitory train
Of Time, and Form, and Care, and Pain,
And Matter's late incumb'ring maſs,
Man's late aſſociates, cannot paſs,
But ſinking quit th' immortal charge,
And leave the wond'ring ſoul at large;
Lightly ſhe wings her obvious way,
And mingles with eternal day.
Thither, O thither wing thy ſpeed,
Though pleaſure charm, or pain impede;
To ſuch th' all-bounteous Pow'r has giv'n
For preſent earth a future heav'n,
For preſent loſs unmeaſur'd gain,
And endleſs bliſs for tranſient pain.
Then fear, ah! fear to turn thy ſight
Where yonder flow'ry fields invite;
Wide on the left the path-way bends
And with pernicious eaſe deſcends;
There ſweet to ſenſe and fair to ſhew
New-planted Edens ſeem to blow,
Trees, that delicious poiſon bear,
For death is vegetable there.

Hence is the frame of health unbrac'd,
Each ſinew ſlak'ning at the taſte,
The ſoul to paſſion yields her throne,
And ſees with organs not her own;
While like the ſlumb'rer in the night,
Pleas'd with the ſhad'wy dream of light,
Before her alienated eyes
The ſcenes of fairy-land ariſe;
The puppet world's amuſing ſhow,
Dipt in the gaily-colour'd bow,
Sceptres, and wreaths, and glitt'ring things,
The toys of infants and of kings,
That tempt along the baneful plain
The idly wiſe and lightly vain,
'Till verging on the gulfy ſhore,
Sudden they ſink, and riſe no more.
But liſt to what thy fates declare;
Though thou art woman, frail as fair,
If once thy ſliding foot ſhould ſtray,
Once quit yon heav'n-appointed way,
For thee, loſt maid, for thee alone,
Nor pray'rs ſhall plead, nor tears atone;
Reproach, ſcorn, infamy, and hate
On thy returning ſteps ſhall wait,
Thy form be loath'd by ev'ry eye,
And ev'ry foot thy preſence fly.
Thus arm'd with words of potent ſound,
Like guardian-angels plac'd around,
A charm, by truth divinely caſt,
Forward our young advent'rer paſt;
Forth from her ſacred eye-lids ſent
Like morn forerunning radiance went,
While HONOUR, hand-maid late aſſign'd,
Upheld her lucid train behind.
Awe-ſtruck the much-admiring crowd
Before the Virgin Viſion bow'd,

Gaz'd with an ever-new delight,
And caught freſh virtue at the ſight;
For not of earth's unequal frame
They deem the heav'n-compounded Dame;
If matter, ſure the moſt refin'd,
High wrought, and temper'd into mind,
Some darling daughter of the day,
And body'd by her native ray.
Where'er ſhe paſſes thouſands bend,
And thouſands, where ſhe moves, attend;
Her ways obſervant eyes confeſs,
Her ſteps purſuing praiſes bleſs;
While to the elevated Maid
Oblations as to heav'n are paid.
'Twas on an ever-blithſome day,
The jovial birth of roſy May,
When genial warmth no more ſuppreſt
New melts the froſt in ev'ry breaſt,
The cheek with ſecret fluſhing dyes,
And looks kind things from chaſteſt eyes;
The ſun with healthier viſage glows,
Aſide his clouded kerchief throws,
And dances up th' ethereal plain,
Where late he us'd to climb with pain,
While nature, as from bonds ſet free,
Springs out and gives a looſe to glee.
And now for momentary reſt
The Nymph her travell'd ſtep repreſt,
Juſt turn'd to view the ſtage attain'd,
And glory'd in the height ſhe gain'd.
Out-ſtretch'd before her wide ſurvey
The realms of ſweet perdition lay,
And pity touch'd her ſoul with woe
To ſee a world ſo loſt below;
When ſtrait the breeze began to breathe
Airs gently wafted from beneath,

That bore commiſſion'd witchcraft thence,
And reach'd her ſympathy of ſenſe;
No ſounds of diſcord, that diſcloſe
A people ſunk and loſt in woes,
But as of preſent good poſſeſt,
The very triumph of the bleſt,
The maid in wrapt attention hung,
While thus approaching Syrens ſung:

Hither, faireſt, hither haſte,
Brighteſt beauty, come and taſte,
What the pow'rs of bliſs unfold,
Joys too mighty to be told;
Taſte what ecſtacies they give,
Dying raptures taſte and live.
In thy lap, diſdaining meaſure
Nature empties all her treaſure.
Soft deſires, that ſweetly languiſh,
Fierce delights, that riſe to anguiſh;
Faireſt, doſt thou yet delay?
Brighteſt beauty, come away,
Liſt not when the froward chide,
Sons of pedantry and pride,
Snarlers, to whoſe feeble ſenſe
April's ſunſhine is offence;
Age and envy will adviſe
Ev'n againſt the joy they prize.
Come, in pleaſure's balmy bowl
Slake the thirſtings of thy ſoul,
'Till thy raptur'd pow'rs are fainting
With enjoyment, paſt the painting:
Faireſt, doſt thou yet delay?
Brighteſt beauty, come away.

So ſung the Sirens, as of yore
Upon the falſe Auſonian ſhore;

And Oh! for that preventing chain
That bound Ulyſſes on the main,
That ſo our Fair One might withſtand
The covert ruin, now at hand.
The ſong her charm'd attention drew,
When now the tempters ſtood in view;
Curioſity, with prying eyes,
And hands of buſy bold empriſe;
Like Hermes, feather'd were her feet,
And, like forerunning fancy, fleet.
By ſearch untaught, by toil untir'd,
To novelty ſhe ſtill aſpir'd,
Taſteleſs of ev'ry good poſſeſt,
And but in expectation bleſt.
With her, aſſociate, Pleaſure came,
Gay Pleaſure, frolic-loving dame,
Her mein all ſwimming in delight,
Her beauties half reveal'd to ſight;
Looſe flow'd her garments from the ground
And caught the kiſſing wings around.
As erſt Meduſa's head was known
To turn beholders into ſtone,
A dire reverſion here they felt,
And in the eye of Pleaſure melt.
Her glance with ſweet perſuaſion charm'd,
Unnerv'd the ſtrong, the ſteel'd diſarm'd;
No ſafety ev'n the flying find,
Who, vent'rous, look but once behind.
Thus was the much-admiring maid,
While diſtant, more than half betray'd.
With ſmiles and adulation bland
They join'd her ſide, and ſeiz'd her hand;
Their touch envenom'd ſweets inſtill'd,
Her frame with new pulſations thrill'd:
While half conſenting, half denying,
Reluctant now, and now complying,

Amidſt a war of hopes and fears,
Of trembling wiſhes, ſmiling tears,
Still down and down the winning pair
Compell'd the ſtruggling yielding Fair.
As when ſome ſtately veſſel, bound
To bleſt Arabia's diſtant ground,
Borne from her courſes, haply lights
Where Barca's flow'ry clime invites,
Conceal'd around whoſe treach'rous land
Lurk the dire rock and dang'rous ſand;
The pilot warns with ſail and oar
To ſhun the much-ſuſpected ſhore.
In vain. The tide, too ſubtly ſtrong,
Still bears the wreſtling bark along,
'Till found'ring, ſhe reſigns to fate,
And ſinks o'erwhelm'd with all her freight.
So, baffling ev'ry bar to ſin,
And heav'n's ow'n pilot plac'd within,
Along the devious ſmooth deſcent,
With pow'rs increaſing as they went,
The Dames accuſtom'd to ſubdue,
As with a rapid current drew,
And o'er the fatal bounds convey'd
The loſt, the long-reluctant Maid.
Here ſtop, ye fair ones, and beware,
Nor ſend your fond affections there;
Yet, yet your darling, now deplor'd,
May turn, to you and heav'n reſtor'd;
'Till then, with weeping Honour wait,
The ſervant of her better fate,
With Honour, left upon the ſhore,
Her friend and handmaid now no more;
Nor with the guilty world upbraid
The fortunes of a wretch betray'd;
But o'er her failing caſt a veil,
Rememb'ring you yourſelves are frail.

And now from all enquiring light
Faſt in the conſcious ſhades of night;
The Damſel, from a ſhort repoſe,
Confounded at her plight, aroſe.
As when, with ſlumb'rous weight oppreſt,
Some wealthy miſer ſinks to reſt,
Where felons eye the glitt'ring prey,
And ſteal his hoard of joys away;
He, borne where golden Indus ſtreams,
Of pearl and quarry'd di'mond dreams,
Like Midas turns the glebe to ore,
And ſtands all wrapt amidſt his ſtore,
But wakens, naked and deſpoil'd
Of that, for which his years had toil'd.
So far'd the Nymph, her treaſure flown,
And turn'd, like Niobe, to ſtone,
Within, without, obſcure and void,
She felt all ravag'd, all deſtroy'd.
And, O thou curs'd inſidious coaſt!
Are theſe the bleſſings thou canſt boaſt?
Theſe, Virtue! theſe the joys they find,
Who leave thy heav'n-topt hills behind?
Shade me, ye pines, ye caverns, hide,
Ye mountains, cover me! ſhe cry'd.
Her trumpet Slander rais'd on high,
And told the tidings to the ſky.
Contempt diſcharg'd a living dart,
A ſide-long viper to her heart.
Reproach breath'd poiſons o'er her face.
And foil'd and blaſted ev'ry grace.
Officious Shame, her handmaid new,
Still turn'd the mirror to her view;
While thoſe, in crimes the deepeſt dy'd,
Approach'd to whiten at her ſide,
And ev'ry lewd inſulting dame
Upon her folly roſe to fame.

What ſhould ſhe do? Attempt once more
To gain the late-deſerted ſhore?
So truſting, back the mourner flew;
As faſt the train of fiends purſue.
Again the farther ſhore's attain'd,
Again the land of virtue gain'd;
But Echo gathers in the wind,
And ſhews her inſtant foes behind.
Amaz'd, with headlong ſpeed ſhe tends
Where late ſhe left an hoſt of friends;
Alas! thoſe ſhrinking friends decline,
Nor longer own that form divine:
With fear they mark the foll'wing cry,
And from the lonely Trembler fly,
Or backward drive her on the coaſt
Where peace was wreck'd, and honour loſt.
From earth thus hoping aid in vain,
To heav'n not daring to complain,
No truce by hoſtile clamour giv'n,
And from the face of friendſhip driv'n,
The Nymph ſunk proſtrate on the ground
With all her weight of woes around.
Enthron'd within a circling ſky,
Upon a mount, o'er mountains high,
All radiant ſate, as in a ſhrine,
Virtue, firſt effluence divine;
Far, far above the ſcenes of woe,
That ſhut this cloud-wrapt world below;
Superior goddeſs, eſſence bright,
Beauty of uncreated light,
Whom ſhould mortality ſurvey,
As doom'd upon a certain day,
The breath of frailty muſt expire,
The world diſſolve in living fire,
The gems of heav'n and ſolar flame
Be quench'd by her eternal beam,

And nature, quick'ning in her eye,
To riſe a new-born phœnix, die.
Hence, unreveal'd to mortal view,
A veil around her form ſhe threw,
Which three ſad ſiſters of the ſhade,
Pain, Care, and Melancholy made
Through this her all-enquiring eye,
Attentive from her ſtation high,
Beheld, abandon'd to deſpair,
The ruins of her fav'rite fair;
And, with a voice whoſe awful ſound
Appal'd the guilty world around,
Bid the tumultuous winds be ſtill,
To numbers bow'd each liſt'ning hill,
Uncurl'd the ſurging of the main,
And ſmooth'd the thorny bed of pain,
The golden harp of heav'n ſhe ſtrung,
And thus the tuneful goddeſs ſung:

Lovely Penitent, ariſe,
Come, and claim thy kindred ſkies,
Come, thy ſiſter angels ſay:
Thou haſt wept thy ſtains away.
Let experience now decide
'Twixt the good and evil try'd:
In the ſmooth enchanted ground,
Say, unfold the treaſures found.

Structures, rais'd by morning dreams,
Sands, that trip the flitting ſtreams,
Down, that anchors on the air,
Clouds, that paint their changes there.
Seas, that ſmoothly dimpling lie,
While the ſtorm impends on high,
Shewing in an obvious glaſs
Joys that in poſſeſſion paſs,

II.

ECLOGUES AND PASTORAL POEMS.

I.

A Paſtoral BALLAD, in four Parts.

Written in 1743.

By WM. SHENSTONE, ESQ;

I. ABSENCE.

YE ſhepherds ſo cheerful and gay,
Whoſe flocks never careleſsly roam;
Should CORYDON's happen to ſtray,
Oh! call the poor wanderers home.
Allow me to muſe and to ſigh,
Nor talk of the change that ye find;
None once was ſo watchful as I:
— I have left my dear PHYLLIS behind.

Now I know what it is to have ſtrove
With the torture of doubt and deſire;
What it is to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire.
Ah lead forth my flock in the morn,
And the damps of each ev'ning repel;
Alas! I am faint and forlorn:
— I have bade my dear PHYLLIS farewel.

Since

Since PHILLIS vouchſaf'd me a look,
I never once dream'd of my vine;
May I loſe both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine.
I priz'd ev'ry hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleas'd me before;
But now they are paſt, and I ſigh;
And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

But why do I languiſh in vain?
Why wander thus penſively here?
Oh! why did I come from the plain,
Where I fed on the ſmiles of my dear?
They tell me, my favourite maid,
The pride of that valley is flown;
Alas! where with her I have ſtray'd,
I could wander with pleaſure alone.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
What anguiſh I felt at my heart!
Yet I thought — but it might not be ſo —
'Twas with pain that ſhe ſaw me depart.
She gaz'd, as I ſlowly withdrew;
My path I could hardly diſcern;
So ſweetly ſhe bade me adieu;
I thought that ſhe bade me returo.

The pilgrim that journies all day
To viſit ſome far diſtant ſhrine,
If he bear but a relic away,
Is happy, nor heard to repine.
Thus widely remov'd from the fair,
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
Soft hope is the relic I bear,
And my ſolace wherever I go.

II. HOPE.

MY banks they are furniſh'd with bees,
Whoſe murmur invites one to ſleep;
My grottoes are ſhaded with trees;
And my hills are white over with ſheep.
I ſeldom have met with a loſs,
Such health do my fountains beſtow;
My fountains are border'd with moſs,
Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there ſeen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound:
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
But a ſweet-brier entwines it around.
Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold:
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fiſhes of gold.

One would think ſhe might like to retire
To the bow'r I have labour'd to rear;
Not a ſhrub that I heard her admire,
But I haſted and planted it there.
Oh how ſudden the jeſſamine ſtrove
With the lilach to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love,
To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,
What ſtrains of wild melody flow?
How the nightingales warble their loves
From thickets of roſes that blow!

And when her bright form ſhall appear,
Each bird ſhall harmoniouſly join
In a concert ſo ſoft and ſo clear,
As — ſhe may not be fond to reſign.

I have found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed:
But let me that plunder forbear,
She will ſay, 'twas a barbarous deed;
For he ne'er could be true, ſhe averr'd,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young:
And I lov'd her the more, when I heard
Such tenderneſs fall from her tongue.

I have hear'd her with ſweetneſs unfold,
How that pity was due to — a dove;
That it ever attended the bold,
And ſhe call'd it the ſiſter of love.
But her words ſuch a pleaſure convey,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her ſpeak, and, whatever ſhe ſay,
Methinks I ſhould love her the more.

Can a boſom ſo gentle remain
Unmov'd, when her CORYDON ſighs!
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
Theſe plains and this valley deſpiſe?
Dear regions of ſilence and ſhade,
Soft ſcenes of contentment and eaſe!
Where I could have pleaſingly ſtray'd,
If aught in her abſence could pleaſe.

But where does my PHYLLIDA ſtray!
And where are her grots and her bow'rs?
Are the groves and the vallies as gay,
And the ſhepherds as gentle as ours?

The groves may perhaps be as fair,
And the face of the vallies as fine;
The ſwains may in manners compare;
But their love is not equal to mine.

III. SOLICITUDE.

WHY will you my paſſion reprove?
Why term it a folly to grieve,
Ere I ſhew you the charms of my love?
She is fairer than you can believe.
With her mien ſhe enamours the brave;
With her wit ſhe engages the free;
With her modeſty pleaſes the grave;
She is ev'ry way pleaſing to me.

O you that have been of her train,
Come and join in my amorous lays;
I could lay down my life for the ſwain
That will ſing but a ſong in her praiſe.
When he ſings, may the nymphs of the town
Come trooping, and liſten the while;
Nay, on him let not PHYLLIDA frown;
— But I cannot allow her to ſmile.

For when PARIDEL tries in the dance
Any favour with PHYLLIS to find,
O how, with one trivial glance,
Might ſhe ruin the peace of my mind!
In ringlets he dreſſes his hair,
And his crook is beſtudded around;
And his pipe—oh, may PHYLLIS beware
Of a magic there is in the ſound.

'Tis

'Tis his with mock-paſſion to glow;
'Tis his in ſmooth tales to unfold,
"How her face is as bright as the ſnow,
"And her boſom, be ſure, is as cold:
"How the nightingales labour the ſtrain,
"With the notes of his charmer to vie;
"How they vary their accents in vain,
"Repine at her triumphs, and die."

To the grove or the garden he ſtrays,
And pillages every ſweet;
Then, ſuiting the wreath to his lays,
He throws it at PHYLLIS's feet.
"O PHYLLIS," he whiſpers, "more fair,
"More ſweet than the jeſſamine's flow'r!
"What are pinks, in a morn, to compare?
"What is eglantine after a ſhow'r?

"Then the lily no longer is white;
"Then the roſe is depriv'd of its bloom;
"Then the violets die with deſpite,
"And the woodbines give up their perfume."
Thus glide the ſoft numbers along,
And he fancies no ſhepherd his peer;
—Yet I never ſhould envy the ſong,
Were not PHYLLIS to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
So PHYLLIS the trophy deſpiſe;
Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
So they ſhine not in PHYLLIS's eyes.
The language that flows from the heart
Is a ſtranger to PARIDEL's tongue;
— Yet may ſhe beware of his art,
Or ſure I muſt envy the ſong.

IV. DISAPPOINTMENT.

YE ſhepherds, give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my ſheep:
They have nothing to do, but to ſtray;
I have nothing to do, but to weep,
Yet do not my folly reprove;
She was fair — and my paſſion begun
She ſmil'd — and I could not but love;
She is faithleſs — and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought;
Perhaps it was plain to foreſee,
That a nymph ſo complete would be ſought
By a ſwain more engaging than me.
Ah! Love ev'ry hope can inſpire;
It baniſhes wiſdom the while;
And the lip of the nymph we admire
Seems for ever adorn'd with a ſmile.

She is faithleſs, and I am undone;
Ye that witneſs the woes I endure,
Let reaſon inſtruct you to ſhun
What it cannot inſtruct you to cure.
Beware how ye loiter in vain
Amid nymphs of an higher degree:
It is not for me to explain
How fair and how fickle they be.

Alas! from the day that we met,
What hope of an end to my woes;
When I cannot endure to forget
The glance that undid my repoſe?
Yet time may diminiſh the pain:
The flow'r, and the ſhrub, and the tree,
Which I rear'd for her pleaſure in vain,
In time may have comfort for me.

The ſweets of a dew-ſprinkled roſe,
  The ſound of a murmuring ſtream,
The peace which from ſolitude flows,
  Henceforth ſhall be CORYDON's theme.
High tranſports are ſhewn to the ſight,
  But we are not to find them our own;
Fate never beſtow'd ſuch delight,
  As I with my PHYLLIS had known.

O ye woods, ſpread your branches apace;
  To your deepeſt receſſes I fly;
I would hide with the beaſts of the chace;
  I would vaniſh from every eye.
Yet my reed ſhall reſound thro' the grove
  With the ſame ſad complaint it begun;
How ſhe ſmil'd, and I could not but love;
  Was faithleſs, and I am undone!

A PASTORAL.

I.

"MY time, O ye muſes, was happily ſpent,
"When Phebe went with me wherever I went;
"Ten thouſand ſweet pleaſures I felt in my breaſt:
"Sure never fond ſhepherd like Colin was bleſt!
"But now ſhe is gone, and has left me behind,
"What a marvellous change on a ſudden I find?
"When things were as fine as could poſſibly be,
"I thought 'twas the ſpring; but alas! it was ſhe.

II.

"With ſuch a companion, to tend a few ſheep,
"To riſe up and play, or to lie down and ſleep:
"I was ſo good humour'd, ſo chearful and gay,
"My heart was as light as a feather all day.
"But now I ſo croſs and ſo peeviſh am grown;
"So ſtrangely uneaſy as never was known.
"My fair one is gone, and my joys are all drown'd.
"And my heart — I am ſure it weighs more than a pound.

III.

"The fountain that wont to run ſweetly along,
"And dance to ſoft murmurs the pebbles among;
"Thou know'ſt, little Cupid, if Phebe was there,
"'Twas pleaſure to look at, 'twas muſic to hear:
"But now ſhe is abſent, I walk by its ſide,
"And ſtill as it murmurs do nothing but chide;

"Muſt

"Muſt you be ſo chearful, while I go in pain?
"Peace there with your bubbling, and hear me complain.

IV.

"When my lambkins around me would often-times play,
"And when Phebe and I were as joyful as they,
"How pleaſant their ſporting, how happy their time,
"When ſpring, love and beauty were all in their prime?
"But now in their frolics when by me they paſs,
"I fling at their fleeces an handful of graſs;
"Be ſtill then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad,
"To ſee you ſo merry, while I am ſo ſad.

V.

"My dog I was ever well pleaſed to ſee
"Come wagging his tail to my fair one and me;
"And Phebe was pleas'd too, and to my dog ſaid,
"Come hither, poor fellow; and patted his head.
"But now, when he's fawning, I with a ſour look
"Cry: Sirrah! and give him a blow with my crook:
"And I'll give him another; for why ſhould not Tray
"Be as dull as his maſter, when Phebe's away?

VI.

"When walking with Phebe, what ſights have I ſeen?
"How fair was the flower, how freſh was the green?
"What a lovely appearance the trees and the ſhade,
"The corn fields and hedges, and ev'ry thing made?

Whatever fills the teeming ſphere
Of humid earth and ambient air,
With varying elements endu'd,
Was form'd to fall, and riſe renew'd.
The ſtars no fix'd duration know;
Wide oceans ebb, again to flow;
The moon repletes her waning face,
All-beauteous from her late diſgrace;
And ſuns, that mourn approaching night,
Refulgent riſe with newborn light.
In vain may death and time ſubdue,
While nature mints her race anew,
And holds ſome vital ſpark apart,
Like virtue, hid in ev'ry heart;
'Tis hence reviving warmth is ſeen
To clothe a naked world in green,
No longer barr'd by winter's cold,
Again the gates of life unfold;
Again each inſect tries his wing;
And lifts freſh pinions on the ſpring;
Again from ev'ry latent root
The bladed ſtem and tendril ſhoot,
Exhaling incenſe to the ſkies,
Again to periſh, and to riſe.
And muſt weak woman then diſown
The change, to which a world is prone?
In one meridian brightneſs ſhine,
And ne'er like evening-ſuns decline?
Reſolv'd and firm alone? — Is this
What we demand of woman? — Yes.
But ſhould the ſpark of veſtal fire
In ſome unguarded hour expire,
Or ſhould the nightly thief invade
Heſperia's chaſte and ſacred ſhade,
Of all the blooming ſpoil poſſeſt,
The dragon Honour charm'd to reſt,

Shall

Shall virtue's flame no more return?
No more with virgin incenſe burn?
No more the ravag'd garden blow
With ſpring's ſucceeding bloſſom? — No.
Pity may mourn, but not reſtore,
And woman falls, to riſe no more.

Within this ſublunary ſphere
A country lies — no matter where;
The clime may readily be found
By all who tread poetic ground:
A ſtream, call'd life, acroſs it glides,
And equally the land divides;
And here of Vice the province lies,
And there the hills of Virtue riſe.

Upon a mountain's airy ſtand,
Whoſe ſummit look'd to either hand,
An ancient pair their dwelling choſe,
As well for proſpect as repoſe;
For mutual faith they long were fam'd;
And Temp'rance and Religion nam'd.

A num'rous progeny divine
Confeſs'd the honours of their line;
But in a little daughter fair
Was center'd more than half their care;
For heav'n, to gratulate her birth,
Gave ſigns of future joy to earth;
White was the robe this infant wore,
And CHASTITY the name ſhe bore,

As now the maid in ſtature grew,
(A flow'r juſt op'ning to the view)
Oft' through her native lawns ſhe ſtray'd,
And wreſtling with the lambkins play'd;
Her looks diffuſive ſweets bequeath'd,
The breeze grew purer as ſhe breath'd,
The morn her radiant bluſh aſſum'd,
The ſpring with earlier fragrance bloom'd,

And nature yearly took delight
Like her to dreſs the world in white.
But when her riſing form was ſeen
To reach the criſis of fifteen,
Her parents up the mountain's head
With anxious ſtep their darling led;
By turns they ſnatch'd her to their breaſt,
And thus the fears of age expreſt:
O joyful cauſe of many a care!
O daughter too divinely fair!
Yon world on this important day
Demands thee to a dang'rous way;
A painful journey, all muſt go,
Whoſe doubted period none can know,
Whoſe due direction who can find,
Where reaſon's mute, and ſenſe is blind?
Ah, what unequal leaders theſe,
Through ſuch a wide perplexing maze!
Then mark the warnings of the wiſe,
And learn what love and years adviſe.
Far to the right thy proſpect bend,
Where yonder tow'ring hills aſcend;
Lo there the arduous paths in view,
Which virtue and her ſons purſue;
With toil o'er leſs'ning earth they riſe,
And gain and gain upon the ſkies.
Narrow's the way her children tread,
No walk for pleaſure ſmoothly ſpread,
But rough, and difficult, and ſteep,
Painful to climb, and hard to keep.
Fruits immature thoſe lands diſpenſe,
A food indelicate to ſenſe,
Of taſte unpleaſant; yet from thoſe
Pure health with chearful vigour flows,
And ſtrength unfeeling of decay
Throughout the long laborious way.

Hence

Hence as they ſcale that heav'nly road,
Each limb is lighten'd of its load;
From earth refining ſtill they go,
And leave the mortal weight below;
Then ſpreads the ſtrait, the doubtful clears,
And ſmooth the rugged path appears;
For cuſtom turns fatigue to eaſe,
And taught by virtue pain can pleaſe.
At length, the toilſome journey o'er,
And near the bright celeſtial ſhore,
A gulph, black, fearful, and profound.
Appears, of either world the bound,
Through darkneſs, leading up to light;
Senſe backward ſhrinks and ſhuns the ſight;
For there the tranſitory train
Of Time, and Form, and Care, and Pain,
And Matter's late incumb'ring maſs,
Man's late aſſociates, cannot paſs,
But ſinking quit th' immortal charge,
And leave the wond'ring ſoul at large;
Lightly ſhe wings her obvious way,
And mingles with eternal day.
Thither, O thither wing thy ſpeed,
Though pleaſure charm, or pain impede;
To ſuch th' all-bounteous Pow'r has giv'n
For preſent earth a future heav'n,
For preſent loſs unmeaſur'd gain,
And endleſs bliſs for tranſient pain.
Then fear, ah! fear to turn thy ſight
Where yonder flow'ry fields invite;
Wide on the left the path-way bends
And with pernicious eaſe deſcends;
There ſweet to ſenſe and fair to ſhew
New-planted Edens ſeem to blow,
Trees, that delicious poiſon bear,
For death is vegetable there.

Hence is the frame of health unbrac'd,
Each ſinew ſlak'ning at the taſte,
The ſoul to paſſion yields her throne,
And ſees with organs not her own;
While like the ſlumb'rer in the night,
Pleas'd with the ſhad'wy dream of light,
Before her alienated eyes
The ſcenes of fairy-land ariſe;
The puppet world's amuſing ſhow,
Dipt in the gaily-colour'd bow,
Sceptres, and wreaths, and glitt'ring things,
The toys of infants and of kings,
That tempt along the baneful plain
The idly wiſe and lightly vain,
'Till verging on the gulfy ſhore,
Sudden they ſink, and riſe no more.
But liſt to what thy fates declare;
Though thou art woman, frail as fair,
If once thy ſliding foot ſhould ſtray,
Once quit yon heav'n-appointed way,
For thee, loſt maid, for thee alone,
Nor pray'rs ſhall plead, nor tears atone;
Reproach, ſcorn, infamy, and hate
On thy returning ſteps ſhall wait,
Thy form be loath'd by ev'ry eye,
And ev'ry foot thy preſence fly.
Thus arm'd with words of potent ſound,
Like guardian-angels plac'd around,
A charm, by truth divinely caſt,
Forward our young advent'rer paſt;
Forth from her ſacred eye-lids ſent
Like morn forerunning radiance went,
While HONOUR, hand-maid late aſſign'd,
Upheld her lucid train behind.
Awe-ſtruck the much-admiring crowd
Before the Virgin Viſion bow'd,

Gaz'd with an ever-new delight,
And caught freſh virtue at the ſight;
For not of earth's unequal frame
They deem the heav'n-compounded Dame;
If matter, ſure the moſt refin'd,
High wrought, and temper'd into mind,
Some darling daughter of the day,
And body'd by her native ray.
Where'er ſhe paſſes thouſands bend,
And thouſands, where ſhe moves, attend;
Her ways obſervant eyes confeſs,
Her ſteps purſuing praiſes bleſs;
While to the elevated Maid
Oblations as to heav'n are paid.
'Twas on an ever-blithſome day,
The jovial birth of roſy May,
When genial warmth no more ſuppreſt
New melts the froſt in ev'ry breaſt,
The cheek with ſecret flu ſhing dyes,
And looks kind things from chaſteſt eyes;
The ſun with healthier viſage glows,
Aſide his clouded kerchief throws,
And dances up th' ethereal plain,
Where late he us'd to climb with pain,
While nature, as from bonds ſet free,
Springs out and gives a looſe to glee.
And now for momentary reſt
The Nymph her travell'd ſtep repreſt,
Juſt turn'd to view the ſtage attain'd,
And glory'd in the height ſhe gain'd.
Out-ſtretch'd before her wide ſurvey
The realms of ſweet perdition lay,
And pity touch'd her ſoul with woe
To ſee a world ſo loſt below;
When ſtrait the breeze began to breathe
Airs gently wafted from beneath,

That bore commiſſion'd witchcraft thence,
And reach'd her ſympathy of ſenſe;
No ſounds of diſcord, that diſcloſe
A people ſunk and loſt in woes,
But as of preſent good poſſeſt,
The very triumph of the bleſt,
The maid in wrapt attention hung,
While thus approaching Syrens ſung:

Hither, faireſt, hither haſte,
Brighteſt beauty, come and taſte,
What the pow'rs of bliſs unfold,
Joys too mighty to be told;
Taſte what ecſtacies they give,
Dying raptures taſte and live.
In thy lap, diſdaining meaſure
Nature empties all her treaſure.
Soft deſires, that ſweetly languiſh,
Fierce delights, that riſe to anguiſh;
Faireſt, doſt thou yet delay?
Brighteſt beauty, come away,
Liſt not when the froward chide,
Sons of pedantry and pride,
Snarlers, to whoſe feeble ſenſe
April's ſunſhine is offence;
Age and envy will adviſe
Ev'n againſt the joy they prize.
Come, in pleaſure's balmy bowl
Slake the thirſtings of thy ſoul,
'Till thy raptur'd pow'rs are fainting
With enjoyment, paſt the painting:
Faireſt, doſt thou yet delay?
Brighteſt beauty, come away.

So ſung the Sirens, as of yore
Upon the falſe Auſonian ſhore;

And Oh! for that preventing chain
That bound Ulyſſes on the main,
That ſo our Fair One might withſtand
The covert ruin, now at hand.
The ſong her charm'd attention drew,
When now the tempters ſtood in view;
Curioſity, with prying eyes,
And hands of buſy bold empriſe;
Like Hermes, feather'd were her feet,
And, like forerunning fancy, fleet.
By ſearch untaught, by toil untir'd,
To novelty ſhe ſtill aſpir'd,
Taſteleſs of ev'ry good poſſeſt,
And but in expectation bleſt.
With her, aſſociate, Pleaſure came,
Gay Pleaſure, frolic-loving dame,
Her mein all ſwimming in delight,
Her beauties half reveal'd to ſight;
Looſe flow'd her garments from the ground
And caught the kiſſing wings around.
As erſt Meduſa's head was known
To turn beholders into ſtone,
A dire reverſion here they felt,
And in the eye of Pleaſure melt.
Her glance with ſweet perſuaſion charm'd,
Unnerv'd the ſtrong, the ſteel'd diſarm'd;
No ſafety ev'n the flying find,
Who, vent'rous, look but once behind.
Thus was the much-admiring maid,
While diſtant, more than half betray'd.
With ſmiles and adulation bland
They join'd her ſide, and ſeiz'd her hand;
Their touch envenom'd ſweets inſtill'd,
Her frame with new pulſations thrill'd:
While half conſenting, half denying,
Reluctant now, and now complying,

Amidſt a war of hopes and fears,
Of trembling wiſhes, ſmiling tears,
Still down and down the winning pair
Compell'd the ſtruggling yielding Fair.
As when ſome ſtately veſſel, bound
To bleſt Arabia's diſtant ground,
Borne from her courſes, haply lights
Where Barca's flow'ry clime invites,
Conceal'd around whoſe treach'rous land
Lurk the ~~dire~~ rock and dang'rous ſand;
The pilot warns with ſail and oar
To ſhun the much-ſuſpected ſhore.
In vain. The tide, too ſubtly ſtrong,
Still bears the wreſtling bark along,
'Till found'ring, ſhe reſigns to fate,
And ſinks o'erwhelm'd with all her freight.
So, baffling ev'ry bar to ſin,
And heav'n's ow'n pilot plac'd within,
Along the devious ſmooth deſcent,
With pow'rs increaſing as they went,
The Dames accuſtom'd to ſubdue,
As with a rapid current drew,
And o'er the fatal bounds convey'd
The loſt, the long-reluctant Maid.
Here ſtop, ye fair ones, and beware,
Nor ſend your fond affections there;
Yet, yet your darling, now deplor'd,
May turn, to you and heav'n reſtor'd;
'Till then, with weeping Honour wait,
The ſervant of her better fate,
With Honour, left upon the ſhore,
Her friend and handmaid now no more;
Nor with the guilty world upbraid
The fortunes of a wretch betray'd;
But o'er her failing caſt a veil,
Rememb'ring you yourſelves are frail.

And

And now from all enquiring light
Faſt in the conſcious ſhades of night;
The Damſel, from a ſhort repoſe,
Confounded at her plight, aroſe.
As when, with ſlumb'rous weight oppreſt,
Some wealthy miſer ſinks to reſt,
Where felons eye the glitt'ring prey,
And ſteal his hoard of joys away;
He, borne where golden Indus ſtreams,
Of pearl and quarry'd di'mond dreams,
Like Midas turns the glebe to ore,
And ſtands all wrapt amidſt his ſtore,
But wakens, naked and deſpoil'd
Of that, for which his years had toil'd.
So far'd the Nymph, her treaſure flown,
And turn'd, like Niobe, to ſtone,
Within, without, obſcure and void,
She felt all ravag'd, all deſtroy'd.
And, O thou curs'd inſidious coaſt!
Are theſe the bleſſings thou canſt boaſt?
Theſe, Virtue! theſe the joys they find,
Who leave thy heav'n-topt hills behind?
Shade me, ye pines, ye caverns, hide,
Ye mountains, cover me! ſhe cry'd.
Her trumpet Slander rais'd on high,
And told the tidings to the ſky.
Contempt diſcharg'd a living dart,
A ſide-long viper to her heart.
Reproach breath'd poiſons o'er her face.
And foil'd and blaſted ev'ry grace.
Officious Shame, her handmaid new,
Still turn'd the mirror to her view;
While thoſe, in crimes the deepeſt dy'd,
Approach'd to whiten at her ſide,
And ev'ry lewd inſulting dame
Upon her folly roſe to fame.

What ſhould ſhe do? Attempt once more
To gain the late-deſerted ſhore?
So truſting, back the mourner flew;
As faſt the train of fiends purſue.
Again the farther ſhore's attain'd,
Again the land of virtue gain'd;
But Echo gathers in the wind,
And ſhews her inſtant foes behind.
Amaz'd, with headlong ſpeed ſhe tends
Where late ſhe left an hoſt of friends;
Alas! thoſe ſhrinking friends decline,
Nor longer own that form divine:
With fear they mark the foll'wing cry,
And from the lonely Trembler fly,
Or backward drive her on the coaſt
Where peace was wreck'd, and honour loſt.
From earth thus hoping aid in vain,
To heav'n not daring to complain,
No truce by hoſtile clamour giv'n,
And from the face of friendſhip driv'n,
The Nymph ſunk proſtrate on the ground
With all her weight of woes around.
Enthron'd within a circling ſky,
Upon a mount, o'er mountains high,
All radiant ſate, as in a ſhrine,
Virtue, firſt effluence divine;
Far, far above the ſcenes of woe,
That ſhut this cloud-wrapt world below;
Superior goddeſs, eſſence bright,
Beauty of uncreated light,
Whom ſhould mortality ſurvey,
As doom'd upon a certain day,
The breath of frailty muſt expire,
The world diſſolve in living fire,
The gems of heav'n and ſolar flame
Be quench'd by her eternal beam,

And nature, quick'ning in her eye,
To riſe a new-born phœnix, die.
Hence, unreveal'd to mortal view,
A veil around her form ſhe threw,
Which three ſad ſiſters of the ſhade,
Pain, Care, and Melancholy made
Through this her all-enquiring eye,
Attentive from her ſtation high,
Beheld, abandon'd to deſpair,
The ruins of her fav'rite fair;
And, with a voice whoſe awful ſound
Appal'd the guilty world around,
Bid the tumultuous winds be ſtill,
To numbers bow'd each liſt'ning hill,
Uncurl'd the ſurging of the main,
And ſmooth'd the thorny bed of pain,
The golden harp of heav'n ſhe ſtrung,
And thus the tuneful goddeſs ſung:

Lovely Penitent, ariſe,
Come, and claim thy kindred ſkies,
Come, thy ſiſter angels ſay:
Thou haſt wept thy ſtains away.
Let experience now decide
'Twixt the good and evil try'd:
In the ſmooth enchanted ground,
Say, unfold the treaſures found.

Structures, rais'd by morning dreams,
Sands, that trip the flitting ſtreams,
Down, that anchors on the air,
Clouds, that paint their changes there.
Seas, that ſmoothly dimpling lie,
While the ſtorm impends on high,
Shewing in an obvious glaſs
Joys that in poſſeſſion paſs,

Tran-

II.

ECLOGUES AND PASTORAL POEMS.

I.

A Paſtoral BALLAD, in four Parts.

Written in 1743.

By WM. SHENSTONE, ESQ;

I. ABSENCE.

YE ſhepherds ſo cheerful and gay,
Whoſe flocks never careleſsly roam;
Should CORYDON's happen to ſtray,
Oh! call the poor wanderers home.
Allow me to muſe and to ſigh,
Nor talk of the change that ye find;
None once was ſo watchful as I:
— I have left my dear PHYLLIS behind.

Now I know what it is to have ſtrove
With the torture of doubt and deſire;
What it is to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire.
Ah lead forth my flock in the morn,
And the damps of each ev'ning repel;
Alas! I am faint and forlorn:
— I have bade my dear PHYLLIS farewel.

Since

Since PHILLIS vouchſaf'd me a look,
I never once dream'd of my vine;
May I loſe both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine.
I priz'd ev'ry hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleas'd me before;
But now they are paſt, and I ſigh;
And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

But why do I languiſh in vain?
Why wander thus penſively here?
Oh! why did I come from the plain,
Where I fed on the ſmiles of my dear?
They tell me, my favourite maid,
The pride of that valley is flown;
Alas! where with her I have ſtray'd,
I could wander with pleaſure alone.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
What anguiſh I felt at my heart!
Yet I thought — but it might not be ſo —
'Twas with pain that ſhe ſaw me depart.
She gaz'd, as I ſlowly withdrew;
My path I could hardly diſcern;
So ſweetly ſhe bade me adieu;
I thought that ſhe bade me returo.

The pilgrim that journies all day
To viſit ſome far diſtant ſhrine,
If he bear but a relic away,
Is happy, nor heard to repine.
Thus widely remov'd from the fair,
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
Soft hope is the relic I bear,
And my ſolace wherever I go.

The groves may perhaps be as fair,
And the face of the vallies as fine;
The ſwains may in manners compare;
But their love is not equal to mine.

III. SOLICITUDE.

WHY will you my paſſion reprove?
Why term it a folly to grieve,
Ere I ſhew you the charms of my love?
She is fairer than you can believe.
With her mien ſhe enamours the brave;
With her wit ſhe engages the free;
With her modeſty pleaſes the grave;
She is ev'ry way pleaſing to me.

O you that have been of her train,
Come and join in my amorous lays;
I could lay down my life for the ſwain
That will ſing but a ſong in her praiſe.
When he ſings, may the nymphs of the town
Come trooping, and liſten the while;
Nay, on him let not PHYLLIDA frown;
— But I cannot allow her to ſmile.

For when PARIDEL tries in the dance
Any favour with PHYLLIS to find,
O how, with one trivial glance,
Might ſhe ruin the peace of my mind!
In ringlets he dreſſes his hair,
And his crook is beſtudded around;
And his pipe—oh, may PHYLLIS beware
Of a magic there is in the ſound.

'Tis

'Tis his with mock-paſſion to glow;
'Tis his in ſmooth tales to unfold,
"How her face is as bright as the ſnow,
"And her boſom, be ſure, is as cold:
"How the nightingales labour the ſtrain,
"With the notes of his charmer to vie;
"How they vary their accents in vain,
"Repine at her triumphs, and die."

To the grove or the garden he ſtrays,
And pillages every ſweet;
Then, ſuiting the wreath to his lays,
He throws it at PHYLLIS's feet.
"O PHYLLIS," he whiſpers, "more fair,
"More ſweet than the jeſſamine's flow'r!
"What are pinks, in a morn, to compare?
"What is eglantine after a ſhow'r?

"Then the lily no longer is white;
"Then the roſe is depriv'd of its bloom;
"Then the violets die with deſpite,
"And the woodbines give up their perfume."
Thus glide the ſoft numbers along,
And he fancies no ſhepherd his peer;
—Yet I never ſhould envy the ſong,
Were not PHYLLIS to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
So PHYLLIS the trophy deſpiſe;
Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
So they ſhine not in PHYLLIS's eyes.
The language that flows from the heart
Is a ſtranger to PARIDEL's tongue;
—Yet may ſhe beware of his art,
Or ſure I muſt envy the ſong.

IV. DISAPPOINTMENT.

YE ſhepherds, give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my ſheep:
They have nothing to do, but to ſtray;
I have nothing to do, but to weep,
Yet do not my folly reprove;
She was fair — and my paſſion begun
She ſmil'd — and I could not but love;
She is faithleſs — and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought;
Perhaps it was plain to foreſee,
That a nymph ſo complete would be ſought
By a ſwain more engaging than me.
Ah! Love ev'ry hope can inſpire;
It baniſhes wiſdom the while;
And the lip of the nymph we admire
Seems for ever adorn'd with a ſmile.

She is faithleſs, and I am undone;
Ye that witneſs the woes I endure,
Let reaſon inſtruct you to ſhun
What it cannot inſtruct you to cure.
Beware how ye loiter in vain
Amid nymphs of an higher degree:
It is not for me to explain
How fair and how fickle they be.

Alas! from the day that we met,
What hope of an end to my woes;
When I cannot endure to forget
The glance that undid my repoſe?
Yet time may diminiſh the pain:
The flow'r, and the ſhrub, and the tree,
Which I rear'd for her pleaſure in vain,
In time may have comfort for me.

The ſweets of a dew-ſprinkled roſe,
  The ſound of a murmuring ſtream,
The peace which from ſolitude flows,
  Henceforth ſhall be CORYDON'S theme.
High tranſports are ſhewn to the ſight,
  But we are not to find them our own;
Fate never beſtow'd ſuch delight,
  As I with my PHYLLIS had known.

O ye woods, ſpread your branches apace;
  To your deepeſt receſſes I fly;
I would hide with the beaſts of the chace;
  I would vaniſh from every eye.
Yet my reed ſhall reſound thro' the grove
  With the ſame ſad complaint it begun;
How ſhe ſmil'd, and I could not but love;
  Was faithleſs, and I am undone!

A PASTORAL.

I.

"MY time, O ye muſes, was happily ſpent,
"When Phebe went with me wherever I went;
"Ten thouſand ſweet pleaſures I felt in my breaſt:
"Sure never fond ſhepherd like Colin was bleſt!
"But now ſhe is gone, and has left me behind,
"What a marvellous change on a ſudden I find?
"When things were as fine as could poſſibly be,
"I thought 'twas the ſpring; but alas! it was ſhe.

II.

"With ſuch a companion, to tend a few ſheep,
"To riſe up and play, or to lie down and ſleep:
"I was ſo good humour'd, ſo chearful and gay,
"My heart was as light as a feather all day.
"But now I ſo croſs and ſo peeviſh am grown;
"So ſtrangely uneaſy as never was known.
"My fair one is gone, and my joys are all drown'd.
"And my heart — I am ſure it weighs more than a pound.

III.

"The fountain that wont to run ſweetly along,
"And dance to ſoft murmurs the pebbles among;
"Thou know'ſt, little Cupid, if Phebe was there,
"'Twas pleaſure to look at, 'twas muſic to hear:
"But now ſhe is abſent, I walk by its ſide,
"And ſtill as it murmurs do nothing but chide;

"Muſt

"Muſt you be ſo chearful, while I go in pain?
"Peace there with your bubbling, and hear me complain.

IV.

"When my lambkins around me would often-times play,
"And when Phebe and I were as joyful as they,
"How pleaſant their ſporting, how happy their time,
"When ſpring, love and beauty were all in their prime?
"But now in their frolics when by me they paſs,
"I fling at their fleeces an handful of graſs;
"Be ſtill then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad,
"To ſee you ſo merry, while I am ſo ſad.

V.

"My dog I was ever well pleaſed to ſee
"Come wagging his tail to my fair one and me;
"And Phebe was pleas'd too, and to my dog ſaid,
"Come hither, poor fellow; and patted his head.
"But now, when he's fawning, I with a ſour look
"Cry: Sirrah! and give him a blow with my crook:
"And I'll give him another; for why ſhould not Tray
"Be as dull as his maſter, when Phebe's away?

VI.

"When walking with Phebe, what ſights have I ſeen?
"How fair was the flower, how freſh was the green?
"What a lovely appearance the trees and the ſhade,
"The corn fields and hedges, and ev'ry thing made?

III.

AN

EPISTLE OF M. VOLTAIRE.

Upon his arrival at his estate near the lake of Geneva, in March, mdcclv.

From the French

O Take, O keep me, ever bleſt domains,
Where lovely Flora with Pomona reigns;
Where Art fulfils what Nature's voice requires,
And gives the charms to which my verſe aſpires;
Take me, the world with tranſport I reſign,
And let your peaceful ſolitude be mine!

Yet not in theſe retreats I boaſt to find
That perfect bliſs that leaves no with behind;
This, to no lonely ſhade kind Nature brings,
Nor Art beſtows on courtiers, or on kings;
Not ev'n the Sage this boon has e'er poſſeſs'd,
Tho' join'd with wiſdom, virtue ſhar'd his breaſt;
This tranſient life, alas! can ne'er ſuffice
To reach the diſtant goal, and ſnatch the prize;
Yet, ſooth'd to reſt, we feel ſuſpence from woe,
And tho' not perfect joy, yet joy we know.

Enchanting ſcenes! what pleaſure you diſpenſe
Where'er I turn, to every wond'ring ſenſe!
An * ocean here, where no rude tempeſt roars;
With cryſtal waters laves the hallow'd ſhores;

Here

---

* The lake of Geneva.

Here flow'ry fields with riſing hills are crown'd,
Where cluſtering vines empurple all the ground;
Now by degrees from hills to Alps they riſe,
Hell groans beneath, above they pierce the ſkies!
See the proud ſummit, white with endleſs froſt,
Eternal bulwark of the bliſsful coaſt!
The bliſsful coaſt the hardy Lombards gain,
And froſt and mountains croſs their courſe in vain;
Here glory beckon'd mighty chiefs of old,
And planted laurels to reward the bold;
Charles, Otho, Conti hear'd her trumpet ſound,
And, borne on victory's wings, they ſpurn'd the mound.

See, on thoſe banks where yon calm waters ſwell,
The hair-clad epicure's luxurious cell!
See fam'd Ripaille, where once ſo grave, ſo gay,
Great Amedeus * paſs'd from pray'r to play:
Fantaſtic wretch! thou riddle of thy kind!
What ſtrange ambition ſeiz'd thy frantic mind?
Prince, hermit, lover! bleſt thro' ev'ry hour
With bliſsful change of pleaſure and of pow'r.
Couldſt thou, thus paradis'd, from care remote,
Ruſh to the world, and fight for Peter's boat?
Now by the Gods of ſweet repoſe I ſwear,
I would not thus have barter'd eaſe for care:

Spight

---

* Amedeus the Pacific, firſt duke of Savoy, in 1434. retired to the priory of Ripaille, where he affected to live like an hermit, and ſuffered his beard to grow to an enormous length; but he kept a miſtreſs in his cell; and in other reſpects lived in great luxury; yet he joined with a faction againſt Pope Eugenius IV. and being elected to the ſee of Rome, he was crowned Pope by the name of Felix V. but afterwards reſigned at the requeſt of Charles VII. king of France.

What ſhould ſhe do? Attempt once more
To gain the late-deſerted ſhore?
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As faſt the train of fiends purſue.
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Seas, that ſmoothly dimpling lie,
While the ſtorm impends on high,
Shewing in an obvious glaſs
Joys that in poſſeſſion paſs,

Tran-

Tranſient, fickle, light, and gay,
Flatt'ring, only to betray:
What, alas! can life contain?
Life! like all its circles — vain.
Will the ſtork, intending reſt,
On the billow build her neſt?
Will the bee demand his ſtore
From the bleak and bladeleſs ſhore?
Man alone, intent to ſtray,
Ever turns from wiſdom's way,
Lays up wealth in foreign land,
Sows the ſeas, and ploughs the ſand.
Soon this elemental maſs,
Soon th' incumb'ring world ſhall paſs,
Form be wrapt in waſting fire,
Time be ſpent, and life expire.
Then, ye boaſted works of men,
Where is your aſylum then?
Sons of pleaſure, ſons of care,
Tell me, mortals, tell me, where?
Gone, like traces on the deep,
Like a ſceptre graſp'd in ſleep,
Dews exhal'd from morning glades,
Melting ſnows, and gliding ſhades.
Paſs the world, and what's behind?
Virtue's gold by fire refin'd,
From an univerſe deprav'd,
From the wreck of nature ſav'd,
Like the life-ſupporting grain,
Fruit of patience and of pain,
On the ſwain's autumnal day
Winnow'd from the chaff away.
Little Trembler, fear no more,
Thou haſt plenteous crops in ſtore,
Seed by genial ſorrows ſown,
More than all thy ſcorners own.

What! though hoſtile earth deſpiſe,
Heav'n beholds with gentler eyes;
Heav'n thy friendleſs ſteps ſhall guide,
Chear thy hours, and guard thy ſide.
When the fatal trump ſhall ſound.
When th'immortals pour around,
Heav'n ſhall thy return atteſt,
Hail'd by myriads of the bleſt.
Little Native of the ſkies,
Lovely Penitent, ariſe.
Calm thy boſom: clear thy brow:
Virtue is thy ſiſter now.
More delightful are my woes,
Than the rapture, pleaſure knows,
Richer far the weeds I bring,
Than the robes that grace a king.
On my wars, of ſhorteſt date,
Crowns of endleſs triumph wait;
On my cares a period bleſt,
On my toils eternal reſt.
Come, with virtue at thy ſide,
Come, be ev'ry bar defy'd,
'Till we gain our native ſhore,
Siſter, come, and turn no more.

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To viſit ſome far diſtant ſhrine,
If he bear but a relic away,
Is happy, nor heard to repine.
Thus widely remov'd from the fair,
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
Soft hope is the relic I bear,
And my ſolace wherever I go.

II. HOPE.

MY banks they are furniſh'd with bees,
Whoſe murmur invites one to ſleep;
My grottoes are ſhaded with trees;
And my hills are white over with ſheep.
I ſeldom have met with a loſs,
Such health do my fountains beſtow;
My fountains are border'd with moſs,
Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there ſeen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound:
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
But a ſweet-brier entwines it around.
Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold:
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fiſhes of gold.

One would think ſhe might like to retire
To the bow'r I have labour'd to rear;
Not a ſhrub that I heard her admire,
But I haſted and planted it there.
Oh how ſudden the jeſſamine ſtrove
With the lilach to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love,
To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,
What ſtrains of wild melody flow?
How the nightingales warble their loves
From thickets of roſes that blow!

And

And when her bright form ſhall appear,
Each bird ſhall harmoniouſly join
In a concert ſo ſoft and ſo clear,
As — ſhe may not be fond to reſign.

I have found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed:
But let me that plunder forbear,
She will ſay, 'twas a barbarous deed;
For he ne'er could be true, ſhe averr'd,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young:
And I lov'd her the more, when I heard
Such tenderneſs fall from her tongue.

I have hear'd her with ſweetneſs unfold,
How that pity was due to — a dove;
That it ever attended the bold,
And ſhe call'd it the ſiſter of love.
But her words ſuch a pleaſure convey,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her ſpeak, and, whatever ſhe ſay,
Methinks I ſhould love her the more.

Can a boſom ſo gentle remain
Unmov'd, when her CORYDON ſighs!
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
Theſe plains and this valley deſpiſe?
Dear regions of ſilence and ſhade,
Soft ſcenes of contentment and eaſe!
Where I could have pleaſingly ſtray'd,
If aught in her abſence could pleaſe.

But where does my PHYLLIDA ſtray!
And where are her grots and her bow'rs?
Are the groves and the vallies as gay,
And the ſhepherds as gentle as ours?

The groves may perhaps be as fair,
And the face of the vallies as fine;
The ſwains may in manners compare;
But their love is not equal to mine.

III. SOLICITUDE.

WHY will you my paſſion reprove?
Why term it a folly to grieve,
Ere I ſhew you the charms of my love?
She is fairer than you can believe.
With her mien ſhe enamours the brave;
With her wit ſhe engages the free;
With her modeſty pleaſes the grave;
She is ev'ry way pleaſing to me.

O you that have been of her train,
Come and join in my amorous lays;
I could lay down my life for the ſwain
That will ſing but a ſong in her praiſe.
When he ſings, may the nymphs of the town
Come trooping, and liſten the while;
Nay, on him let not PHYLLIDA frown;
— But I cannot allow her to ſmile.

For when PARIDEL tries in the dance
Any favour with PHYLLIS to find,
O how, with one trivial glance,
Might ſhe ruin the peace of my mind!
In ringlets he dreſſes his hair,
And his crook is beſtudded around;
And his pipe — oh, may PHYLLIS beware
Of a magic there is in the ſound.

'Tis his with mock-paſſion to glow;
'Tis his in ſmooth tales to unfold,
"How her face is as bright as the ſnow,
"And her boſom, be ſure, is as cold:
"How the nightingales labour the ſtrain,
"With the notes of his charmer to vie;
"How they vary their accents in vain,
"Repine at her triumphs, and die."

To the grove or the garden he ſtrays,
And pillages every ſweet;
Then, ſuiting the wreath to his lays,
He throws it at PHYLLIS's feet.
"O PHYLLIS," he whiſpers, "more fair,
"More ſweet than the jeſſamine's flow'r!
"What are pinks, in a morn, to compare?
"What is eglantine after a ſhow'r?

"Then the lily no longer is white;
"Then the roſe is depriv'd of its bloom;
"Then the violets die with deſpite,
"And the woodbines give up their perfume."
Thus glide the ſoft numbers along,
And he fancies no ſhepherd his peer;
—Yet I never ſhould envy the ſong,
Were not PHYLLIS to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
So PHYLLIS the trophy deſpiſe;
Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
So they ſhine not in PHYLLIS's eyes.
The language that flows from the heart
Is a ſtranger to PARIDEL's tongue;
— Yet may ſhe beware of his art,
Or ſure I muſt envy the ſong.

IV. DISAPPOINTMENT.

YE ſhepherds, give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my ſheep:
They have nothing to do, but to ſtray;
I have nothing to do, but to weep,
Yet do not my folly reprove;
She was fair — and my paſſion begun
She ſmil'd — and I could not but love;
She is faithleſs — and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought;
Perhaps it was plain to foreſee,
That a nymph ſo complete would be ſought
By a ſwain more engaging than me.
Ah! Love ev'ry hope can inſpire;
It baniſhes wiſdom the while;
And the lip of the nymph we admire
Seems for ever adorn'd with a ſmile.

She is faithleſs, and I am undone;
Ye that witneſs the woes I endure,
Let reaſon inſtruct you to ſhun
What it cannot inſtruct you to cure.
Beware how ye loiter in vain
Amid nymphs of an higher degree:
It is not for me to explain
How fair and how fickle they be.

Alas! from the day that we met,
What hope of an end to my woes;
When I cannot endure to forget
The glance that undid my repoſe?
Yet time may diminiſh the pain:
The flow'r, and the ſhrub, and the tree,
Which I rear'd for her pleaſure in vain,
In time may have comfort for me.

The ſweets of a dew-ſprinkled roſe,
  The ſound of a murmuring ſtream,
The peace which from ſolitude flows,
  Henceforth ſhall be CORYDON'S theme.
High tranſports are ſhewn to the ſight,
  But we are not to find them our own;
Fate never beſtow'd ſuch delight,
  As I with my PHYLLIS had known.

O ye woods, ſpread your branches apace;
  To your deepeſt receſſes I fly;
I would hide with the beaſts of the chace;
  I would vaniſh from every eye.
Yet my reed ſhall reſound thro' the grove
  With the ſame ſad complaint it begun;
How ſhe ſmil'd, and I could not but love;
  Was faithleſs, and I am undone!

A PASTORAL.

I.

"MY time, O ye muſes, was happily ſpent,
"When Phebe went with me wherever I went;
"Ten thouſand ſweet pleaſures I felt in my breaſt:
"Sure never fond ſhepherd like Colin was bleſt!
"But now ſhe is gone, and has left me behind,
"What a marvellous change on a ſudden I find?
"When things were as fine as could poſſibly be,
"I thought 'twas the ſpring; but alas! it was ſhe.

II.

"With ſuch a companion, to tend a few ſheep,
"To riſe up and play, or to lie down and ſleep:
"I was ſo good humour'd, ſo chearful and gay,
"My heart was as light as a feather all day.
"But now I ſo croſs and ſo peeviſh am grown;
"So ſtrangely uneaſy as never was known.
"My fair one is gone, and my joys are all drown'd.
"And my heart — I am ſure it weighs more than a pound.

III.

"The fountain that wont to run ſweetly along,
"And dance to ſoft murmurs the pebbles among;
"Thou know'ſt, little Cupid, if Phebe was there,
"'Twas pleaſure to look at, 'twas muſic to hear:
"But now ſhe is abſent, I walk by its ſide,
"And ſtill as it murmurs do nothing but chide;

"Muſt

"Muſt you be ſo chearful, while I go in pain?
"Peace there with your bubbling, and hear me complain.

IV.

"When my lambkins around me would often-times play,
"And when Phebe and I were as joyful as they,
"How pleaſant their ſporting, how happy their time,
"When ſpring, love and beauty were all in their prime?
"But now in their frolics when by me they paſs,
"I fling at their fleeces an handful of graſs;
"Be ſtill then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad,
"To ſee you ſo merry, while I am ſo ſad.

V.

"My dog I was ever well pleaſed to ſee
"Come wagging his tail to my fair one and me;
"And Phebe was pleas'd too, and to my dog ſaid,
"Come hither, poor fellow; and patted his head.
"But now, when he's fawning, I with a ſour look
"Cry: Sirrah! and give him a blow with my crook:
"And I'll give him another; for why ſhould not Tray
"Be as dull as his maſter, when Phebe's away?

VI.

"When walking with Phebe, what ſights have I ſeen?
"How fair was the flower, how freſh was the green?
"What a lovely appearance the trees and the ſhade,
"The corn fields and hedges, and ev'ry thing made?

"But now ſhe has left me, tho' all are ſtill there,
"They none of them now ſo delightful appear:
"'Twas nought but the magic, I find, of her eyes,
"Made ſo many beautiful proſpects ariſe.

VII.

"Sweet muſic went with us both all the wood thro',
"The lark, linnet, throſtle, and nightingale too;
"Winds over us whiſper'd, flocks by us did bleat,
"And chirp went the graſhopper under our feet.
"But now ſhe is abſent, tho' ſtill they ſing on,
"The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone:
"Her voice in the conſort, as now I have found,
"Gave ev'ry thing elſe its agreeable ſound.

VIII.

"Roſe, what is become of thy delicate hue?
"And where is the violet's beautiful blue?
"Does aught of its ſweetneſs the bloſſom beguile?
"That meadow, thoſe daiſies, why do they not ſmile?
"Ah! rivals, I ſee what it was that you dreſt,
"And made yourſelves fine for; a place in her breaſt:
"You put on your colours to pleaſure her eye,
"To be pluckt by her hand, on her boſom to die.

IX.

"How ſlowly time creeps, till my Phebe return?
"While amidſt the ſoft Zephyr's cool breezes I burn;
"Methinks if I knew whereabouts he would tread,
"I could breathe on his wings, and 'twould melt down the lead.

"Fly

"Fly ſwifter ye minutes, bring hither my dear,
"And reſt ſo much longer for't when ſhe is here.
"Ah Colin! old time is ſo full of delay.
"Nor will budge one footfaſter for all thou canſt ſay.

X.

"Will no pitying pow'r that hears me complain,
"Or cure my diſquiet, or ſoften my pain?
"To be cur'd, thou muſt, Colin, thy paſſion remove;
"But what ſwain is ſo ſilly to live without love?
"No, deity, bid the dear nymph to return,
"For ne'er was poor ſhepherd ſo ſadly forlorn.
"Ah! what ſhall I do? I ſhall die with deſpair;
"Take heed, all ye ſwains, how ye love one ſo fair."

III.

AN

EPISTLE OF M. VOLTAIRE.

Upon his arrival at his estate near the lake of Geneva, in March, mdcclv.

From the French

O Take, O keep me, ever bleſt domains,
Where lovely Flora with Pomona reigns;
Where Art fulfils what Nature's voice requires,
And gives the charms to which my verſe aſpires;
Take me, the world with tranſport I reſign,
And let your peaceful ſolitude be mine!

Yet not in theſe retreats I boaſt to find
That perfect bliſs that leaves no wiſh behind;
This, to no lonely ſhade kind Nature brings,
Nor Art beſtows on courtiers, or on kings;
Not ev'n the Sage this boon has e'er poſſeſs'd,
Tho' join'd with wiſdom, virtue ſhar'd his breaſt;
This tranſient life, alas! can ne'er ſuffice
To reach the diſtant goal, and ſnatch the prize;
Yet, ſooth'd to reſt, we feel ſuſpence from woe,
And tho' not perfect joy, yet joy we know.

Enchanting ſcenes! what pleaſure you diſpenſe
Where'er I turn, to every wond'ring ſenſe!
An * ocean here, where no rude tempeſt roars;
With cryſtal waters laves the hallow'd ſhores;

Here

---

* The lake of Geneva.

Here flow'ry fields with riſing hills are crown'd,
Where cluſtering vines empurple all the ground;
Now by degrees from hills to Alps they riſe,
Hell groans beneath, above they pierce the ſkies!
See the proud ſummit, white with endleſs froſt,
Eternal bulwark of the bliſsful coaſt!
The bliſsful coaſt the hardy Lombards gain,
And froſt and mountains croſs their courſe in vain;
Here glory beckon'd mighty chiefs of old,
And planted laurels to reward the bold;
Charles, Otho, Conti hear'd her trumpet ſound,
And, borne on victory's wings, they ſpurn'd the mound.

See, on thoſe banks where yon calm waters ſwell,
The hair-clad epicure's luxurious cell!
See fam'd Ripaille, where once ſo grave, ſo gay,
Great Amedeus * paſs'd from pray'r to play:
Fantaſtic wretch! thou riddle of thy kind!
What ſtrange ambition ſeiz'd thy frantic mind?
Prince, hermit, lover! bleſt thro' ev'ry hour
With bliſsful change of pleaſure and of pow'r.
Couldſt thou, thus paradis'd, from care remote,
Ruſh to the world, and fight for Peter's boat?
Now by the Gods of ſweet repoſe I ſwear,
I would not thus have barter'd eaſe for care:

Spight

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* Amedeus the Pacific, firſt duke of Savoy, in 1434. retired to the priory of Ripaille, where he affected to live like an hermit, and ſuffered his beard to grow to an enormous length; but he kept a miſtreſs in his cell; and in other reſpects lived in great luxury; yet he joined with a faction againſt Pope Eugenius IV. and being elected to the ſee of Rome, he was crowned Pope by the name of Felix V. but afterwards reſigned at the requeſt of Charles VII. king of France.

Spight of the keys that move our fear and hope,
I ne'er would quit ſuch penance to be Pope.

Let him who Rome's ſtern tyrant ſtoop'd to praiſe,
The tuneful chanter of ſweet georgic lays,
Let Maro boaſt of ſtreams that Nature pours
To lave proud villas on Italia's ſhores;
Superior far the ſtreams that court my ſong,
Superior far the ſhores they wind along:
Bleſt ſhores! the dwelling of that ſacred pow'r
Who rules each joyful, and each glorious hour,
Queen of whate'er the good or great deſire,
The patriot's eloquence, the hero's fire,
Shrin'd in each breaſt, and near the tyrant's ſword
Invok'd in whiſpers, and in ſighs ado'rd,
Immortal Liberty, whoſe generous mind
With all her gifts would bleſs all human kind!
See, from Morat * ſhe comes in martial charms,
And ſhines like Pallas in celeſtial arms,
Her ſword the blood of boaſtful Auſtria ſtains,
And Charles, who threaten'd with opprobrious chains.

Now hoſtile crowds Geneva's towers aſſail,
They march in ſecret, and by night they ſcale;
The Goddeſs comes — they vaniſh from the wall.
Their launces ſhiver, and their heroes fall,

For

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* Morat is a little town in the canton of Fribourgh in Switzerland famous for a battle which the Switzers gained againſt Charles the Raſh, duke of Burgundy, by which they recovered and eſtabliſhed their liberty. Charles himſelf was wounded, and left 18,000 Auſtrians dead on the ſpot.

For fraud can ne'er elude, nor force withſtand.
The ſtroke of Liberty's victorious hand*.

She ſmiles; her ſmiles perpetual joys diffuſe;
A ſhouting nation where ſhe turns purſues;
Their heart-felt Pæans thunder to the ſky,
And echoing Appenines from far reply:
Such wreaths their temples crown as Greece entwin'd
Her hero's brows at Marathon † to bind;
Such wreaths the ſons of freedom hold more dear,
Than circling gold and gems that crown the peer,
Than the broad hat which ſhades the pontiff's face,
Or the cleft mitre's venerable grace.
Inſulting grandeur, in gay tinſel dreſt,
Shows here no ſtar embroider'd on the breaſt,
No tiſſued ribbon on the ſhoulder tied,
Vain gift implor'd by Vanity from Pride!
Nor here ſtern Wealth, with ſupercilious eyes,
The falt'ring pray'r of weeping want denies;
Here no falſe Pride at honeſt labour ſneers,
Men here are brothers, equal but in years;
Here heaven, O! Liberty, has fix'd thy throne,
Fill'd, glorious Liberty! by thee alone.

Ro-

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* The duke of Savoy once attempted to ſurprize Geneva, and take it in the night by eſcalade, but the firſt man that mounted the wall was diſcovered by a woman, who courageouſly knocked him down, and alarmed the Geneveſe, who drove off the aſſailants, and ſallying after them, made a great ſlaughter.

† At Marathon, Miltiades, with 10,000 Athenians, defeated an army of more than 100,000 Perſians, and delivered his country from a foreign yoke.

Rome ſees thy face, ſince Brutus fell, no more,
A ſtranger thou on many a cultur'd ſhore:
The Poliſh lord, of thy embraces vain,
Pricks his proud courſer o'er Sarmatia's plain;
Erects his haughty front in martial pride,
And ſpurns the burgher, grovelling at his ſide;
The grovelling burgher burns with ſecret fires,
Looks up, beholds thee, ſighs, deſpairs, expires.

Britain's rough ſons in thy defence are bold,
Yet ſome pretend at London thou art ſold;
I heed them not, to ſell too proud, too wiſe,
If blood muſt buy, with blood the Briton buys.

On Belgic bogs, 'tis ſaid, thy footſteps fail,
But thou ſecure may'ſt ſcorn the whiſper'd tale;
To lateſt times the race of great Naſſau,
Who rais'd ſeven altars * to thy ſacred law,
With faithful hand thy honours ſhall defend,
And bid proud factions to thy faſces bend.

Thee Venice keeps, thee Genoa now regains;
And next the throne thy ſeat the Swede maintains;
How few in ſafety thus with kings can vie!
If not ſupreme, how dangerous to be high!
O! ſtill preſide where'er the law's thy friend,
And keep thy ſtation, and thy rights defend:
But take no factious League's † reproachful name,
Still prone to change, and zealous ſtill to blame,

Cloud

---

* The Union of the Seven Provinces.

† The author alludes to the famous League formed againſt Henry of France.

Cloud not the ſunſhine of a conquering race,
Whom wiſdom governs, and whom manners grace;
Fond of their ſovereign, of ſubjection vain,
They wiſh no favours at thy hands to gain,
Nor need ſuch vaſſals at their lord repine,
Whoſe eaſy ſway they fondly take for thine:

Thro' the wide Eaſt leſs gentle is thy fate,
Where the dumb murd'rer guards the ſultan's gate;
Here pale and trembling, in the duſt o'erturn'd,
With chains diſhonour'd, and by eunuchs ſpurn'd,
The ſword and bow-ſtring plac'd on either ſide
Thou mourn'ſt, while ſlaves of life and death decide.

Spoil'd of thy cap thro' all the bright Levant,
Tell * gave thee his, and well ſupply'd the want,
O! come my Goddeſs, in thy choſen hour,
And let my better fortune hail thy power;
Fair friendſhip calls thee to my green retreat,
O! come, with friendſhip ſhare the moſſy ſeat;
Like thee ſhe flies the turbulent and great,
The craft of buſineſs, and the farce of ſtate:
To you, propitious powers, at laſt I turn,
To you, my vows aſcend, my altars burn;
Let me of each the pleaſing influence ſhare,
My joys now heighten'd, and now ſoothe'd my care;
Each ruder paſſion baniſh'd from my breaſt,
Bid the ſhort remnant of my days be bleſt.

IV.

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* William Tell was the means of reſtoring liberty and independance to Switzerland by killing Griſler, the tyrant who governed it for the emperor Albert.

IV.

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

THE

TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

BY DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LET (a) Obſervation with extenſive View,
Survey Mankind, from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious Toil, each eager Strife,
And watch the buſy Scenes of crowded Life;
Then ſay how Hope and Fear, Deſire and Hate,
O'erſpread with ſnares the clouded Maze of Fate,
Where wav'ring Man, betray'd by vent'rous Pride,
To tread the dreary Paths without a Guide,
As treach'rous Phantoms in the Miſt delude,
Shuns fancied Ills, or chaſes airy Good.
How rarely Reaſon guides the ſtubborn Choice,
Rules the bold Hand, or prompts the ſuppliant Voice,
How Nations ſink, by darling Schemes oppreſs'd,
When Vengeance liſtens to the Fool's Requeſt.
Fate wings with ev'ry Wiſh th' afflictive Dart,
Each Gift of Nature, and each Grace of Art,
With fatal Heat impetuous Courage glows,
With fatal Sweetneſs Elocution flows,

Im-

(a) Ver. 1 — 31.

Impeachment ſtops the Speaker's pow'rful Breath,
And reſtleſs Fire precipitates on Death.

(b)But ſcarce obſerv'd theKnowing and the Bold,
Fall in the gen'ral Maſſacre of Gold;
Wide-waſting Peſt! that rages unconfin'd,
And crowds with Crimes the Records of Mankind;
For Gold his Sword the hireling Ruffian draws,
For Gold the hireling Judge diſtorts the Laws;
Wealth heap'd on Wealth, nor Truth nor Safety buys,
The Dangers gather as the Treaſures riſe.

Let Hiſt'ry tell where rival Kings command,
And dubious Title ſhakes the madded Land,
When Statutes glean the Refuſe of the Sword,
How much more ſafe the Vaſſal than the Lord,
Low ſculks the Hind beneath the Rage of Pow'r,
And leaves the wealthy Traytor in the Tow'r,
Untouch'd his Cottage, and his Slumbers ſound,
Tho' Confiſcation's Vultures hover round.

The needy Traveller, ſerene and gay,
Walks the wild Heath, and ſings his Toil away.
Does Envy ſeize thee? cruſh th' upbraiding Joy,
Increaſe his Riches and his Peace deſtroy:
New Fears in dire Viciſſitude invade,
The ruſtling Brake alarms, and quiv'ring Shade,
Nor Light nor Darkneſs bring his Pain Relief,
One ſhews the Plunder, and one hides the Thief.

Yet (c) ſtill one gen'ral Cry the Skies aſſails,
And Gain and Grandeur load the tainted Gales;

(b) Ver. 12 — 22.
(c) Ver. 22 — 27.

Few know the toiling Stateſman's Fear or Care,
Th' inſidious Rival and the gaping Heir.

Once (d) more, Democritus, ariſe on Earth,
With chearful Wiſdom and inſtructive Mirth,
See motley Life in modern Trappings dreſs'd,
And feed with varied Fools th' eternal Jeſt:
Thou who couldſt laugh where Want enchain'd Caprice
Toil cruſh'd Conceit, and Man was of apiece;
Where Wealth unlov'd without a Mourner dy'd;
And ſcarce a Sycophant was fed by Pride;
Where ne'er was known the Form of mock Debate,
Or ſeen a new-made Mayor's unwieldy State;
Where Change of Fav'rites made no Change of Laws,
And Senates heard before they judg'd a Cauſe;
How wouldſt thou ſhake at Britain's modiſh Tribe,
Dart the quick Taunt, and edge the piercing Gibe?
Attentive Truth and Nature to deſcry,
And pierce each Scene with philoſophic Eye.
To thee were ſolemn Toys or empty Shew,
The Robes of Pleaſure and the Veils of Woe:
All aid the Farce, and all thy Mirth maintain;
Whoſe Joys are cauſeleſs, or whoſe Griefs are vain.

Such was the Scorn that fill'd the Sage's Mind,
Renew'd at ev'ry Glance on Human kind;
How juſt that Scorn ere yet thy Voice declare,
Search every State, and canvaſs ev'ry prayer.

(e) Unnumber'd Suppliants crowd Preferment's Gate,
Athirſt for Wealth, and burning to be Great;
De-

(d) Ver. 28 — 55.
(e) Ver. 56 — 107.

Deluſive Fortune hears th' inceſſant Call,
They mount, they ſhine, evaporate, and fall.
On ev'ry Stage the Foes of Peace attend,
Hate dogs their Flight, and Inſult mocks their End.
Love ends with Hope, the ſinking Stateſman's Door
Pours in the morning Worſhipper no more;
For growing Names the weekly Scribbler lies,
To growing Wealth the Dedicator flies,
From ev'ry Room deſcends the painted Face,
That hung the bright Palladium of the Place,
And ſmoak'd in Kitchens, or in auctions ſold;
To better Features yields the Frame of Gold;
For now no more we trace in ev'ry Line
Heroic Worth, Benevolence divine:
The form diſtorted juſtifies the Fall,
And Deteſtation rids th' indignant Wall.

But will not Britain hear the laſt Appeal,
Sign her Foe's doom, or guard her Favrite's zeal;
Thro' Freedom's Sons no more Remonſtrance rings,
Degrading Nobles and controuling Kings;
Our ſupple Tribes repreſs their Patriot Throats,
And aſk no Queſtions but the Price of Votes;
With weekly Libels and ſeptennial Ale,
Their Wiſh is full to riot and to rail.

In full blown Dignity, ſee Wolſey ſtand,
Law in his Voice, and Fortune in his Hand:
To him the Church, the Realm, their Pow'rs conſign,
Thro' him the Rays of regal Bounty ſhine;
Still to new Heights his reſtleſs Wiſhes tow'r,
Claim leads to Claim, and Pow'r advances Pow'r;
Till Conqueſt unreſiſted ceas'd to pleaſe,
And Rights ſubmitted left him none to ſeize.
At length his Sov'reign frowns — the Train of State
Mark the keen Glance, and watch the Sign to hate.

Where'er he turns, he meets a Stranger's Eye,
His Suppliants ſcorn him, and his Followers fly;
At once is loſt the Pride of awful State,
The golden Canopy, the glitt'ring Plate,
The regal Palace, the luxurious Board,
The liv'ried Army, and the menial Lord.
With Age, with Cares, with Maladies oppreſs'd,
He ſeeks the Refuge of monaſtic Reſt.
Grief aids Diſeaſe, remember'd Folly ſtings,
And his laſt Sighs reproach the Faith of Kings.

Speak thou, whoſe Thoughts at humble Peace repine;
Shall Wolſey' Wealth, with Wolſey's End be thine?
Or liv'ſt thou now, with ſafer Pride content,
The wiſeſt Juſtice on the Banks of Trent?
For why did Wolſey near the Steeps of Fate,
On weak Foundations raiſe th' enormous Weight?
Why but to ſink beneath Misfortune's Blow,
With louder Ruin to the Gulphs below?

What (f) gave great Villiers to th'Aſſaſſin's Knife,
And fix'd Diſeaſe on Harley's cloſing Life?
What murder'd Wentworth, and what exil'd Hyde,
By Kings protected, and to Kings ally'd?
What but their Wiſh indulg'd in Courts to ſhine,
And Pow'r too great to keep, or to reſign?

When (g) firſt the College-rolls receive his Name,
The young Enthuſiaſt quits his Eaſe for Fame;
Through all his Veins the Fever of Renown
Spreads

(f) Ver. 108 — 113.
(g) Ver. 114 — 132.

Spreads from the ſtrong Contagion of the Gown;
O'er Bodley's Dome his future Labours ſpread,
And * Bacon's Manſion trembles o'er his Head.
Are theſe thy Views? proceed, illuſtrious Youth,
And Virtue guard thee to the Throne of Truth!
Yet ſhould thy Soul indulge the gen'rous Heat,
Till captive Science yields her laſt Retreat;
Should Reaſon guide thee with her brighteſt Ray,
And pour on miſty Doubt reſiſtleſs Day;
Should no falſe Kindneſs lure to looſe Delight,
Nor Praiſe relax, nor Difficulty fright;
Should tempting Novelty thy Cell refrain,
And Sloth effuſe her opiate Fumes in vain;
Should Beauty blunt on Fops her fatal Dart,
Nor claim the Triumph of a letter'd Heart;
Should no Diſeaſe thy torpid Veins invade,
Nor Melancholy's Phantoms haunt thy Shade;
Yet hope not Life from Grief or Danger free,
Nor think the Doom of Man revers'd for thee:
Deign on the paſſing World to turn thine Eyes,
And pauſe awhile from Letters, to be wiſe;
There mark what Ills the Scholar's Life aſſail,
Toil, Envy, Want, the Patron, and the Jail.
See Nations ſlowly wiſe, and meanly juſt,
To buried Merit raiſe the tardy Buſt.
If Dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
Hear Lydiat's Life, and Galileo's End.

Nor deem, when Learning her laſt Prize beſtows,
The glitt'ring Eminence exempt from Woes;

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* There is a Tradition, that the Study of Friar Bacon, built on an Arch over the Bridge, will fall, when a Man greater than Bacon ſhall paſs under it.

See when the Vulgar 'ſcape, deſpis'd or aw'd,
Rebellion's vengeful Talons ſeize on Laud.
From meaner Minds, tho' ſmaller Fines content,
The plunder'd Palace or ſequeſter'd Rent;
Mark'd out by dangerous Parts he meets the Shock,
And fatal Learning leads him to the Block:
Around his Tomb let Art and Genius weep:
But hear his Death, ye Blockheads, hear and ſleep.

The (i) feſtal Blazes, the triumphal Show,
The raviſh'd Standard, and the captive Foe,
The Senate's Thanks, the Gazette's pompous Tale,
With Force reſiſtleſs o'er the Brave prevail.
Such Bribes the rapid Greek o'er Aſia whirl'd,
For ſuch the ſteady Romans ſhook the World;
For ſuch in diſtant Lands the Britons ſhine,
And ſtain with Blood the Danube or the Rhine;
This Pow'r has Praiſe, that Virtue ſcarce can warm,
Till Fame ſupplies the univerſal Charm.
Yet Reaſon frowns on War's unequal Game,
Where waſted Nations raiſe a ſingle Name,
And mortgag'd States their Grandſires Wreaths regret,
From Age to Age in everlaſting Debt,
Wreaths which at laſt the dear-bought Right convey
To ruſt on Medals, or on Stones decay.

On (k) what Foundation ſtands the Warrior's Pride,
How juſt his Hopes let Swediſh Charles decide;
A Frame of Adamant, a Soul of Fire,
No Dangers fright him, and no Labours tire;

O'er

(i) Ver. 133 — 146.
(k) Ver. 147 — 167.

O'er Love, o'er Fear extends his wide Domain,
Unconquer'd Lord of Pleaſure and of Pain;
No Joys to him pacific Scepters yield,
War ſounds the Trump, he ruſhes to the Field;
Behold ſurrounding Kings their Pow'r combine,
And one capitulate, and one reſign;
Peace courts his Hand, but ſpreads her Charms in vain;
'Think nothing gain'd, he cries, till Nought remain,
'On Moſcow's Walls till Gothick Standards fly,
'And all be mine beneath the polar Sky.'
The March begins in military State,
And Nations on his Eye ſuſpended wait;
Stern Famine guards the ſolitary Coaſt,
And Winter barricades the Realm of Froſt;
He comes, not Want and Cold his Courſe delay;—
Hide, bluſhing Glory, hide Pultowa's Day:
The vanquiſh'd Hero leaves his broken Bands,
And ſhews his Miſeries in diſtant Lands;
Condemn'd a needy Supplicant to wait,
While Ladies interpoſe, and Slaves debate.
But did not Chance at length her Error mend?
Did not ſubverted Empire mark his End?
Did rival Monarchs give the fatal Wound?
Or hoſtile Millions preſs him to the Ground?
His Fall was deſtin'd to a barren Strand,
A petty Fortreſs, and a dubious Hand;
He left the Name, at which the World grew pale,
To point a Moral, or adorn a Tale.

All (l) Times their Scenes of pompous Woes afford;
From Perſia's Tyrant, to Bavaria's Lord.

(l) Ver. 167 — 188.

In gay Hoſtility, and barb'rous Pride,
With half Mankind embattled at his Side,
Great Xerxes comes to ſeize the certain Prey,
And ſtarves exhauſted Regions in his Way;
Attendant Flatt'ry counts his Myriads o'er,
Till counted Myriads ſooth his Pride no more;
Freſh Praiſe is try'd till Madneſs fires his Mind,
The Waves he laſhes, and enchains the Wind;
New Pow'rs are claim'd, new Pow'rs are ſtill beſtow'd,
Till rude Reſiſtance lops the ſpreading God;
The daring Greek derides the martial Show,
And heaps their Vallies with the gaudy Foe;
Th' inſulted Sea with humbler Thoughts he gains,
A ſingle Skiff to ſpeed his Flight remains;
Th' incumber'd Oar ſcarce leaves the dreaded Coaſt
Through purple Billows and a floating Hoſt.

The bold Bavarian, in a luckleſs Hour,
Tries the dread Summits of Ceſarean Pow'r,
With unexpected Legions burſts away,
And ſees defenceleſs Realms receive his Sway;
Short Sway! fair Auſtria ſpreads her mournful Charms,
The Queen, the Beauty, ſets the World in Arms;
From Hill to Hill the Beacons rouſing blaze
Spreads wide the Hope of Plunder and of Praiſe:
The fierce Croatian, and the wild Huſſar,
And all the Sons of Ravage crowd the War;
The baffled Prince in Honour's flatt'ring Bloom
Of haſty Greatneſs finds the fatal Doom,
His Foes Deriſion, and his Subjects blame,
And ſteals to Death from Anguiſh and from Shame.

Enlarge (m) my Life with Multitude of Days,
In Health, and Sickneſs, thus the Suppliant prays;
Hides

(m) Ver. 188 — 288.

Hides from himſelf his State, and ſhuns to know,
That Life protracted, is protracted Woe.
Time hovers o'er, impatient to deſtroy,
And ſhuts up all the Paſſages of Joy:
In vain their Gifts the bounteous Seaſons pour,
The Fruit autumnal, and the vernal Flow'r,
With liſtleſs Eyes the Dotard views the Store,
He views, and wonders that they pleaſe no more:
Now pall the taſteleſs Meats, and joyleſs Wines,
And Luxury with Sighs her Slave reſigns.
Approach, ye Minſtrels, try the ſoothing Strain,
And yield the tuneful Lenitives of Pain:
No Sounds alas would touch th' impervious Ear,
Tho' dancing Mountains witneſs Orpheus near,
Nor Lute nor Lyre his feeble Pow'r attend,
Nor ſweeter Muſick of a virtuous Friend,
But everlaſting Dictates crowd his Tongue,
Perverſely grave or poſitively wrong.
The ſtill returning Tale, and ling'ring Jeſt,
Perplex the fawning Niece and pamper'd Gueſt,
While growing Hopes ſcarce awe the gath'ring Sneer,
And ſcarce a Legacy can bribe to hear;
The watchful Gueſts ſtill hint the laſt Offence,
The Daughter's Petulance, the Son's Expence,
Improve his heady Rage with treach'rous Skill,
And mould his Paſſions till they make his Will.

Unnumber'd Maladies his Joints invade,
Lay Siege to Life and preſs the dire Blockade;
But unextinguiſh'd Av'rice ſtill remains,
And dreaded Loſſes aggravate his Pains;
He turns, with anxious Heart and crippled Hands,
His Bonds of Debts, and Mortgages of Lands;
Or views his Coffers with ſuſpicious Eyes,
Unlocks his Gold, and counts it till he dies.

But grant, the Virtues of a temp'rate Prime
Bleſs with an Age exempt from Scorn or Crime;
An Age that melts in unperceiv'd Decay,
And glides in modeſt Innocence away;
Whoſe peaceful Day Benevolence endears,
Whoſe Night congratulating Conſcience chears;
The gen'ral Fav'rite as the gen'ral Friend;
Such Age there is, and who could wiſh its End?

Yet ev'n on this her Load Misfortune flings,
To preſs the weary Minut's flagging Wings:
New Sorrow riſes as the Day returns;
A Siſter ſickens, or a Daughter mourns.
Now kindred Merit fills the ſable Bier,
Now lacerated Friendſhip claims a Tear.
Year chaſes Year, Decay purſues Decay.
Still drops ſome Joy from with'ring Life away;
New Forms ariſe, and different Views engage,
Superfluous lags the Vet'ran on the Stage,
Till pitying Nature ſigns the laſt Releaſe,
And bids afflicted Worth retire to Peace.

But few there are whom Hours like theſe await,
Who ſet unclouded in the Gulphs of Fate.
From Lydia's Monarch ſhould the Search deſcend,
By Solon caution'd to regard his End,
In Life's laſt Scene what Prodigies ſurpriſe,
Fears of the Brave, and Follies of the Wiſe?
From Marlb'rough's Eyes the Streams of Dotage flow,
And Swift expires a Driv'ler and a Show.

The (n) teeming Mother, anxious for her Race,
Begs for each Birth the Fortune of a Face:

Yet

(n) Ver. 289 — 345.

Yet Vane could tell what Ills from Beauty ſpring;
And Sedley curs'd the Form that pleas'd a King:
Ye Nymphs of roſy Lips and radiant Eyes,
Whom Pleaſure keeps too buſy to be wiſe,
Whom Joys with ſoft Varieties invite,
By Day the Frolick, and the Dance by Night,
Who frown with Vanity, who ſmile with Art,
And aſk the lateſt Faſhion of the Heart,
What Care, what Rules your heedleſs Charms ſhall ſave,
Each Nymph your Rival, and each Youth your Slave?
Againſt your Fame with Fondneſs Hate combines,
The Rival batters, and the Lover mines.
With diſtant Voice neglected Virtue calls,
Leſs heard and leſs, the faint Remonſtrance falls;
Tir'd with Contempt, ſhe quits the ſlip'ry Rein,
And Pride and Prudence take her Seat in vain.
In crowd at once, where none the Paſs defend,
The harmleſs Freedom, and the private Friend.
The Guardians yield, by Force ſuperior ply'd;
By Int'reſt, Prudence; and by Flatt'ry, Pride.
Now Beauty falls betray'd, deſpis'd, diſtreſs'd,
And hiſſing Infamy proclaims the Reſt.

Where (o) then ſhall Hope and Fear their Objects find?
Muſt dull Suſpence corrupt the ſtagnant Mind?
Muſt helpleſs Man, in Ignorance ſedate,
Roll darkling down the Torrent of his Fate?
Muſt no Diſlike alarm, no Wiſhes riſe,
No Cries attempt the Mercies of the Skies?
Enquirer, ceaſe; Petitions yet remain,
Which Heav'n may hear, nor deem Religion vain.
Still

(o) Ver. 346 — 366.

Still raiſe for Good the ſupplicating Voice,
But leave to Heav'n the Meaſure and the Choice.
Safe in his Pow'r, whoſe Eyes diſcern afar
The ſecret Ambuſh of a ſpecious Pray'r.
Implore his Aid; in his Deciſions reſt,
Secure whate'er he gives, he gives the beſt.
Yet when the Senſe of ſacred Preſence fires,
And ſtrong Devotion to the Skies aſpires,
Pour forth thy Fervours for a healthful Mind,
Obedient Paſſions and a Will reſign'd;
For Love, which ſcarce collective Man can fill;
For Patience Sov'reign o'er tranſmuted Ill;
For Faith that panting for a happier Seat,
Counts Death kind Nature's Signal of Retreat:
Theſe Goods for Man the Laws of Heav'n ordain,
Theſe Goods he grants, who grants the Pow'r to gain;
With theſe celeſtial Wiſdom calms the Mind,
And makes the Happineſs ſhe does not find.

V.

ELEGIES.

I) He complains how ſoon the pleaſing novelty of life is over. To Mr. J ——.

AH me, my friend! it will not, will not laſt!
This fairy-ſcene, that cheers our youthful eyes!
The charm diſſolves; th' aereal muſic's paſt;
The banquet ceaſes, and the viſion flies.

Where are the ſplendid forms, the rich perfumes?
Where the gay tapers, where the ſpacious dome?
Vaniſh'd the coſtly pearls, the crimſon plumes,
And we, delightleſs, left to wander home!

Vain now are books, the ſage's wiſdom vain!
What has the world to bribe our ſteps aſtray?
Ere Reaſon learns by ſtudy'd laws to reign,
The weaken'd paſſions, ſelf-ſubdu'd, obey.

Scarce has the ſun ſev'n annual courſes roll'd,
Scarce ſhewn the whole that Fortune can ſupply;
Since not the miſer ſo careſs'd his gold,
As I, for what it gave, was heard to ſigh.

On the world's ſtage I wiſh'd ſome ſprightly part;
To deck my native fleece with tawdry lace;
'Twas life, 'twas taſte, and — oh my fooliſh heart!
Subſtantial joy was fix'd in pow'r and place.

And you, ye works of Art! allur'd mine eye,
The breathing picture, and the living ſtone:
"Tho' gold, tho' ſplendor, Heav'n and Fate deny,
"Yet might I call one Titian ſtroke my own!"

Smit with the charms of Fame, whoſe lovely ſpoil
The wreath, the garland, fire the poet's pride,
I trimm'd my lamp, conſum'd the midnight oil —
But ſoon the paths of Health and Fame divide!

Oft too I pray'd, 'twas Nature form'd the pray'r,
To grace my native ſcenes, my rural home;
To ſee my trees expreſs their planter's care,
And gay, on Attic models, raiſe my dome.

But now 'tis o'er, the dear deluſion's oer!
A ſtagnant breezeleſs air becalms my ſoul:
A fond aſpiring candidate no more,
I ſcorn the palm before I reach the goal.

O youth! enchanting ſtage, profuſely bleſs'd?
Bliſs ev'n obtruſive courts the frolic mind;
Of health neglectful, yet by health careſs'd;
Careleſs of favour, yet ſecure to find.

Then glows the breaſt, as op'ning roſes fair;
More free, more vivid than the linner's wing;
Honeſt as light, tranſparent ev'n as air,
Tender as buds, and laviſh as the ſpring.

Not all the force of manhood's active might,
Not all the craft to ſubtle age aſſign'd,
Not ſcience ſhall extort that dear delight,
Which gay deluſion gave the tender mind.

Adieu,

Adieu, ſoft raptures! tranſports void of care!
Parent of raptures, dear Deceit, adieu!
And you, her daughters, pining with deſpair,
Why, why ſo ſoon her fleeting ſteps purſue!

Tedious again to curſe the drizzling day!
Again to trace the wintry tracks of ſnow!
Or, ſooth'd by vernal airs, again ſurvey
The ſelf-ſame hawthorns bud, and cowſlips blow!

O life! how ſoon of ev'ry bliſs forlorn?
We ſtart falſe joys, and urge the devious race:
A tender prey, that cheers our youthful morn,
Then ſinks untimely, and defrauds the chace.

II) To a friend, on ſome ſlight occaſion eſtranged from him.

HEALTH to my friend, and many a cheerful day;
Around his ſeat may peaceful ſhades abide!
Smooth flow the minutes, fraught with ſmiles, away,
And, till they crown our union, gently glide.

Ah me! too ſwiftly fleets our vernal bloom!
Loſt to our wonted friendſhip, loſt to joy!
Soon may thy breaſt the cordial wiſh reſume,
Ere wintry doubt its tender warmth deſtroy.

Say, were it ours, by Fortune's wild command,
By chance to meet beneath the torrid zone;
Wouldſt thou reject thy DAMON'S plighted hand?
Wouldſt thou with ſcorn thy once-lov'd friend diſown?

Life is that ſtranger land, that alien clime:
Shall kindred ſouls forego their ſocial claim?
Launch'd in the vaſt abyſs of ſpace and time,
Shall dark Suſpicion quench the gen'rous flame?

Myriads of ſouls, that knew one parent mould,
See ſadly ſever'd by the laws of Chance!
Myriads, in time's perennial liſt enroll'd,
Forbid by Fate to change one tranſient glance!

But we have met — where ills of ev'ry form,
Where paſſions rage, and hurricanes deſcend:
Say, ſhall we nurſe the rage, aſſiſt the ſtorm?
And guide them to the boſom — of a friend?

Yes, we have met — thro' rapine, fraud, and wrong
Might our joint aid the paths of peace explore
Why leave thy friend amid the boiſt'rous throng,
Ere death divide us, and we part no more?

For oh! pale ſickneſs warns thy friend away!
For me no more the vernal roſes bloom!
I ſee ſtern Fate his ebon wand diſplay,
And point the wither'd regions of the tomb.

Then the keen anguiſh from thine eye ſhall ſtart,
Sad as thou followſt my untimely bier,
"Fool that I was — if friends ſo ſoon muſt part,
"To let Suſpicion intermix a fear."

III) He ſuggeſts the advantages of birth to a perſon of merit, and the folly of a ſupercilioufneſs that is built upon that ſole foundation.

WHEN genius grac'd with lineal ſplendor glows,
When title ſhines, with ambient virtues crown'd,
Like ſome fair almond's flow'ry pomp it ſhows;
The pride, the perfume of the regions round.

Then learn, ye fair! to ſoften ſplendor's ray;
Endure the ſwain, the youth of low degree;
Let meekneſs join'd its temp'rate beam diſplay;
'Tis the mild verdure that endears the tree.

Pity the ſandal'd ſwain, the ſhepherd's boy;
He ſighs to brighten a neglected name;
Foe to the dull appulſe of vulgar joy,
He mourns his lot; he wiſhes Merit's fame.

In vain to groves and pathleſs vales we fly;
Ambition there the bow'ry haunt invades;
Fame's awful rays fatigue the courtier's eye,
But gleam ſtill lovely thro' the chequer'd ſhades.

Vainly, to guard from Love's unequal chain,
Has Fortune rear'd us in the rural grove;
Should ****'s eyes illume the deſert plain,
Ev'n I may wonder, and ev'n I muſt love.

Nor unregarded ſighs the lowly hind;
Tho' you contemn, the gods reſpect his vow;
Vindictive rage awaits the ſcornful mind,
And vengeance, too ſevere! the gods allow.

On SARUM'S plain I met a wand'ring fair;
The look of ſorrow, lovely ſtill ſhe bore:
Looſe flow'd the ſoft redundance of her hair,
And on her brow a flow'ry wreath ſhe wore.

Oft ſtooping as ſhe ſtray'd, ſhe cull'd the pride
Of ev'ry plain; ſhe pillag'd ev'ry grove!
The fading chaplet daily ſhe ſupply'd,
And ſtill her hand ſome various garland wove.

Erroneous Fancy ſhap'd her wild attire;
From BETHLEM'S walls the poor lymphatic ſtray'd;
Seem'd with her air her accent to conſpire,
When, as wild Fancy taught her, thus ſhe ſaid.

"Hear me, dear youth! oh hear an hapleſs maid,
"Sprung from the ſcepter'd line of ancient kings!
"Scorn'd by the world, I aſk thy tender aid;
"Thy gentle voice ſhall whiſper kinder things.

"The world is frantic — fly the race profane —
"Nor I, nor you, ſhall its compaſſion move;
"Come friendly let us wander, and complain,
"And tell me, ſhepherd! haſt thou ſeen my love?

"My love is young — but other loves are young;
"And other loves are fair, and ſo is mine:
"An air divine diſcloſes whence he ſprung;
"He is my love, who boaſts that air divine.

"No vulgar DAMON robs me of my reſt,
"IANTHE liſtens to no vulgar vow;
"A prince, from gods deſcended, fires her breaſt;
"A brilliant crown diſtinguiſhes his brow.

"What, ſhall I ſtain the glories of my race?
"More clear, more lovely bright than HESPER'S
"beam!
"The porc'lain pure with vulgar dirt debaſe?
"Or mix with puddle the pellucid ſtream?

"See thro' theſe veins the ſapphire current ſhine!
"'Twas JOVE'S own nectar gave th' ethereal hue:
"Can baſe plebeian forms contend with mine!
"Diſplay the lovely white, or match the blue?

"The painter ſtrove to trace its azure ray;
"He chang'd his colours, and in vain he ſtrove;
"He frown'd—I ſmiling view'd the faint eſſay;
"Poor youth, he little knew it flow'd from JOVE.

"Pitying his toil, the wond'rous truth I told;
"How am'rous Jove trepann'd a mortal fair;
"How thro' the race the gen'rous current roll'd,
"And mocks the poet's art and painter's care.

"Yes, from the gods, from earlieſt SATURN, ſprung
"Our ſacred race, thro' demi-gods conveyd;
"And he, ally'd to PHOEBUS, ever young,
"My godlike boy, muſt wed their duteous maid.

"Oft, when a mortal vow profanes my ear,
"My ſire's dread fury murmurs thro' the ſky;
"And ſhould I yield, his inſtant rage appears,
"He darts th' uplifted vengeance—and I die.

"Have you not heard unwonted thunders roll!
"Have you not ſeen more horrid lightnings glare!
"'Twas then a vulgar love enſnar'd my ſoul;
"'Twas then—I hardly ſcap'd the fatal ſnare.

'Twas

"'Twas then a peaſant pour'd his am'rous vow,
"All as I liſten'd to his vulgar ſtrain;—
"Yet ſuch his beauty — wou'd my birth allow,
"Dear were the youth, and bliſsful were the plain.

"But oh! I faint! why waſtes my vernal bloom,
,'In fruitleſs ſearches ever doom'd to rove?
"My nightly dreams the toilſome path reſume,
"And I ſhall die — before I find my love.

"When laſt I ſlept, methought my raviſh'd eye
"On diſtant heaths his radiant form ſurvey'd;
"Tho' night's thick clouds encompaſs'd all the ſky,
"The gems that bound his brow diſpell'd the ſhade.

"O how this boſom kindled at the ſight!
"Led by their beams I urg'd the pleaſing chace;
"Till, on a ſudden, theſe with-held their light —
"All, all things envy the ſublime embrace.

"But now no more — behind the diſtant grove,
"Wanders my deſtin'd youth, and chides my ſtay;
"See, ſee! he graſps the ſteel — forbear, my love —
"IANTHE comes; thy princeſs haſtes away."

Scornful ſhe ſpoke, and, heedleſs of reply,
The lovely maniac bounded o'er the plain!
The piteous victim of an angry ſky!
Ah me! the victim of her proud diſdain!

IV) To DELIA, with ſome flowers: complaining how much his benevolence ſuffers on account of his humble fortune.

WHATE'ER could Sculpture's curious art employ,
Whate'er the laviſh hand of Wealth can ſhow'r,
Theſe would I give—and ev'ry gift enjoy,
That pleas'd my fair— but Fate denies the pow'r.

Bleſs'd were my lot, to feed the ſocial fires!
To learn the latent wiſhes of a friend!
To give the boon his native taſte admires,
And, for my tranſport, on his ſmile depend!

Bleſs'd too is he whoſe ev'ning-ramble ſtrays,
Where droop the ſons of indigence and care!
His little gifts their gladden'd eyes amaze,
And win, at ſmall expence, their fondeſt pray'r!

And oh the joy! to ſhun the conſcious light;
To ſpare the modeſt bluſh; to give unſeen!
Like ſhow'rs that fall behind the veil of night,
Yet deeply tinge the ſmiling vales with green.

But happieſt they, who drooping realms relieve!
Whoſe virtues in our cultur'd vales appear!
For whoſe ſad fate a thouſand ſhepherds grieve,
And fading fields allow the grief ſincere.

To call loſt worth from its oppreſſive ſhade;
To fix its equal ſphere, and ſee it ſhine;
To hear it grateful own the gen'rous aid;
This, this is tranſport— but muſt ne'er be mine.

Faint is my bounded bliſs; nor I refuſe
To range where daiſies open, rivers roll;
While proſe or ſong the languid hours amuſe,
And ſooth the fond impatience of my ſoul.

A while I'll weave the roofs of jeſs'mine bow'rs,
And urge with trivial cares the loit'ring year;
A while I'll prune my grove, protect my flow'rs,
Then, unlamented, preſs an early bier!

Of thoſe lov'd flow'rs the lifeleſs corſe may ſhare;
Some hireling hand a fading wreath beſtow;
The reſt will breathe as ſweet, will glow as fair,
As when their maſter ſmil'd to ſee them glow.

The ſequent morn ſhall wake the ſylvan quire;
The kid again ſhall wanton ere 'tis noon;
Nature will ſmile, will wear her beſt attire:
O! let not gentle DELIA ſmile ſo ſoon!

While the rude hearſe conveys me ſlow away,
And careleſs eyes my vulgar fate proclaim,
Let thy kind tear my utmoſt worth o'erpay,
And, ſoftly ſighing, vindicate my fame. —

O DELIA! cheer'd by thy ſuperior praiſe,
I bleſs the ſilent path the fates decree;
Pleas'd from the liſt of my inglorious days,
To raze the moments crown'd with bliſs and thee.

V) Deſcribing the ſorrow of an ingenuous mind, on the melancholy event of a licentious amour.

WHY mourns my friend? why weeps his down-caſt eye?
That eye where mirth, where fancy us'd to ſhine?
Thy cheerful meads reprove that ſwelling ſigh;
Spring ne'er enamell'd fairer meads than thine.

Art thou not lodg'd in Fortune's warm embrace?
Wert thou not form'd by Nature's partial care?
Bleſs'd in thy ſong, and bleſs'd in ev'ry grace
That wins the friend, or that enchants the fair?

DAMON, ſaid he, thy partial praiſe reſtrain;
Not DAMON'S friendſhip can my peace reſtore;
Alas! his very praiſe awakes my pain,
And my poor wounded boſom bleeds the more.

For oh! that Nature on my birth had frown'd!
Or Fortune fix'd me to ſome lowly cell!
Then had my boſom 'ſcap'd this fatal wound,
Nor had I bid theſe vernal ſweets farewel.

But led by Fortune's hand, her darling child,
My youth her vain licentious bliſs admir'd,
In Fortune's train the ſyren Flatt'ry ſmil'd,
And raſhly hallow'd all her queen inſpir'd.

Of folly ſtudious, ev'n of vices vain,
Ah vices! gilded by the rich and gay!
I chas'd the guileleſs daughters of the plain,
Nor dropp'd the chace till JESSY was my prey.

Poor artleſs maid! to ſtain thy ſpotleſs name,
Expence, and art, and toil, united ſtrove;
To lure a breaſt that felt the pureſt flame,
Suſtain'd by virtue, but betray'd by love.

School'd in the ſcience of love's mazy wiles,
I cloth'd each feature with affected ſcorn;
I ſpoke of jealous doubts, and fickle ſmiles,
And, feigning, left her anxious and forlorn.

Then, while the fancy'd rage alarm'd her care,
Warm to deny, and zealous to diſprove;
I bade my words their wonted ſoftneſs wear,
And ſeiz'd the minute of returning love.

To thee, my DAMON, dare I paint the reſt?
Will yet thy love a candid ear incline?
Aſſur'd that virtue, by misfortune preſt,
Feels not the ſharpneſs of a pang like mine.

Nine envious moons matur'd her growing ſhame;
Ere while to flaunt it in the face of day;
When, ſcorn'd of virtue, ſtigmatiz'd by fame,
Low at my feet deſponding JESSY lay.

"HENRY," ſhe ſaid, "by thy dear form ſubdu'd,
"See the ſad relics of a nymph undone!
"I find, I find this riſing ſob renew'd:
"I ſigh in ſhades, and ſicken at the ſun.

"Amid the dreary gloom of night, I cry,
"When will the morn's once pleaſing ſcenes return?
"Yet what can morn's returning ray ſupply,
"But foes that triumph, or but friends that mourn?

"Alas! no more that joyous morn appears
"That led the tranquil hours of ſpotleſs fame;
"For I have ſteep'd a father's couch in tears,
"And ting'd a mother's glowing cheek with ſhame.

"The vocal birds that raiſe their matin ſtrain,
"The ſportive lambs increaſe my penſive moan;
"All ſeem to chaſe me from the cheerful plain,
"And talk of truth and innocence alone.

"If thro' the garden's flow'ry tribes I ſtray,
"Where bloom the jeſs'mines that could once allure,
"Hope not to find delight in us, they ſay,
"For we are ſpotleſs, JESSY; we are pure.

"Ye flow'rs! that well reproach a nymph ſo frail,
"Say, could ye with my virgin fame compare?
"The brighteſt bud that ſcents the vernal gale,
"Was not ſo fragrant, and was not ſo fair.

"Now the grave old alarm the gentler young;
"And all my fame's abhorr'd contagion flee;
"Trembles each lip, and falters ev'ry tongue:
"That bids the morn propitious ſmile on me.

"Thus

"Thus, for your ſake, I ſhun each human eye;
"I bid the ſweets of blooming youth adieu;
"To die I languiſh, but I dread to die,
"Leſt my ſad fate ſhould nouriſh pangs for you.

"Raiſe me from earth; the pains of want remove,
"And let me ſilent ſeek ſome friendly ſhore;
"There only, baniſh'd from the form I love,
"My weeping virtue ſhall relapſe no more.

"Be but my friend; I aſk no dearer name;
"Be ſuch the meed of ſome more artful fair;
"Nor could it heal my peace, or chaſe my ſhame,
"That pity gave what love refus'd to ſhare.

"Force not my tongue to aſk its ſcanty bread;
"Nor hurl thy JESSY to the vulgar crew;
"Not ſuch the parent's board at which I fed!
"Not ſuch the precept from his lips I drew!

"Haply, when age has ſilver'd o'er my hair,
"Malice may learn to ſcorn ſo mean a ſpoil;
"Envy may ſlight a face no longer fair;
"And Pity welcome to my native ſoil."

She ſpoke—nor was I born of ſavage race;
Nor could theſe hands a niggard boon aſſign;
Grateful ſhe claſp'd me in a laſt embrace;
And vow'd to waſte her life in pray'rs for mine.

I ſaw her foot the lofty bark aſcend;
I ſaw her breaſt with ev'ry paſſion heave;
I left her—torn from ev'ry earthly friend;
Oh! my hard boſom, which could bear to leave!

Brief let me be; the fatal ſtorm aroſe;
The billows rag'd; the pilot's art was vain;
O'er the tall maſt the circling ſurges cloſe;
My JESSY ſtoats upon the wat'ry plain!

And—ſee my youth's impetuous fires decay;
Seek not to ſtop reflection's bitter tear;
But warn the frolic, and inſtruct the gay,
From JESSY floating on her wat'ry bier!

VI) The Blackbirds; an Elegy, by Mr. Jago.

THE ſun had chac'd the winter's ſnow,
And kindly loos'd the froſt-bound ſoil;
The melting ſtreams began to flow,
And plowmen urg'd their annual toil.

'Twas then amid the vernal throng,
Whom nature wakes to mirth and love,
A Blackbird rais'd his am'rous ſong,
And thus it echo'd through the grove.

"O! faireſt of the feather'd train,
"For whom I ſing, for whom I burn;
"Attend with pity to my ſtrain,
"And grant my love a kind return.

"See, ſee, the winter's ſtorms are flown,
"And Zephyrs gently fan the air!
"Let us the genial influence own,
"Let us the vernal paſtime ſhare.

"The Raven plumes his jetty wing,
"To pleaſe his croaking paramour;
"The Larks reſponſive love-tales ſing,
"And tell their paſhons as they ſoar.

"But truſt me, love, the Raven's wing
"Is not to be compar'd with mine;
"Nor can the Lark ſo ſweetly ſing
"As I, who ſtrength with ſweetneſs join.

"With thee I'll prove the ſweets of love,
"With thee divide the cares of life;
"No fonder huſband in the grove,
"Nor none than thee a happier wife.

"I'll lead thee to the cleareſt rill,
"Whoſe ſtreams among the pebbles ſtray;
"There will we ſit and ſip our fill,
"Or on the flow'ry border play.

"I'll guide thee to the thickeſt brake,
"Impervious to the ſchool-boy's eye:
"For thee the plaſter'd neſt I'll make,
"And on thy downy pinions lie.

"To get thee food, I'll range the fields,
"And cull the beſt of ev'ry kind;
"Whatever nature's bounty yields,
"Or love's aſſiduous care can find.

"And when my lovely mate would ſtray,
"To taſte the ſummer's ſweets at large,
"At home I'll wait the live-long day,
"And tend at home our infant charge.

"When prompted by a mother's care
"Thy warmth ſhall form th' impriſon'd young,
"With thee the taſk I'll fondly ſhare,
"Or cheer thy labours with my ſong."

He ceas'd his ſong. The melting dame
With tender pity heard his ſtrain;
She felt, ſhe own'd a mutual flame,
And haſt'ned to relieve his pain.

He led her to the nuptial bow'r,
And neſtled cloſely to her ſide,
The happieſt bridegroom in that hour,
And ſhe the moſt enamour'd bride.

Next morn he wak'd her with a ſong —
"Ariſe! behold the new-born day!
"The Lark his mattin peal has rung;
"Ariſe, my love, and come away!"

Together through the fields they ſtray'd,
And to the verdant riv'let's ſide,
Renew'd their vows, and hopp'd and play'd,
With honeſt joy and decent pride.

But O! my muſe with pain relates
The mournful ſequel of my tale:
Sent by an order of the Fates,
A gunner met them in the vale.

Alarm'd, the lover cry'd, "My dear,
"Haſte, haſte away; from danger fly!
"Here, gunner, turn thy vengeance, here!
"O! ſpare my love, and let me die."

At him the gunner took his aim;
The aim he took was much too true;
O! had he choſe ſome other game,
Or ſhot as he had us'd to do! *

Divided pair! forgive the wrong;
While I with tears your fate rehearſe:
I'll join the widow's plaintive ſong,
And ſave the lover in my verſe.

---

* Never having killed any thing before or ſince.

VII) The GOLDFINCHES. An ELEGY.

By Mr. JAGO.

—— INGENUAS DIDICISSE FIDELITER ARTES
EMOLLIT MORES, NEC SINIT ESSE FEROS.

TO you, whoſe groves protect the feather'd quires,
Who lend their artleſs notes a willing ear,
To you, whom pity moves, and taſte inſpires,
The Doric ſtrain belongs; O Shenſtone, hear.

'Twas gentle Spring, when all the tuneful race,
By nature taught, in nuptial leagues combine:
A goldfinch joy'd to meet the warm embrace,
And hearts and fortunes with her mate to join.

Thro' Nature's ſpacious walks at large they rang'd,
No ſettled haunts, no fix'd abode their aim;
As chance or fancy led, their path they chang'd,
Themſelves in ev'ry vary'd ſcene, the ſame.

Till on a day to weighty cares reſign'd;
With mutual choice, alternate, they agreed,
On rambling thoughts no more to turn their mind,
But ſettle ſoberly, and raiſe a breed.

All in a garden, on a currant-buſh,
With wond'rous art they built their waving ſeat:
In the next orchard liv'd a friendly thruſh,
Nor diſtant far, a woodlark's ſoft retreat.

Here bleſt with eaſe, and in each other bleſt,
With early ſongs they wak'd the ſprightly groves,
Till time matur'd their bliſs, and crown'd their neſt
With infant pledges of their faithful loves.

And now what tranſport glow'd in either's eye!
What equal fondneſs dealt th' allotted food!
What joy each other's likeneſs to deſcry,
And future ſonnets in the chirping brood!

But ah! what earthly happineſs can laſt?
How does the faireſt purpoſe often fail?
A truant ſchool-boy's wantonneſs could blaſt
Their riſing hopes, and leave them both to wail.

The moſt ungentle of his tribe was he;
No gen'rous precept ever touch'd his heart:
With concords falſe', and hideous proſody
He ſcrawl'd his taſk, and blunder'd o'er his part.

On barb'rous plunder bent, with ſavage eye
He mark'd where wrapt in down the younglings lay,
Then ruſhing ſeiz'd the wretched family,
And bore them in his impious hands away.

But how ſhall I relate in numbers rude
The pangs for poor * Chriſomitris decreed!
When from a neighb'ring ſpray aghaſt ſhe view'd
The ſavage ruffian's inauſpicious deed!

So

* Chrytomitris, it ſeems, is the name for a goldfinch.

So wrapt in grief ſome heart-ſtruck matron ſtands,
While horrid flames ſurround her children's room!
On Heaven ſhe calls, and wrings her trembling hands,
Conſtrain'd to ſee, but not prevent their doom.

"O grief of griefs! with ſhrieking voice ſhe cry'd,
"What ſight is this that I have liv'd to ſee?
"O! that I had a maiden goldfinch died,
"From love's falſe joys, and bitter ſorrows free?

"Was it for this, alas! with weary bill,
"Was it for this, I pois'd th' unwieldy ſtraw?
"For this I pick'd the moſs from yonder hill?
"Nor ſhun'd the pond'rous chat along to draw?

"Was it for this I cull'd the wool with care?
"And ſtrove with all my ſkill our work to crown?
"For this, with pain I bent this ſtubborn hair;
"And lin'd our cradle with the thiſtle's down?

"Was it for this, my freedom I reſign'd;
"And ceas'd to rove from beauteous plain to plain?
"For this I ſat at home whole days confin'd,
"And bore the ſcorching heat, and pealing rain?

"Was it for this, my watchful eyes grow dim?
"The crimſon roſes on my cheek turn pale?
"Pale is my golden plumage, once ſo trim;
"And all my wonted ſpirits 'gin to fail.

"O plund'rer vile! O more than weazel fell!
"More treach'rous than the cat with prudiſh face!
"More fierce than kites with whom the furies dwell!
"More pilf'ring than the cuckoo's prowling race!

"For thee may plumb or gooſb'ry never grow,
"No juicy currant cool thy clammy throat:
"But bloody birch-twigs work the ſhameful woe,
"Nor ever goldfinch cheer thee with her note."

Thus ſung the mournful bird her piteous tale,
The piteous tale her mournful mate return'd:
Then ſide by ſide they ſought the diſtant vale,
And there in ſilent ſadneſs inly mourn'd.

VIII) The SWALLOWS.

Written September. 1748.

By Mr. JAGO.

ERE yellow Autumn from our plains retir'd,
And gave to wintry ſtorms the varied year,
The Swallow-race, with foreſight clear inſpir'd,
To Southern climes prepar'd their courſe to ſteer.

On Damon's roof a grave aſſembly ſate;
His roof, a refuge to the feather'd kind;
With ſerious look he mark'd the nice debate,
And to his Delia thus addreſs'd his mind.

Obſerve yon twitt'ring flock, my gentle maid,
Obſerve, and read the wond'rous ways of Heaven!
With us thro' Summer's genial reign they ſtay'd,
And food, and lodging to their wants were given.

But now, thro' ſacred preſcience, well they know
The near approach of elemental ſtrife;
The bluſtry tempeſt, and the chilling ſnow,
With every want, and ſcourge of tender life!

Thus taught, they meditate a ſpeedy flight;
For this, even now they prune their vig'rous wing;
For this, conſult, adviſe, prepare, excite,
And prove their ſtrength in many an airy ring.

No ſorrow loads their breaſt, or ſwells their eye,
To quit their friendly haunts, or native home;
Nor fear they, launching on the boundleſs ſky,
In ſearch of future ſettlements, to roam.

They feel a power, an impulſe all divine!
That warns them hence; they feel it, and obey;
To this direction all their cares reſign,
Unknown their deſtin'd ſtage, unmark'd their way!

Well fare your flight! ye mild domeſtic race!
Oh! for your wings to travel with the ſun!
Health brace your nerves, and Zephyrs aid your pace,
Till your long voyage happily be done!

See, Delia, on my roof your gueſts to-day;
To morrow on my roof your gueſts no more!
Ere yet 'tis night, with haſte they wing away,
To-morrow lands them on ſome ſafer ſhore.

How juſt the moral in this ſcene convey'd!
And what without a moral wou'd we read?
Then mark what Damon tells his gentle maid,
And with his leſſon regiſter the deed.

'Tis thus life's cheerful ſeaſons roll away;
Thus threats the winter of inclement age;
Our time of action but a ſummer's day;
And earth's frail orb the ſadly-varied ſtage!

And does no power its friendly aid diſpenſe,
Nor give us tidings of ſome happier clime;
Find we no guide in gracious Providence
Beyond the ſtroke of death, the verge of time!

Yes, yes, the ſacred oracles we hear,
That point the path to realms of endleſs day:
That bid our hearts, nor death, nor anguiſh fear,
This, future tranſport; that, to life the way.

Then let us timely for our flight prepare,
And form the ſoul for her divine abode;
Obey the call, and truſt the Leader's care
To bring us ſafe thro' Virtue's paths to God.

Let no fond love for earth exact a ſigh,
No doubts divert our ſteddy ſteps aſide;
Nor let us long to live, nor dread to die:
Heaven is our Hope, and Providence our Guide.

IX) He adjures DELIA to pity him by their friendſhip with CELIA, who was lately dead.

By Mr. HAMMOND.

THouſands would ſeek the laſting peace of death,
And in that harbour ſhun the ſtorm of care;
Officious hope ſtill holds the fleeting breath,
She tells them ſtill — To-morrow will be fair.

She tells me, DELIA, I ſhall thee obtain;
But can I liſten to her Siren ſong,
Who ſeven ſlow months have drag'd my painful chain,
So long thy lover, and deſpis'd ſo long?

By all the joys thy deareſt CELIA gave,
Let not her once-lov'd friend unpity'd burn;
So may her aſhes find a peaceful grave,
And ſleep uninjur'd in their ſacred urn.

To her I firſt avow'd my tim'rous flame;
She nurs'd my hopes, and taught me how to ſue;
She ſtill would pity what the wife might blame,
And feel for weakneſs which ſhe never knew.

Ah! do not grieve the dear lamented ſhade,
That hov'ring round us all my ſufferings hears;
She is my ſaint; to her my prayrs are made,
With oft-repeated gifts of flow'rs and tears.

To her ſad tomb at midnight I retire,
And, lonely ſitting by the ſilent ſtone,
I tell it all the griefs my wrongs inſpire;
The marble image ſeems to hear my moan.

Thy friend's pale ghoſt ſhall vex thy ſleepleſs bed,
And ſtand before thee all in virgin white:
That ruthleſs boſom will diſturb the dead,
And call forth pity from eternal night.

Ceaſe, cruel man! the mournful theme forbear;
Tho' much thou ſuffer, to thyſelf complain:
Ah! to recal the ſad remembrance ſpare,
One tear from her is more than all thy pain.

X) He imagines himſelf married to DELIA, and that, content with each other, they are retired into the country.

LET others boaſt their heaps of ſhining gold,
And view their fields with waving plenty crown'd,
Whom neighb'ring foes in conſtant terrour hold,
And trumpets break their ſlumbers, never ſound.

While calmly poor I trifle life away,
Enjoy ſweet leiſure by my cheerful fire,
No wanton hope my quiet ſhall berray;
But, cheaply bleſt, I'll ſcorn each vain deſire.

With timely care I'll ſow my little field,
And plant my orchard with its maſter's hand;
Nor bluſh to ſpread the hay, the hook to wield,
Or range my ſheaves along the ſunny land.

If late at duſk, while careleſsly I roam,
I meet a ſtrolling kid, or bleating lamb,
Under my arm I'll bring the wand'rer home,
And not a little chide its thoughtleſs dam.

What joy to hear the tempeſt howl in vain,
And claſp a fearful miſtreſs to my breaſt!
Or lull'd to ſlumber by the beating rain,
Secure and happy ſink at laſt to reſt!

Or, if the ſun in flaming LEO ride,
By ſhady rivers indolently ſtray,
And, with my DELIA walking ſide by ſide,
Hear how they murmur, as they glide away!

What joy to wind along the cool retreat,
To ſtop, and gaze on DELIA as I go!
To mingle ſweet diſcourſe with kiſſes ſweet,
And teach my lovely ſcholar all I know!

Thus pleas'd at heart, and not with fancy's dream,
In ſilent happineſs I reſt unknown;
Content with what I am, not what I ſeem,
I live for DELIA, and myſelf alone.

Ah fooliſh man! who, thus of her poſſeſt,
Could float and wander with ambition's wind;
And, if his outward trappings ſpoke him bleſt,
Not heed the ſickneſs of his conſcious mind.

With her I ſcorn the idle breath of praiſe,
Nor truſt to happineſs that's not our own;
The ſmile of Fortune might ſuſpicion raiſe,
But here I know, that I am lov'd alone.

STANHOPE, in wiſdom as in wit divine,
May riſe and plead BRITANNIA's glorious cauſe,
With ſteady rein his eager wit confine,
While manly ſenſe the deep attention draws.

Let STANHOPE ſpeak his liſt'ning country's wrong,
My humble voice ſhall pleaſe one partial maid;
For her alone I pen my tender ſong,
Sacurely ſitting in his friendly ſhade.

STAN-

STANHOPE ſhall come, and grace his rural friend:
DELIA ſhall wonder at her noble gueſt,
With bluſhing awe the riper fruit commend,
And for her huſband's patron cull the beſt.

Her's be the care of all my little train,
While I with tender indolence am bleſt,
The fav'rite ſubject of her gentle reign,
By love alone diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt.

For her I'll yoke my oxen to the plow,
In gloomy foreſts tend my lonely flock;
For her a goat-herd climb the mountain's brow,
And ſleep extended on the naked rock.

Ah! what avails to preſs the ſtately bed,
And far from her 'midſt taſteleſs grandeur weep?
By marble fountains lay the penſive head,
And, while they murmur, ſtrive in vain to ſleep?

DELIA alone can pleaſe, and never tire,
Exceed the paint of thought in true delight;
With her enjoyment wakens new deſire,
And equal rapture glows thro' ev'ry night.

Beauty and worth in her alike contend
To charm the fancy, and to fix the mind:
In her, my wife, my miſtreſs, and my friend,
I taſte the joys of ſenſe and reaſon join'd.

On her I'll gaze, when others loves are o'er,
And dying preſs her with my clay-cold hand ——
Thou weep'ſt already, as I were no more,
Nor can that gentle breaſt the thought withſtand.

Oh,

Oh, when I I die, my lateſt moments ſpare,
Nor let thy grief with ſharper torments kill;
Wound not thy cheeks, nor hurt that flowing hair;
Tho' I am dead, my ſoul ſhall love thee ſtill.

Oh quit the room! Oh quit the deathful bed!
Or thou wilt die, ſo tender is thy heart!
Oh, leave me, DELIA, ere thou ſee me dead!
Theſe weeping friends will do thy mournful part.

Let them, extended on the decent bier
Convey the corſe in melancholy ſtate,
Thro' all the village ſpread the tender tear,
While pitying maids our wond'rous loves relate.

XI) To DELIA.

WHAT ſcenes of bliſs my raptur'd fancy fram'd,
In ſome lone ſpot with Peace and thee retir'd!
Tho' reaſon then my ſanguine fondneſs blam'd,
I ſtill believ'd what flatt'ring love inſpir'd.

But now my wrongs have taught my humbled mind,
To dang'rous bliſs no longer to pretend;
In books a calm, but fix'd content to find;
Safe joys, that on ourſelves alone depend.

With them the gentle moments I beguile,
In learned eaſe, and elegant delight,
Compare the beauties of each diff'rent ſtile,
Each various ray of wit's diffuſive light.

Now mark the ſtrength of MILTON's ſacred lines,
Senſe rais'd by genius, fancy rul'd by art,
Where all the glory of the godhead ſhines,
And earlieſt innocence enchants the heart.

Now, fir'd by POPE and Virtue, leave the age,
In low purſuit of ſelf-undoing wrong,
And trace the author thro' his moral page,
Whoſe blameleſs life ſtill anſwers to his ſong.

If time and books my ling'ring pain can heal,
And reaſon fix its empire o'er my heart,
My patriot breaſt a nobler warmth ſhall feel,
And glow with love, where weakneſs has no part.

Thy heart, O LYTTLETON, ſhall be my guide,
It's fire ſhall warm me, and its worth improve;
Thy heart, above all envy and all pride,
Firm as man's ſenſe, and ſoft as woman's love.

And you, O WEST, with her your partner dear,
Whom ſocial mirth and uſeful ſenſe commend,
With learning's feaſt my drooping mind ſhall cheer,
Glad to eſcape from love to ſuch a friend.

But why ſo long my weaker heart deceive?
Ah! ſtill I love, in pride and reaſon's ſpite;
No books, alas! my painful thoughts relieve,
And while I threat, this elegy I write.

XII. An Elegy, written in a Country-Church-yard.

By Mr. GRAY.

The Curfew tolls the knell of parting Day,
The lowing herd winds ſlowly o'er the Lea,
The Ploughman homeward plods his wearied way,
And leaves the world to darkneſs and to me.

Now fades the glimm'ring Landſkip on the ſight,
And all the Air a ſolemn Stillneſs holds;
Save where the Beetle wheels his droning flight,
Or drowſy Tinklings lull the diſtant Folds;

Save that from yonder Ivy-mantled Tow'r,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of ſuch as wand'ring near her ſecret Bow'r,
Moleſt her ancient ſolitary reign.

Beneath theſe rugged Elms, that yew-tree's ſhade,
Where heaves the Turf in many a mould'ring Heap,
Each in his narrow Cell for ever laid,
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet ſleep.

The breezy Call of Incenſe-breathing morn,
The ſwallow twittring from her ſtrawbuilt Shed,
The Cock's ſhrill clarion, or the ecchoing Horn,
No more ſhall rouze them from their lowly Bed.

For them no more the blazing Hearth ſhall burn,
Or buſy Houſewife ply her Evening-Care;
No Children run to liſp their ſire's return,
Or climb his knees the envy'd kiſs to ſhare.

Oft did the harveſt to their ſickle yield,
Their Harrow oft the ſtubborn glebe had broke;
How jocund did they drive their Team a-field!
How bow'd the woods beneath their ſturdy ſtroke!

Let not Ambition mock their uſeful Toil,
Their homely Joys and Deſtiny obſcure;
Nor grandeur hear with a diſdainful ſmile
The ſhort and ſimple annals of the Poor!

The Boaſt of Heraldry, the Pomp of Pow'r,
And all that Beauty, all that Wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour;
The Paths of Glory lead but to the Grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to thoſe the Fault,
If mem'ry oe'r their Tomb no Trophies raiſe,
Where thro' the longdrawn Iſle and fretted vault,
The pealing Anthem ſwells the note of Praiſe.

Can ſtory'd Urn, or animated Buſt,
Back to its manſion call the fleeting Breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the ſilent Duſt,
Or Flatt'ry ſooth the dull cold Ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected Spot is laid
Some Heart once pregnant with celeſtial Fire,
Hands that the Reins of Empire might have ſway'd,
Or wak'd to Ecſtacy the living Lyre.

But Knowledge to their Eyes her ample Page,
Rich with the Spoils of Time did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repreſs'd their noble Rage,
And froze the genial Current of their Soul.

Full many a gem of pureſt Ray ſerene
The dark unfathom'd Caves of Ocean bear;
Full many a Flow'r is born to bluſh unſeen,
And waſte its ſweetneſs on the deſart air.

Some village Hampden that with dauntleſs Breaſt,
The little Tyrant of his Fields withſtood,
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may reſt,
Some Cromwell guiltleſs of his Country's Blood.

Th'applauſe of liſt'ning Senates to command,
The Threats of Pain and Ruin to deſpiſe,
To ſcatter Plenty o'er a ſmiling Land,
And read their Hiſt'ry in a Nation's Eyes,

Their Lot forbade: Nor circumſcrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their Crimes confin'd,
Forbade to wade thro' ſlaughter to a Throne,
And ſhut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The ſtruggling Pangs of conſcious Truth to hide,
To quench the Bluſhes of ingenuous Shame,
Or heap the Shrine of Luxury and Pride
With Incenſe kindled at the Muſe's Flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble Strife
Their ſober wiſhes never learn'd to ſtray,
Along the cool ſequeſter'd vale of Life
They kept the noiſeleſs Tenour of their Way.

Yet ev'n theſe Bones from Inſult to protect,
Some frail Memorial ſtill erected nigh,
With uncouth Rhymes and ſhapeleſs Sculpture deck'd
Implores the paſſing Tribute of a Sigh.

Their Name, their Years, ſpelt by th'unletter'd Muſe,
The Place of Fame and Elegy ſupply:
And many a holy Text around ſhe ſtrews
That teach the ruſtic Moraliſt to die.

For

For who to dumb Forgetfulneſs a Prey
This pleaſing, anxious Being e'er reſign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the chearful Day,
Nor caſt one longing, ling'ring Look behind?

On ſome fond Breaſt the parting Soul relies,
Some pious Drop the cloſing Eye requires;
Ev'n from the Tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our Aſhes live their wonted Fires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Do'ſt in theſe Lines their artleſs Tale relate;
If Chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred ſpirit ſhall enquire thy Fate;

Haply ſome hoary-headed Swain may ſay,
"Oft have we ſeen him at the Peep of Dawn,
"Bruſhing with haſty Steps the Dews away,
"To meet the ſun upon the upland Lawn.

There, at the foot of yonder nodding Beach,
That wreath's its old fantaſtic Roots ſo high,
His liſtleſs Length at noon-tide would he ſtretch,
And pore upon the Brook that bubbles by.

Hard by yon Wood, now ſmiling as in Scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward Fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with Care, or croſs'd in hopeleſs Love.

One morn I miſs'd him on the cuſtom'd Hill,
Along the Heath, and near his fav'rite Tree,
Another came, nor yet beſide the Rill,
Nor up the Lawn, nor at the Wood was he.

The next with Dirges due, in ſad Array,
Slow thro the Church-way Path we ſaw him borne,
Approach, and read, (for Thou canſt read) the Lay
Grav'd on the Stone beneath yon aged Thorn.

There ſcatter'd oft, the earlieſt of the year,
By Hands unſeen, are Showr's of violets found;
The Red-breaſt loves to build and warble there,
And little Foot-ſteps lightly print the ground.

THE

THE EPITAPH.

" Here reſts his Head upon the Lap of Earth,
" A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown,
" Fair Science frown'd not on his humble Birth,
" And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

" Large was his Bounty, and his Soul ſincere;
" Heav'n did a Recompence as largely ſend:
" He gave to Miſ'ry (all he had) a Tear;
" He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wiſh'd,) a Friend.

" No farther ſeek his Merits to diſcloſe,
" Or draw his Frailties from their dread Abode,
" (There they alike in trembling hope repoſe,)
The Boſom of his Father and his God.

XIII. TO SICKNESS;

AN ELEGY.

By Mr. DELAP.

HOW blithe the flow'ry graces of the ſpring
From nature's wardrobe come! and hark how gay
Each glitt'ring inſect, hovering on the wing,
Sings their glad welcome to the fields of May!

They gaze, with greedy eye, each beauty o'er;
They ſuck the ſweet breath of the bluſhing roſe;
Sport in the gale, or ſip the rainbow ſhow'r;
Their life's ſhort day no pauſe of pleaſure knows.

Like their's, dread pow'r! my chearful morn diſplay'd
The flattering promiſe of a golden noon,
'Till each gay cloud, that ſportive nature ſpread,
Dy'd in the gloom of thy diſtemper'd frown.

Yet, ere I told my two-and-twentieth year,
Swift from thy quiver flew the deadly dart;
Harmleſs it paſs'd 'mid many a blithe compeer,
And found its fated entrance near my heart.

Pale as I lay beneath thy ebon wand,
I ſaw them rove thro' pleaſure's flowery field;
I ſaw Health paint them with her roſy hand,
Eager to burſt my bonds, but forc'd to yield.

Yet, while this mortal cot of mould'ring clay
  Shakes at the ſtroke of thy tremendous power,
Ah! muſt the tranſient tenant of a day
  Bear the rough blaſt of each tempeſtuous hour?

Say; ſhall the terrors thy pale flag unfolds,
  Too rigid queen! unnerve the ſoul's bright powers,
Till with a joyleſs ſmile the eye beholds
  Art's magic charms, and nature's fairy bowers?

No, let me follow ſtill, thoſe bow'rs among,
  Her flow'ry footſteps as the goddeſs goes;
Let me, juſt lifted 'bove th' unletter'd throng,
  Read the few books the learned few compoſe.

And ſuffer, when thy aweful pleaſure calls
  The ſoul to ſhare her frail companion's ſmart,
Yet ſuffer me to taſte the balm that falls,
  From Friendſhip's tongue, ſo ſweet upon the heart.

Then, tho' each trembling nerve confeſs thy frown,
  Ev'n till this anxious being ſhall become
But a brief name upon a little ſtone,
  Without one murmur I embrace my doom.

For many a virtue, ſhelter'd from mankind,
  Lives calm with thee, and lord o'er each deſire;
And many a feeble frame, whoſe mighty mind
  Each muſe has touch'd with her immortal fire.

Ev'n * He, ſole terror a venal age,
  The tuneful bard, whoſe philoſophic ſoul
With ſuch bright radiance glow'd on Virtue's page,
  Learn'd many a leſſon from thy moral ſchool.

* Mr. Pope.

He * too, who „mounts and keeps his diſtant way,"
His daring mind thy humanizing glooms
Have temper'd with a melancholy ray,
And taught to warble 'mid the village tombs.

Yes, goddeſs, to thy temple's deep receſs
I come, and lay for ever at its door
The ſyren throng of follies numberleſs,
Nor wiſh their flattering ſongs ſhould ſoothe me more.

Thy decent garb ſhall o'er my limbs be ſpread,
Thy hand ſhall lead me to thy ſober train,
Who here retir'd, with penſive pleaſure tread
The ſilent windings of thy dark domain.

Hither the cherub Charity ſhall fly,
From her bright orb, and brooding o'er my mind,
For miſery raiſe a ſympathizing ſigh,
Pardon for foes, and love for human kind.

Then, while Ambition's trump, from age to age
Its ſlaughter'd millions boaſts; while Fame ſhall rear
Her deathleſs trophies o'er the bard and ſage;
Be mine the widow's ſigh, the orphan's pray'r.

---

* Mr. GRAY.

VI.

ODES.

I) ODE to INDEPENDENCY.

By Mr. MASON.

I.

HERE, on my native ſhore reclin'd,
While Silence rules this midnight hour,
I woo thee, GODDESS. On my muſing mind
Deſcend, propitious Power!
And bid theſe ruffling gales of grief ſubſide:
Bid my calm'd ſoul with all thy influence ſhine;
As yon chaſte Orb along this ample tide
Draws the long luſtre of her ſilver line,
While the huſh'd breeze its laſt weak whiſper blows,
And lulls old HUMBER to his deep repoſe.

II.

Come to thy Vot'ry's ardent prayer,
In all thy graceful plainneſs dreſt;
No knot confines thy waving hair,
No zone thy floating veſt.
Unſullied Honour decks thine open brow,
And Candour brightens in thy modeſt eye:
Thy bluſh is warm Content's ethereal glow,
Thy ſmile is Peace; thy ſtep is Liberty:
Thou ſcatter'ſt bleſſings round with laviſh hand,
As Spring with careleſs fragrance fills the land.

III.

'As now o'er this lone beach I ſtray,
Thy * fav'rite Swain oft ſtole along,
And artleſs wove his Doric lay,
Far from the buſy throng.

Thou

---

* Andrew Marvell, born at Kingſton upon Hull in the year 1620.

Thou heard'ſt him, Goddeſs, ſtrike the tender ſtring,
And bad'ſt his ſoul with bolder paſſions move:
Strait theſe reſponſive ſhores forgot to ring,
With Beauty's praiſe, or plaint of ſlighted Love;
To loftier flights his daring Genius roſe,
And led the war, 'gainſt thine, and Freedom's foes.

IV.

Pointed with Satire's keeneſt ſteel,
The ſhafts of Wit he darts around;
Ev'n * mitred Dulneſs learns to feel,
And ſhrinks beneath the wound.
In aweful poverty his honeſt Muſe
Walks forth vindictive thro' a venal land:
In vain Corruption ſheds her golden dews,
In vain Oppreſſion lifts her iron hand;
He ſcorns them both, and, arm'd with Truth alone,
Bids Luſt and Folly tremble on the throne.

V.

Behold, like him, immortal Maid,
The Muſe's veſtal fires I bring;
Here at thy feet the ſparks I ſpread;
Propitious wave thy wing,
That glares tremendous on the ſons of Pride.
And fan them to that dazzling blaze of ſong,
But hark, methinks I hear her hallow'd tongue!
In diſtant trills it echoes o'er the tide;
Now meets mine ear with warbles wildly free,
As ſwells the Lark's meridian ecſtaſy.

VI.

„ Fond Youth! to MARVELL'S patriot fame,
„ Thy humble breaſt muſt ne'er aſpire.
„ Yet nouriſh ſtill the lambent flame;
„ Still ſtrike thy blameleſs lyre:

„ Led

* Parker, biſhop of Oxford.

„ Led by the moral Muſe ſecurely rove;
„ And all the vernal ſweets that vacant Youth
„ Can cull from buſy Fancy's fairy grove,
„ O hang their foliage round the fane of Truth:
„ To arts like theſe devote thy tuneful toil,
„ And meet its fair reward in D'ARCY's ſmile."

VII.

„ 'Tis he, my ſon, alone ſhall cheer
„ Thy ſick'ning ſoul; at that ſad hour,
„ When o'er a much-lov'd Parent's bier,
„ Thy duteous ſorrows ſhower:
„ At that ſad hour, when all thy hopes decline;
„ When pining Care leads on her pallid train,
„ And ſees thee, like the weak, and widow'd Vine,
„ Winding thy blaſted tendrils o'er the plain.
„ At that ſad hour ſhall D'ARCY lend his aid,
„ And raiſe with Friendſhip's arm thy drooping head.

VIII.

„ This fragrant wreath, the Muſes meed,
„ That bloom'd thoſe vocal ſhades among,
„ Where never Flatt'ry dared to tread,
„ Or Intereſt's ſervile throng;
„ Receive, my favour'd ſon, at my command,
„ And keep, with ſacred care, for D'ARCY'S brow:
„ Tell him, 'twas wove by my immortal hand,
„ I breath'd on every flower a purer glow;
„ Say, for thy ſake, I ſend the gift divine
„ To him, who calls thee HIS, yet makes thee MINE."

II) ODE on MELANCHOLY.

To a FRIEND.

By Mr. MASON.

I.

AH! ceaſe this kind perſuaſive ſtrain,
Which, when it flows from Friendſhip's tongue,
However weak, however vain,
O'erpowers beyond the Siren's ſong:
Leave me, my friend, indulgent go,
And let me muſe upon my woe.
Why lure me from theſe pale retreats?
Why rob me of theſe penſive ſweets?
Can Muſic's voice, can Beauty's eye,
Can Painting's glowing hand, ſupply
A charm ſo ſuited to my mind,
As blows this hollow guſt of wind,
As drops this little weeping rill
Soft-tinkling down the moſs-grown hill,
Whilſt thro' the weſt, where ſinks the crimſon Day,
Meek Twilight ſlowly ſails, and waves her banners grey.

II.

Say, from Affliction's various ſource
Do none but turbid waters flow?
And cannot Fancy clear their courſe?
For Fancy is the friend of Woe.
Say, mid that grove, in love-lorn ſtate,
When yon poor Ringdove mourns her mate,
Is all, that meets the ſhepherd's ear,
Inſpir'd by anguiſh, and deſpair?
Ah no! fair Fancy rules the ſong:
She ſwells her throat; ſhe guides her tongue;

She

She bids the waving Aſpin-ſpray
Quiver in Cadence to her lay;
She bids the fringed Oſiers bow,
And ruſtle round the lake below,
To ſuit the tenor of her gurgling ſighs,
And ſooth her throbbing breaſt with ſolemn ſympathies.

III.

To thee, whoſe young and poliſh'd brow
The wrinkling hand of Sorrow ſpares;
Whoſe cheeks, beſtrew'd with roſes, know
No channel for the tide of tears;
To thee yon Abbey dank and lone,
Where Ivy chains each mould'ring ſtone
That nods o'er many a Martyr's tomb,
May caſt a formidable gloom.
Yet ſome there are, who, free from fear,
Could wander thro' the cloyſters drear,
Could rove each deſolated iſle,
Tho' midnight thunders ſhook the pile;
And dauntleſs view, or ſeem to view,
(As faintly flaſh the lightnings blue)
Thin ſhiv'ring ghoſts from yawning charnels throng,
And glance with ſilent ſweep the ſhaggy vaults along.

IV.

But ſuch terrific charms as theſe,
I aſk not yet: My ſober mind
The fainter forms of ſadneſs pleaſe;
My ſorrows are of ſofter kind.
Thro' this ſtill valley let me ſtray,
Wrapt in ſome ſtrain of penſive GRAY:
Whoſe lofty Genius bears along
The conſcious dignity of ſong;

And,

And, ſcorning from the ſacred ſtore
To waſte a note on pride, or power,
Roves, when the glimmering twilight glooms,
And warbles 'mid the ruſtic tombs:
He too perchance (for well I know
His heart would melt with friendly woe),
He too perchance, when theſe poor limbs are laid,
Will heave one tuneful ſigh, and ſooth my hov'ring Shade.

III) O D E.

By Mr. GRAY.

I. 1.

AWAKE, Aeolian lyre, awake
And give to rapture all thy trembling ſtrings.
From Helicon's harmonious ſprings
A thouſand rills their mazy progreſs take:
The laughing flowers, that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich ſtream of muſic winds along
Deep, majeſtic, ſmooth, and ſtrong,
Thro' verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign:
Now rowling down the ſteep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, ſee it pour!
The rocks, and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

I. 2.

Oh! Sovereign of the willing ſoul,
Parent of ſweet and ſolemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting ſhell! the ſullen Cares,
And frantic Paſſions hear thy ſoft controul.

On

On Thracia's hills the Lord of war,
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And drop'd his thirſty lance at thy command.
Perching on the ſcepter'd hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing:
Quench'd in dark clouds of ſlumber lie
The terrour of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

I. 3.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
Temper'd to thy warbled lay.
O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The roſy-crowned Loves are ſeen
On Cytherea's day,
With antic Sports, and blue-eyed Pleaſures,
Friſking light in frolic meaſures;
Now purſuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet:
To briſk notes in cadence beating
Glance their many-twinkling feet.
Slow-melting ſtrains their Queen's approach declare;
Where'er ſhe turns the Graces homage pay.
With arms ſublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding ſtate ſhe wins her eaſy way:
O'er her warm cheek, and riſing boſom, move
The bloom of young Deſire, and purple light of Love.

II. 1.

Man's feeble race what ills await,
Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Diſeaſe, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, ſad refuge from the ſtorms of Fate!
The fond complaint, my ſong, diſprove,
And juſtify the laws of Jove.

Say, has he giv'n in vain the heavenly Muſe?
Night, and all her ſickly dews,
Her Spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary ſky:
'Till down the eaſtern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they ſpy, and glitt'ring ſhafts
of war.

II. 2.

In climes beyond the ſolar road,
Where ſhaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muſe has broke the twilight gloom
To cheer the ſhiv'ring native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the od'rous ſhade
Of Chili's boundleſs foreſts laid,
She deigns to hear the ſavage youth repeat,
In looſe numbers wildly ſweet,
Their feather-cinctur'd Chiefs, and duſky Loves.
Her track, where'er the Goddeſs roves,
Glory purſue, and generous Shame,
Th' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy
flame.

II. 3.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's ſteep,
Iſles, that crown th' Egæan deep,
Fields, that cool Iliſſus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In lingering lab'rinths creep,
How do your tuneful Echoes languiſh,
Mute, but to the voice of Anguiſh!
Where each old poetic mountain
Inſpiration breath'd around;
Ev'ry ſhade and hallow'd fountain
Murmur'd deep a ſolemn ſound:
'Till the ſad Nine in Greece's evil hour

Left their Parnaſſus for the Latian plains.
Alike they ſcorn the pomp of tyrant Power,
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty ſpirit loſt,
They ſought, O Albion! next, thy ſea-encircled coaſt.

III. 1.

Far from the ſun and ſummer-gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon ſtray'd,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face: The dauntleſs child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and ſmil'd.
This pencil take (ſhe ſaid) whoſe colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too theſe golden keys, immortal Boy!
This can unlock the gates of Joy;
Of Horrour that, and thrilling fears,
Or ope the ſacred ſource of ſympathetic tears.

III. 2.

Nor ſecond he, that rode ſublime
Upon the ſeraph-wings of Extaſy,
The ſecrets of th' Abyſs to ſpy.
He paſs'd the flaming bounds of place and time:
The living throne, the ſaphire blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He ſaw; but blaſted with exceſs of light,
Cloſed his eyes in endleſs night.
Behold, where Dryden's leſs preſumptuous car,
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two courſers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder cloath'd, and long-reſounding pace.

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-ey'd Fancy hovering o'er
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
But ah! 'tis heard no more ——
Oh! lyre divine, what daring ſpirit
Wakes thee now? tho' he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban-eagle bear
Sailing with ſupreme dominion
Thro' the azure deep of air:
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms, as glitter in the Muſe's ray
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the ſun:
Yet ſhall he mount, and keep his diſtant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the Good how far — but far above the
Great.

IV. ODE,

IV. ODE, ON THE WINTER-SOLSTICE.

M, DCC, XL.

By D. MARK AKENSIDE.

I.

THE radiant ruler of the year
At length his wint'ry goal attains;
Soon to reverſe the long career,
And northward bend his ſteady reins,
Now, piercing half Potoſi's height,
Prone ruſh the fiery floods of light
Ripening the mountain's ſilver ſtores:
While, in ſome cavern's horrid ſhade,
The panting Indian hides his head,
And oft the approach of eve implores.

II.

But lo, on this deſerted coaſt
How pale the ſun! how thick the air!
Muſtering his ſtorms, a ſordid hoſt,
Lo! winter deſolates the year.
The fields reſign their lateſt bloom;
No more the breezes waft perfume,
No more the ſtreams in muſic roll.
But ſnows fall dark, or rains reſound;
And, while great Nature mourns around,
Her griefs infect the human ſoul.

III.

Hence the loud city's buſy throngs
Urge the warm bowl and ſplendid fire:
Harmonious dances, feſtive ſongs,
Againſt the ſpiteful heaven conſpire.
Mean-time perhaps with tender fears
Some village-dame the curfew hears,
While round the hearth her children play:
At morn their father went abroad;
The moon is ſunk, and deep the road;
She ſighs, and wonders at his ſtay.

IV.

But thou, my lyre, awake, ariſe,
And hail the ſun's returning force:
Even now he climbs the northern ſkies,
And health and hope attend his courſe.
Then louder howl the aerial waſte,
Be earth with keener cold imbrac'd,
Yet gentle hours advance their wing;
And fancy, mocking winter's might,
With flowers and dews and ſtreaming light
Already decks the new-born ſpring.

V.

O fountain of the golden day,
Could mortal vows promote thy ſpeed,
How ſoon before thy vernal ray
Should each unkindly damp recede!
How ſoon each hovering tempeſt fly,
Whoſe ſtores for miſchief arm the ſky,
Prompt on our heads to burſt amain,
To rend the foreſt from the ſteep,
Or, thundering o'er the Baltic deep,
To whelm the merchant's hopes of gain.

VI.

But let not man's unequal views
Preſume o'er Nature and her laws:
'Tis his with grateful joy to uſe
The indulgence of the ſovrain cauſe;
Secure that health and beauty ſprings
Thro' this majeſtic frame of things,
Beyond what he can reach to know;
And that heaven's all-ſubduing will,
With good the progeny of ill,
Attempereth every ſtate below.

VII.

How pleaſing wears the wint'ry night,
Spent with the old illuſtrious dead!
While, by the taper's trembling light,
I ſeem thoſe awful ſcenes to tread
Where chiefs or legiſlators lie,
Whoſe triumphs move before my eye
In arms and antique pomp array'd;
While now I taſte the Ionian ſong,
Now bend to Plato's godlike tongue
Reſounding thro' the olive ſhade.

VIII.

But ſhould ſome cheerful, equal friend
Bid leave the ſtudious page awhile,
Let mirth on wi.dom then attend,
And ſocial eaſe on learned toil.
Then while, at love's uncareful ſhrine,
Each dictates to the god of wine
Her name whom all his hopes obey,
What flattering dreams each boſom warm,
While abſence, heightening every charm,
Invokes the ſlow-returning May!

IX.

May, thou delight of heaven and earth!
When will thy genial ſtar ariſe?
The auſpicious morn, which gives thee birth,
Shall bring Eudora to my eyes.
Within her ſylvan haunt behold,
As in the happy garden old,
She moves like that primeval fair:
Thither, ye ſilver-ſounding lyres,
Ye tender ſmiles, ye chaſte deſires,
Fond hope and mutual faith, repair.

X.

And if believing love can read
His better omens in her eye,
Then ſhall my fears, O charming maid!
And every pain of abſence die:
Then ſhall my jocund harp, attun'd
To thy true ear, with ſweeter ſound
Purſue the free Horatian ſong:
Old Tyne ſhall liſten to my tale,
And echo, down the bordering vale,
The liquid melody prolong.

V. ODE, TO A FRIEND UNSUCCESSFUL IN LOVE.

By the SAME.

I.

INDEED, my Phædria, if to find
That wealth can female wiſhes gain
Had e'er diſturb'd your thoughtful mind,
Or coſt one ſerious moment's pain,
I ſhould have ſaid that all the rules,
You learn'd of moraliſts and ſchools,
Were very uſeleſs, very vain.

II.

Yet I perhaps miſtake the caſe —
Say, though with this heroic air,
Like one that holds a nobler chace,
You try the tender loſs to bear,
Does not your heart renounce your tongue?
Seems not my cenſor ſtrangely wrong
To count it ſuch a ſlight affair?

III.

III.

When Hesper gilds the shaded sky,
Oft as you seek the well-known grove,
Methinks I see you cast your eye
Back to the morning scenes of love:
Each pleasing word you heard her say,
Her gentle look, her graceful way,
Again your struggling fancy move.

IV.

Then tell me, is your soul intire?
Does wisdom calmly hold her throne?
Then can you question each desire,
Bid this remain, and that begone?
No tear half-starting from your eye?
No kindling blush you know not why;
No stealing sigh, nor stifled groan?

V.

Away with this unmanly mood!
See where the hoary churl appears,
Whose hand hath seiz'd the favorite good
Which you reserv'd for happier years:
While, side by side, the blushing maid
Shrinks from his visage, half-afraid,
Spite of the sickly joy she wears.

VI.

Ye guardian powers of love and fame!
This chaste, harmonious pair behold;
And thus reward the generous flame
Of all who barter vows for gold.
O bloom of youth! O tender charms
Well-buried in a dotard's arms!
O equal price of beauty sold!

VII.

Ceaſe then to gaze with looks of love:
Bid her adieu, the venal fair:
Unworthy ſhe your bliſs to prove;
Then wherefore ſhould ſhe prove your care?
No: Lay your myrtle garland down;
And let awhile the willow's crown
With luckier omens bind your hair.

VIII.

O juſt eſcap'd the faithleſs main,
Tho' driven unwilling on the land;
To guide your favor'd ſteps again,
Behold your better genius ſtand:
Where Truth revolves her page divine,
Where Virtue leads to honor's ſhrine,
Behold, he lifts his awful hand.

IX.

Fix but on theſe your ruling aim,
And time, the fire of manly care,
Will fancy's dazzling colours tame,
A ſoberer dreſs will beauty wear:
Then ſhall eſteem by knowledge led
Inthrone within your heart and head
Some happier love, ſome truer fair.

VI. ODE,

VI. ODE, AGAINST SUSPICION.

By the SAME.

I.

Oh fly! 'tis dire Suſpicion's mien;
And, meditating plagues unſeen,
The ſorcereſs hither bends:
Behold her torch in gall imbrued:
Behold — her garment drops with blood
Of lovers and of friends.

II.

Fly far! Already in your eyes
I ſee a pale ſuffuſion riſe;
And ſoon thro' every vein,
Soon will her ſecret venom ſpread,
And all your heart and all your head
Imbibe the potent ſtain.

III.

Then many a demon will ſhe raiſe
To vex your ſleep, to haunt your ways;
While gleams of loſt delight
Raiſe the dark tempeſt of the brain,
As lightning ſhines acroſs the main
Thro' whirlwinds and thro' night.

IV.

No more can faith or candor move;
But each ingenuous deed of love,
Which reaſon would applaud,
Now, ſmiling o'er her dark diſtreſs,
Fancy malignant ſtrives to dreſs
Like injury and fraud.

V.

Farewell to virtue's peaceful times:
Soon will you ſtoop to act the crimes
Which thus you ſtoop to fear:
Guilt follows guilt: And where the train
Begins with wrongs of ſuch a ſtain,
What horrors form the rear!

VI.

'This thus to work her baleful power,
Suſpicion waits the ſullen hour
Of fretfulneſs and ſtrife,
When care the infirmer boſom wrings,
Or Eurus waves his murky wings
To damp the feats of life.

VII.

But come, forſake the ſcene unbleſs'd
Which firſt beheld your faithful breaſt
To groundleſs fears a prey:
Come, where with my prevailing lyre
The ſkies, the ſtreams, the groves conſpire
To charm your doubts away.

VIII.

Thron'd in the ſun's deſcending car,
What power unſeen diffuſeth far
This tenderneſs of mind?
What genius ſmiles on yonder flood?
What god, in whiſpers from the wood,
Bids every thought be kind?

IX.

O thou, whate'er thy awful name,
Whose wisdom our untoward frame
With social love restrains!
Thou, who by fair affection's ties
Giv'st us to double all our joys
And half disarm our pains!

X.

Let universal candor still,
Clear as yon heaven-reflecting rill;
Preserve my open mind;
Nor this nor that man's crooked ways
One sordid doubt within me raise
To injure human kind.

VII. ODE, HYMN TO CHEERFULNESS.

By the SAME.

How thick the shades of evening close!
How pale the sky with weight of snows!
Haste, light the tapers, urge the fire,
And bid the joyless day retire.
—— Alas, in vain I try within
To brighten the dejected scene,
While rous'd by grief these fiery pains
Tear the frail texture of my veins;
While Winter's voice, that storms around,
And yon deep death-bell's groaning sound
Renew my mind's oppressive gloom,
Till starting horror shakes the room.

Is

Is there in Nature no kind power
To ſoothe affliction's lonely hour?
To blunt the edge of dire diſeaſe,
And teach theſe wint'ry ſhades to pleaſe?
Come, Cheerfulneſs, triumphant fair,
Shine thro' the hovering cloud of care:
O ſweet of language, mild of mien,
O Virtue's friend and Pleaſure's queen,
Aſſwage the flames that burn my breaſt,
Compoſe my jarring thoughts to reſt;
And while thy gracious gifts I feel,
My ſong ſhall all thy praiſe reveal.

As once ('twas in Aſtræa's reign)
The vernal powers renew'd their train,
It happen'd that immortal Love
Was ranging thro' the ſpheres above,
And downward hither caſt his eye
The year's returning pomp to ſpy.
He ſaw the radiant god of day,
Waft in his car the roſy May;
The fragrant Airs and genial Hours
Were ſhedding round him dews and flowers;
Before his wheels Aurora paſs'd,
And Heſper's golden lamp was laſt.
But, faireſt of the blooming throng,
When Health majeſtic mov'd along,
Delighted to ſurvey below
The joys which from her preſence flow,
While earth enliven'd hears her voice,
And ſwains, and flocks, and fields rejoice;
Then mighty Love her charms confeſs'd,
And ſoon his vows inclin'd her breaſt,
And, known from that auſpicious morn,
The pleaſing Cheerfulneſs was born.

Thou,

Thou, Cheerfulneſs, by heaven deſign'd
To ſway the movements of the mind,
Whatever fretful paſſion ſprings,
Whatever wayward fortune brings
To diſarrange the power within,
And ſtrain the muſical machine;
Thou, Goddeſs, thy attempering hand
Doth each diſcordant ſtring command,
Refines the ſoft, and ſwells the ſtrong;
And, joining Nature's general ſong,
Thro' many a varying tone unfolds
The harmony of human ſouls.

Fair guardian of domeſtic life,
Kind baniſher of homebred ſtrife,
Nor ſullen lip, nor taunting eye
Deforms the ſcene where thou art by:
No ſickening huſband damns the hour
Which bound his joys to female power;
No pining mother weeps the cares
Which parents waſte on thankleſs heirs:
The officious daughters pleas'd attend;
The brother adds the name of friend:
By thee with flowers their board is crown'd,
With ſongs from thee their walks reſound;
And morn with welcome luſtre ſhines,
And evening unperceiv'd declines.

Is there a youth, whoſe anxious heart
Labors with Love's unpitied ſmart?
Tho' now he ſtray by rills and bowers,
And weeping waſte the lonely hours,
Or if the nymph her audience deign,
Debaſe the ſtory of his pain
With ſlaviſh looks, diſcolour'd eyes,
And accents faltering into ſighs;

Yet thou, auſpicious power, with eaſe
Canſt yield him happier arts to pleaſe,
Inform his mien with manlier charms,
Inſtruct his tongue with nobler arms,
With more commanding paſſion move,
And teach the dignity of love.

Friend to the Muſe and all her train,
For thee I court the Muſe again:
The Muſe for thee may well exert
Her pomp, her charms, her fondeſt art,
Who owes to thee that pleaſing ſway
Which earth and peopled heaven obey.
Let melancholy's plentive tongue
Repeat what later bards have ſung;
But thine was Homer's ancient might,
And thine victorious Pindar's flight:
Thy hand each Leſbian wreath attir'd:
Thy lip Sicilian reeds inſpir'd:
Thy ſpirit lent the glad perfume
Whence yet the flowers of Teos bloom
Whence yet from Tibur's Sabine vale
Delicious blows the enlivening gale,
While Horace calls thy ſportive choir,
Heroes and nymphs, around his lyre.

But ſee where yonder penſive ſage
(A prey perhaps to fortune's rage,
Perhaps by tender griefs oppreſs'd,
Or glooms congenial to his breaſt)
Retires in defert ſcenes to dwell,
And bids the joyleſs world farewell.
Alone he treads the autumnal ſhade,
Alone beneath the mountain laid
He ſees the nightly damps aſcend,
And gathering ſtorms aloft impend;

He hears the neighbouring ſurges roll,
And raging thunders ſhake the pole:
Then, ſtruck by every object round,
And ſtunn'd by every horrid ſound,
He aſks a clue for Nature's ways;
But evil haunts him thro' the maze:
He ſees then thouſand demons riſe
To wield the empire of the ſkies,
And change and fate aſſume the rod,
And malice blot the throne of God.
— O thou, whoſe pleaſing power I ſing,
Thy lenient influence hither bring;
Compoſe the ſtorm, diſpel the gloom,
Till Nature wear her wonted bloom,
Till fields and ſhades their ſweets exhale,
And muſic ſwell each opening gale:
Then o'er his breaſt thy ſoftneſs pour,
And let him learn the timely hour
To trace the world's benignant laws,
And judge of that preſiding cauſe
Who founds on diſcord beauty's reign,
Converts to pleaſure every pain,
Subdues each hoſtile form to reſt,
And bids the univerſe be bleſs'd.

O thou, whoſe pleaſing power I ſing,
If right I touch the votive ſtring,
If equal praiſe I yield thy name,
Still govern thou thy poet's flame;
Still with the Muſe my boſom ſhare,
And ſoothe to peace intruding care.
But moſt exert thy pleaſing power
On friendſhip's conſecrated hour;
And while my Sophron points the road
To godlike Wiſdom's calm abode,
Or warm in Freedom's ancient cauſe

Traceth the ſource of Albion's laws,
Add thou o'er all the generous toil
The light of thy unclouded ſmile.
But, if by fortune's ſtubborn ſway
From him and friendſhip torn away,
I court the Muſe's healing ſpell
For griefs that ſtill with abſence dwell,
Do thou conduct my fancy's dreams
To ſuch indulgent placid themes,
As juſt the ſtruggling breaſt may cheer
And juſt ſuſpend the ſtarting tear,
Yet leave that ſacred ſenſe of woe
Which none but friends and lovers know.

VIII. ODE, ON LOVE, TO A FRIEND.

By the SAME.

I.

No, fooliſh youth — To virtuous fame
If now thy early hopes be vow'd,
If true ambition's nobler flame
Command thy footſteps from the crowd,
Lean not to Love's inchanting ſnare;
His ſongs, his words, his looks beware,
Nor join his votaries, the young and fair.

II.

By thought, by dangers, and by toils,
The wreath of juſt renown is worn;
Nor will ambition's awful ſpoils
The flowery pomp of eaſe adorn:
But love unbends the force of thought;
By love unmanly fears are taught;
And love's reward with gaudy ſloth is bought.

III.

III.

Yet thou haſt read in tuneful lays,
And heard from many a zealous breaſt,
The pleaſing tale of beauty's praiſe
In wiſdom's lofty language dreſs'd;
Of beauty powerful to impart
Each finer ſenſe, each comelier art,
And ſoothe and poliſh man's ungentle heart.

IV.

If then, from Love's deceit ſecure,
Thus far alone thy wiſhes tend,
Go; ſee the white-wing'd evening hour
On Delia's vernal walk deſcend:
Go, while the golden light ſerene,
The grove, the lawn, the ſoften'd ſcene
Becomes the preſence of the rural queen.

V.

Attend, while that harmonious tongue
Each boſom, each deſire commands:
Apollo's lute by Hermes ſtrung,
And touch'd by chaſte Minerva's hands,
Attend. I feel a force divine,
O Delia, win my thoughts to thine;
That half the colo of thy life is mine.

VI.

Yet conſcious of the dangerous charm,
Soon would I turn my ſteps away;
Nor oft provoke the lovely harm,
Nor lull my reaſon's watchful ſway.
But thou, my friend — I hear thy ſighs:
Alas, I read thy downcaſt eyes;
And thy tongue falters; and thy color flies.

VII.

So ſoon again to meet the fair?
So penſive all this abſent hour?
— O yet, unlucky youth, beware,
While yet to think is in thy power.
In vain with friendſhip's flattering name
Thy paſſion veils its inward ſhame;
Friendſhip, the treacherous fuel of thy flame!

VIII.

Once, I remember, new to love,
And dreading his tyrannic chain,
I ſought a gentle maid to prove
What peaceful joys in friendſhip reign:
Whence we forſooth might ſafely ſtand,
And pitying view the loveſick band,
And mock the winged boy's malicious hand.

IX.

Thus frequent paſs'd the cloudleſs day,
To ſmiles and ſweet diſcourſe reſign'd:
While I exulted to ſurvey
One generous woman's real mind:
Till friendſhip ſoon my languid breaſt
Each night with unknown cares poſſeſs'd,
Daſh'd my coy ſlumbers, or my dreams diſtreſs'd.

X.

Fool that I was — And now, even now,
While thus I preach the Stoic ſtrain,
Unleſs I ſhun Olympia's view,
An hour unſays it all again.
O friend! — when love directs her eyes
To pierce where every paſſion lies,
Where is the firm, the cautious, or the wiſe?

IX. ODE, ON LYRIC POETRY.

By the SAME.

I. 1.

ONCE more I join the Theſpian choir,
And taſte the inſpiring fount again:
O parent of the Grecian lyre,
Admit me to thy powerful ſtrain ——
And lo! with eaſe my ſtep invades
The pathleſs vale and opening ſhades,
Till now I ſpy her verdant ſeat;
And now at large I drink the ſound,
While theſe her offspring, liſtening round,
By turns her melody repeat.

I. 2.

I ſee Anacreon ſmile and ſing,
His ſilver treſſes breathe perfume;
His cheek diſplays a ſecond ſpring
Of roſes taught by wine to bloom.
Away, deceitful cares, away,
And let me liſten to his lay;
Let me the wanton pomp enjoy,
While in ſmooth dance the light-wing'd hours
Lead round his lyre its patron powers,
Kind laughter and convivial joy.

I. 3.

Broke from the fetters of his native land,
Devoting ſhame and vengeance to her lords,
With louder impulſe and a threatening hand
The * Leſbian patriot ſmites the ſounding chords:

* Alcæus.

Ye wretches, ye perfidious train,
Ye curs'd of gods and freeborn men,
Ye murderers of the laws,
Tho' now ye glory in your luſt,
Tho' now ye tread the feeble neck in duſt,
Yet Time and righteous Jove will judge your
dreadful cauſe.

II. 1.

But lo! to Sappho's melting airs
Deſcends the radiant queen of love:
She ſmiles, and aſks what fonder cares
Her ſuppliant's plaintive meaſures move:
Why is my faithful maid diſtreſs'd?
Who; Sappho, wounds thy tender breaſt?
Say, flies he? —— Soon he ſhall purſue:
Shuns he thy gifts? —— He ſoon ſhall give:
Slights he thy ſorrows? —— He ſhall grieve,
And ſoon to all thy wiſhes bow.

II. 2.

But, O Melpomene, for whom
Awakes thy golden ſhell again?
What mortal breath ſhall e'er preſume
To eccho that unbounded ſtrain?
Majeſtic in the frown of years,
Behold, the * man of Thebes appears:
For ſome there are, whoſe mighty frame
The hand of Jove at birth endow'd
With hopes that mock the gazing crowd;
As eagles drink the noontide flame,

II. 3.

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* Pindar.

II. 3.

While the dim raven beats her weary wings,
And clamours far below. —— Propitious Muſe,
While I ſo late unlock thy purer ſprings,
And breathe whate'er thy ancient airs infuſe,
Wilt thou for Albion's ſons around
(Ne'er had'ſt thou audience more renown'd)
Thy charming arts employ,
As when the winds from ſhore to ſhore
Thro' Greece the lyre's perſuaſive language bore,
Till towns and iſles and ſeas return'd the vocal joy?

III. 1.

Yet then did pleaſure's lawleſs throng,
Oft ruſhing forth in looſe attire,
Thy virgin dance, thy graceful ſong
Pollute with impious revels dire.
O fair, O chaſte, thy echoing ſhade
May no foul diſcord here invade:
Nor let thy ſtrings one accent move,
Except what earth's untroubled ear
'Mid all her ſocial tribes may hear,
And heaven's unerring throne approve.

III. 2.

Queen of the lyre, in thy retreat
The faireſt flowers of Pindus glow;
The vine aſpires to crown thy ſeat,
And myrtles round thy laurel grow.
Thy ſtrings adapt their varied ſtrain
To every pleaſure, every pain,
Which mortal tribes were born to prove;
And ſtrait our paſſions riſe or fall,
As at the wind's imperious call
The ocean ſwells, the billows move.

III. 3.

When midnight liſtens o'er the ſlumbering earth,
Let me, O Muſe, thy ſolemn whiſpers hear:
When morning ſends her fragrant breezes forth,
With airy murmurs touch my opening ear.
And ever watchful at thy ſide,
Let wiſdom's awful ſuffrage guide
The tenor of thy lay:
To her of old by Jove was given
To judge the various deeds of earth and heaven;
'Twas thine by gentle arts to win us to her ſway.

IV. 1.

Oft as, to well-earn'd eaſe reſign'd,
I quit the maze where ſcience toils,
Do thou refreſh my yielding mind
With all thy gay, deluſive ſpoils.
But, O indulgent, come not nigh
The buſy ſteps, the jealous eye
Of wealthy care or gainful age;
Whoſe barren ſouls thy joys diſdain,
And hold as foes to reaſon's reign
Whome'er thy lovely works engage.

IV. 2.

When friendſhip and when letter'd mirth
Haply partake my ſimple board,
Then let thy blameleſs hand call forth
The muſic of the Teian chord
Or if invok'd at ſofter hours,
O! ſeek with me the happy bowers
That hear Olympia's gentle tongue;
To beauty link'd with virtue's train,
To love devoid of jealous pain,
There let the Sapphic lute be ſtrung.

IV. 3.

But when from envy and from death to claim
A hero bleeding for his native land;
When to throw incenſe on the veſtal flame
Of liberty my genius gives command,
Nor Theban voice nor Leſbian lyre
From thee, O Muſe, do I require;
While my preſaging mind,
Conſcious of powers ſhe never knew,
Aſtoniſh'd graſps at things beyond her view,
Nor by another's fate ſubmits to be confin'd.

X. ODE, TO SLEEP.

By the SAME.

I.

THOU ſilent power, whoſe welcome ſway
Charms every anxious thought away;
In whoſe divine oblivion drown'd,
Sore pain and weary toil grow mild,
Love is with kinder looks beguil'd,
And grief forgets her fondly-cheriſh'd wound;
Oh! whither haſt thou flown, indulgent god?
God of kind ſhadows and of healing dews,
Whom doſt thou touch with thy Lethæan rod?
Around whoſe temples now thy opiate airs diffuſe?

II.

Lo! midnight from her ſtarry reign
Looks awful down on earth and main.
The tuneful birds lie huſh'd in ſleep,
With all that crop the verdant food,
With all that ſkim the cryſtal flood,

Or haunt the caverns of the rocky ſteep.
No ruſhing winds diſturb the dufted bowers;
No wakeful ſound the moon-light valley knows,
Save where the brook its liquid murmur pours,
And lulls the waving ſcene to more profound
repoſe.

III.

Oh let not me alone complain,
Alone invoke thy power in vain!
Deſcend, propitious, on my eyes;
Not from the couch that bears a crown,
Not from the courtly ſtateſman's down,
Nor where the miſer and his treaſure lies:
Bring not the ſhapes that break the murderer's reſt,
Nor thoſe the hireling ſoldier loves to ſee,
Nor thoſe which haunt the bigot's gloomy breaſt:
Far be their guilty nights, and far their dreams
from me!

IV.

Nor yet thoſe awful forms preſent,
For chiefs and heroes only meant:
The figur'd braſs, the choral ſong,
The reſcued people's glad applauſe,
The liſtening ſenate, and the laws
Fix'd by the counſels of * Timoleon's tongue,
Are ſcenes too grand for fortune's private ways;
And tho' they ſhine in youth's ingenuous view,
The ſober gainful arts of modern days
To ſuch romantic thoughts have bid a long adieu.

V.

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* After Timoleon had delivered Syracuſe from the tyranny of Dionyſius, the people on every important deliberation ſent for him into the public aſſembly, aſked his advice, and voted aceording to it. PLUTARCH.

V.

I aſk not, god of dreams, thy care
To baniſh Love's preſentments fair:
Nor roſy cheek nor radiant eye
Can arm him with ſuch ſtrong command
That the young ſorcerer's fatal hand
Should round my ſoul his pleaſing fetters tie.
Nor yet the courtier's hope, the giving ſmile,
(A lighter phantom, and a baſer chain)
Did e'er in ſlumber my proud lyre beguile
To lend the pomp of thrones her ill-according
ſtrain.

VI.

But, Morpheus, on thy balmy wing
Such honourable viſions bring,
As ſooth'd great Milton's injur'd age,
When in prophetic dreams he ſaw
The race unborn with pious awe
Imbibe each virtue from his heavenly page:
Or ſuch as Mead's benignant fancy knows
When health's deep treaſures, by his art explor'd,
Have ſav'd the infant from an orphan's woes,
Or to the trembling ſire his age's hope reſtor'd.

XI. ODE,

XI. LA LIBERTA, LIBERTY, AN ODE.

Newly translated from METASTASIO.

THANKS, Nice, to thy treacherous art,
At length I breathe again;
The pitying gods have ta'en my part,
And eas'd a wretch's pain:
I feel, I feel, that from its chain
My reſcued ſoul is free,
Nor is it now I idly dream
Of fancied liberty.

Extinguiſh'd is my ancient flame,
All calm my thoughts remain;
And artful love in vain ſhall ſtrive
To lurk beneath diſdain.
No longer, when thy name I hear,
My conſcious colour flies;
No longer, when thy face I ſee,
My heart's emotions riſe.

I ſleep, yet not in every dream
Thy image pictur'd ſee;
I wake, nor does my alter'd mind
Fix its firſt thought on thee:
From thee far diſtant when I roam,
No fond concern I know;
With thee I ſtay, nor yet from thence
Does pain or pleaſure flow.

Oft of my Nice's charms I ſpeak,
  Nor thrills my ſtedfaſt heart;
Oft I review the wrongs I bore;
  Yet feel no inward ſmart.
No quick alarms confound my ſenſe,
  When Nice near I ſee;
Even with my rival I can ſmile,
  And calmly talk of thee.

Speak to me with a placid mien,
  Or treat me with diſdain;
Vain is to me the look ſevere,
  The gentle ſmile as vain.
Loſt is the empire o'er my ſoul,
  Which once thoſe lips poſſeſt;
Thoſe eyes no longer can divine
  Each ſecret of my breaſt.

What pleaſes now, or grieves my mind,
  What makes me ſad, or gay,
It is not in thy power to give,
  Nor canſt thou take away;
Each pleaſant ſpot without thee charms,
  The wood, the mead, the hill;
And ſcenes of dullneſs, even with thee,
  Are ſcenes of dullneſs ſtill.

Judge, if I ſpeak with tongue ſincere;
  Thou ſtill art wond'rous fair;
Great are the beauties of thy form,
  But not beyond compare:
And, let not truth offend thine ear,
  My eyes at length incline
To ſpy ſome faults in that lov'd face,
  Which once appear'd divine.

When from its ſecret deep receſs
I tore the painful dart,
(My ſhameful weakneſs I confeſs)
It ſeem'd to ſplit my heart;
But, to relieve a tortur'd mind,
To triumph o'er diſdain,
To gain my captive ſelf once more,
I'd ſuffer every pain.

Caught by the birdlime's treacherous twigs,
To which he chanc'd to ſtray,
The bird his faſten'd feathers leaves,
Then gladly flies away:
His ſhorten'd wings he ſoon renews,
Of ſnares no more afraid;
Then grows by paſt experience wiſe,
Nor is again betray'd.

I know thy pride can ne'er believe
My paſſion's fully o'er,
Becauſe I oft repeat the tale,
And ſtill add ſomething more: —
'Tis natural inſtinct prompts my tongue,
And makes the ſtory laſt,
As all mankind are fond to boaſt
Of dangers they have paſt.

The warrior thus, the combat o'er,
Recounts his bloody wars,
Tells all the hardſhips which he bore,
And ſhews his ancient ſcars.
Thus the glad ſlave, by proſperous fate,
Freed from the ſervile chain,
Shews to ech friend the galling weight,
Which once he dragg'd with pain.

I ſpeak, yet ſpeaking, all my aim
Is but to eaſe my mind;
I ſpeak, yet care not if my words
With thee can credit find;
I ſpeak, nor aſk if my diſcourſe
Is e'er approv'd by thee,
Or whether thou with equal eaſe
Doſt talk again of me.

I leave a light inconſtant maid,
Thou'ſt loſt an heart ſince; —
I know not which wants comfort moſt,
Or which has moſt to fear:
I'm ſure, a ſwain ſo fond and true,
Nice can never find;
A nymph like her is quickly found,
Falſe, faithleſs, and unkind.

XII. ODE to the TIBER.

WRITTEN ABROAD.

By WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, Eſq.

On entering the CAMPANIA of ROME, at OTRICOLI,
MDCCLV.

I.

HAIL, ſacred ſtream, whoſe waters roll
Immortal thro' the claſſic page!
To thee the Muſe devoted ſoul,
Tho' deſtin'd to a later age,
And leſs indulgent clime, to thee,
Nor thou diſdain, in runic lays
Weak mimic of true harmony,
His grateful homage pays.

Far

Far other ſtrains thine elder ear
With pleas'd attention wont to hear,
When he, who ſtrung the Latian lyre,
And he who led th' Aonian quire
From Mantua's reedy lakes with oſiers crown'd,
Taught Echo from thy banks with tranſport to reſound.
Thy banks? — alas, is this the boaſted ſcene,
This dreary, wide, uncultivated plain,
Where ſick'ning Nature wears a fainter green,
And Deſolation ſpreads her torpid reign?
Is this the ſcene where Freedom breath'd,
Her copious horn where Plenty wreath'd,
And health at opening day
Bade all her roſeate breezes fly,
To wake the ſons of Induſtry,
And make their fields more gay?

II.

Where is the villa's rural pride;
The ſwelling domes imperial gleam,
Which lov'd to grace thy verdant ſide,
And tremble in thy golden ſtream?
Where are the bold, the buſhy throngs,
That ruſh'd impatient to the war,
Or tun'd to peace triumphal ſongs,
And hail'd the paſſing car?
Along the ſolitary * road,
Th' eternal flint by Conſuls trod,
We muſe, and mark the ſad decays
Of mighty works, and mighty days!
For theſe vile waſtes, we cry, had Fate decreed
That Veii's ſons ſhould ſtrive, for theſe Camillus bleed?

Did

* The Flaminian way.

Did here, in after-times of Roman pride,
The muſing ſhepherd from Soracte's height
See towns extend where'er thy waters glide,
And temples riſe, and peopled farms unite?
They did. For this deſerted plain
The Hero ſtrove, nor ſtrove in vain;
And here the ſhepherd ſaw
Unnumber'd towns and temples ſpread,
While Rome majeſtic rear'd her head,
And gave the nations law.

III.

Yes, thou and Latium once were great,
And ſtill, ye firſt of human things,
Beyond the graſp of time or fate
Her fame and thine triumphant ſprings.
What tho' the mould'ring columns fall,
And ſtrow the deſert earth beneath,
Tho' ivy round each nodding wall
Entwine its fatal wreath,
Yet ſay, can Rhine or Danube boaſt
The numerous glories thou haſt loſt?
Can ev'n Euphrates palmy ſhore,
Or Nile, with all his myſtic lore,
Produce from old records of genuine fame
Such heroes, poets, kings, or emulate thy name?
Ev'n now the Muſe, the conſcious Muſe is here;
From every ruin's formidable ſhade
Eternal Muſic breathes on Fancy's ear,
And wakes to more than form th'illuſtrious dead.
Thy Cæſars, Scipios, Catos riſe,
The great, the virtuous, and the wiſe,
In ſolemn ſtate advance!
They fix the philoſophic eye,
Or trail the robe, or lift on high
The light'ning of the lance.

IV.

But chief that humbler happier train
Who knew thoſe virtues to reward
Beyond the reach of chance or pain
Secure, th' hiſtorian and the bard.
By them the hero's generous rage
Still warm in youth immortal lives;
And in their adamantine page
Thy glory ſtill ſurvives.
Thro' deep ſavannahs wild and vaſt,
Unheard, unknown, thro' ages paſt,
Beneath the ſun's directer beams
What copious torrents pour their ſtreams!
No fame have they, no fond pretence to mourn,
No annals ſwell their pride, or grace their ſtoried urn.
Whilſt Thou, with Rome's exalted genius join'd,
Her ſpear yet lifted, and her corſlet brace'd,
Can'ſt tell the waves, can'ſt tell the paſſing wind
Thy wond'rous tale, and cheer the liſt'ning waſte.
Tho' from his caves th' unfeeling North
Pour'd all his legion'd tempeſts forth,
Yet ſtill thy laurels bloom:
One deathleſs glory ſtill remains,
Thy ſtream has roll'd thro' LATIAN plains,
Has waſh'd the walls of ROME.

XIII. ODE to MORNING.

THE ſprightly meſſenger of day,
To Heav'n aſcending tunes the lay,
That wakes the bluſhing Morn:
Cheer'd with th'inſpiring notes, I riſe,
And hail the POW'R, whoſe glad ſupplies
Th'enliven'd plains adorn.

Far hence retire, O NIGHT! thy praiſe,
Majeſtic queen! in nobler lays
Already has been ſung:
When thine own ſpheres expire, thy name,
Secure from time, ſhall riſe in fame,
Immortalized by YOUNG.

See, while I ſpeak, AURORA ſheds
Her early honours o'er the meads,
The ſpringing valleys ſmile;
With chearful haſte, the village ſwain
Renews the labours of the plain,
And meets th'accuſtom'd toil.

Day's monarch comes to bleſs the year!
Wing'd ZEPHYRS wanton round his car,
Along th'æthereal road;
PLENTY and HEALTH attend his beams,
And TRUTH divinely bright, proclaims
The viſit of the God.

Aw'd by the view my ſoul reveres
The great FIRST CAUSE, that bade the ſpheres
In tuneful order move:
Thine is the ſable-mantled night,
Unſeen ALMIGHTY! and the light
The radiance of thy love.

Hark! th'awaken'd grove repays
With melody the genial rays,
  And echo ſpreads the ſtrain;
The ſtreams in grateful murmurs run,
The bleating flocks ſalute the ſun,
  And muſic glads the plain.

While nature thus her charms diſplays,
Let me enjoy the fragrant breeze,
  The op'ning flow'rs diffuſe;
TEMP'RANCE and INNOCENCE attend,
Theſe are your haunts, your influence lend,
  Aſſociates of the MUSE!

RIOT and GUILT, and waſting CARE,
And fell REVENGE and black DESPAIR,
  Avoid the morning's light;
Nor beams the ſun, nor blooms the roſe
Their reſtleſs paſſions to compoſe,
  Who VIRTUE's dictates ſlight.

Along the mead, and in the wood,
And on the margin of the flood,
  The goddeſs walks confeſt;
She gives the landſcape pow'r to charm,
The ſun his genial heat, to warm
  The wiſe and generous breaſt.

Happy the man! whoſe tranquil mind
Sees nature in her changes kind,
  And pleas'd the whole ſurveys;
For him the morn benignly ſmiles,
And evening ſhades reward the toils
  That meaſure out his days.

The varying year may ſhift the ſcene,
The ſounding tempeſt laſh the main,
And Heav'ns own thunders roll;
Calmly he views the burſting ſtorm,
Tempeſts nor thunder can deform
The morning of his ſoul.

XIV. ODE to NIGHT.

THE buſy cares of day are done;
In yonder weſtern cloud the ſun
Now ſets, in other worlds to riſe,
And glad with light the nether ſkies.
With ling'ring pace the parting day retires,
And ſlowly leaves the mountain tops, and gilded ſpires.

Yon azure cloud, enrob'd with white,
Still ſhoots a gleam of fainter light:
At length deſcends a browner ſhade;
At length the glimm'ring objects fade;
Till all ſubmit to NIGHT's impartial reign,
And undiſtinguiſh'd darkneſs covers all the plain.

No more the ivy-crowned oak
Reſounds beneath the woodman's ſtroke.
Now ſilence holds her ſolemn ſway;
Mute is each buſh, and ev'ry ſpray:
Nought but the ſound of murm'ring rills is heard,
Or from the mould'ring tow'r, NIGHT's ſolitary bird.

Hail ſacred hour of peaceful reſt!
Of pow'r to charm the troubled breaſt!
By thee the captive ſlave obtains
Short reſpite from his galling pains;
Nor ſighs for liberty, nor native ſoil;
But for a while forgets his chains, and ſultry toil.

No horrors haſt thou in thy train.
No ſcorpion laſh, no clanking chain.
When the pale murd'rer round him ſpies
A thouſand griſly forms ariſe,
When ſhrieks and groans arouſe his palſy'd fear,
'Tis guilt alarms his ſoul, and conſcience wounds his ear.

The village ſwain whom Phillis charms,
Whoſe breaſt the tender paſſion warms,
Wiſhes for thy all-ſhadowing veil,
To tell the fair his loveſick tale:
Nor leſs impatient of the tedious day,
She longs to hear his tale, and ſigh her ſoul away.

Oft by the covert of thy ſhade
LEANDER woo'd the THRACIAN maid;
Through foaming ſeas his paſſion bore,
Nor fear'd the ocean's thund'ring roar.
The conſcious virgin from the ſea-girt ſhore
Hung out the faitful torch to guide him to her bow'r.

Oft at thy ſilent hour the ſage
Pores on the fair inſtructive page;
Or wrapt in muſings deep his ſoul
Mounts active to the ſtarry pole:
There pleas'd to range the realms of endleſs night,
Numbers the ſtars, or marks the comets devious light.

Thine

Thine is the hour of converſe ſweet,
When ſprightly wit and reaſon meet:
Wit, the fair bloſſom of the mind,
But fairer ſtill with reaſon join'd.
Such is the feaſt thy ſocial hours afford,
When eloquence and GRANVILLE join the friendly board.

GRANVILLE, whoſe poliſh'd mind is fraught
With all that ROME or GREECE e'er taught;
Who pleaſes and inſtructs the ear,
When he aſſumes the critic's chair,
Or from the STAGYRITE or PLATO draws
The arts of civil life, the ſpirit of the laws.

O let me often thus employ
The hour of mirth and ſocial joy!
And glean from GRANVILLE's learned ſtore
Fair ſcience and true wiſdom's lore.
Then will I ſtill implore thy longer ſtay,
Nor change thy feſtive hours for ſunſhine and the day.

XV. An ODE on SCULPTURE.

LED by the Muſe, my ſtep pervades
The ſacred haunts, the peaceful ſhades,
Where ART and SCULPTURE reign:
I ſee, I ſee, at their command,
The living ſtones in order ſtand,
And marble breathe through ev'ry vein!
TIME breaks his hoſtile ſcythe; he ſighs
To find his power malignant fled;
„ And what avails my dart, he cries,
„ Since theſe can animate the dead?
„ Since wak'd to mimic life, again in ſtone
„ The patriot ſeems to ſpeak, the hero frown?"

There VIRTUE's ſilent train are ſeen,
Faſt fix'd their looks, erect their mien.
Lo! while with more than ſtoic ſoul,
The * ATTIC SAGE exhauſts the bowl,
A pale ſuffuſion ſhades his eyes,
Till by degrees the marble dies:
See there the injur'd † POET bleed!
Ah! ſee he droops his languid head!
What ſtarting nerves, what dying pain!
What horror freezes ev'ry vein!
Theſe are thy works, O SCULPTURE! thine to ſhow
In rugged rock a feeling ſenſe of woe.

Yet

---

* Socrates, who was condemned to die by poiſon.

† Seneca, born at Corduva, who, according to Pliny, was orator, poet, and philoſopher. He bled to death in the bath.

Yet not alone ſuch themes demand
The PHYDIAN ſtroke, the DAEDAL hand:
I view with melting eyes
A ſofter ſcene of grief diſplay'd,
While from her breaſt the duteous maid
Her INFANT SIRE with food ſupplies.
In pitying ſtone ſhe weeps, to ſee
His ſqualid hair, and galling chains;
And trembling, on her bended knee,
His hoary head her hand ſuſtains;
While ev'ry look, and ſorrowing feature prove,
How ſoft her breaſt, how great her filial love.

Lo! there the wild * ASSYRIAN QUEEN,
With threat'ning brow, and frantic mien!
Revenge! revenge! the marble cries,
While fury ſparkles in her eyes.
Thus was her awful form beheld,
When BABYLON's proud ſons rebell'd!
She left the woman's vainer care,
And flew with looſe diſhevell'd hair;
She ſtretch'd her hand, imbru'd in blood,
While pale Sedition trembling ſtood:
In ſudden ſilence the mad crowd obey'd
Her awful voice, and Stygian Diſcord fled.

With hope, or fear, or love, by turns,
The marble leaps, or ſhrinks, or burns,

---

* Semiramis, cum ei circa cultum capitis ſui occupatæ nunciatum eſſet Babylonem defeciſſe; altera parte crinium adhuc ſoluta protinus ad eam expugnandam cucurrit: nec prius decorem capillorum in ordinem quam tantam urbem in poteſtatem ſuam redegit: quocirca ſtatua ejus Babylone poſita eſt, &c.

VAL. MAX. de IRA.

As SCULPTURE waves her hand:
The varying paſſions of the mind,
Her faithful handmaids are aſſign'd,
And riſe or fall by her command.
When now life's waſted lamps expire,
When ſinks to duſt this mortal frame,
She, like PROMETHEUS, graſps the fire;
Her touch revives the lambent flame;
While, Phœnix-like, the ſtateſman, bard, or ſage,
Spring freſh to life, and breathe through every age.

Hence, where the organ full and clear,
With loud hoſannas charms the ear,
Behold (a priſm within his hands)
Abſorb'd in thought, great * NEWTON ſtands!
Such was his ſolemn, wonted ſtate,
His ſerious brow, and muſing gait,
When, taught on eagle wings to fly,
He trac'd the wonders of the ſky,
The chambers of the ſun explor'd,
Where tints of thouſand hues are ſtord';
Whence ev'ry flow'r in painted robes is dreſt,
And varying IRIS ſteals her gaudy veſt.

Here, as DEVOTION, heav'nly queen,
Conducts her beſt, her fav'rite train,
At NEWTON's ſhrine they bow;
And while with raptur'd eyes they gaze,
With VIRTUE's pureſt veſtal rays,
Behold their ardent boſoms glow!

Hail,

---

* A noble ſtatue of Sir Iſaac Newton erected in Trinity-college chapel, by Doctor Smith.

Hail, mighty mind! Hail, awful name!
I feel inſpir'd my lab'ring breaſt;
And lo! I pant, I burn for fame!
Come, SCIENCE, bright ethereal gueſt,
Oh come, and lead thy meaneſt humbleſt ſon,
Through WISDOM's arduous paths, to fair renown!

Could I to one faint ray aſpire,
One ſpark of that celeſtial fire,
The leading Cynoſure that glow'd
While SMITH explor'd the dark abode,
Where WISDOM ſat on NATURE's ſhrine,
How great my boaſt! what praiſe were mine!
Illuſtrious ſage! who firſt could'ſt tell
Wherein the pow'rs of MUSIC dwell;
And ev'ry magic chain untie,
That binds the ſoul of HARMONY!
To THEE, when mould'ring in the duſt,
To THEE ſhall ſwell the breathing buſt;
Shall here (for this reward thy merits claim)
„ Stand next in place to NEWTON, as in fame."

XVI. The OLD ENGLISHMAN.

I.

I'LL tell you why I love my love;
Becauſe her thouſand graces prove
Her worth is very high:
She's very fair, and very good,
And not unwilling to be woo'd
By one ſo plain as I.

II.

Wherever muſe has fir'd the ſtrain,
On Britiſh or on Tuſcan plain,
Delighted has ſhe rov'd;
Has glow'd with all the gen'rous rage
That animates the ſtory'd page,
By Britiſh boſoms lov'd.

III.

Oft has ſhe ſought, with careful feet,
The hallow'd hermit's calm retreat,
And trac'd with thought profound
Each precept of the wiſe and good;
That ev'ry wiſh has ſhe ſubdu'd
To wiſdom's narrow bound.

IV.

Has learn'd the flatt'ring paths to ſhun,
Where folly's fickle vot'ries run,
Deceiv'd by fortune's glare;
Has learn'd that food, and clothes and fire,
Are only nature's plain deſire,
Nor forms for more her pray'r.

V.

Content with theſe, my GERALDINE
Has promis'd to be ever mine,
For well ſhe knows my heart;
She knows it honeſt and ſincere;
And much too open to appear
Beneath the veil of art:

VI.

She knows it pants for her alone
That not the ſplendor of a throne
From her my ſteps could lure:
To-morrow gives to theſe fond arms
My GERALDINE in all her charms,
And makes my bliſs ſecure.

XVII. The MODERN ENGLISHMAN.

I.

No, no; by all the pow'rs above,
My heart's as little touch'd by love
As ever in my life.
Full well, dear HAL, to thee is known
Whom Fortune to my lot has thrown,
To be my wedded wife.

II.

But why I wed? ſhould any aſk,
To anſwer is an eaſy taſk,
Want, want! my honeſt HARRY:
What can a man, whoſe fortune's ſpent,
Who's mortgag'd to his utmoſt rent,
But drown, or ſhoot, or marry?

III.

Of theſe the beſt is ſure the bride;
For when once plung'd beneath the tide;
Adieu to all our figure.
Full ſudden is the piſtol's fate,
When once tis touch'd, alas! too late
We wiſh undrawn the trigger.

IV.

'Tis thus reſolv'd then, honeſt boy,
To-morrow thou may'ſt wiſh me joy,
Joy will I buy by wiving:
Soon to her manſion, far from town,
Six rapid Bays ſhall whirl us down,
As if the devil were driving.

V.

There ſhall the briſk capacious bowl
Drown ev'ry care that haunts the ſoul,
And rouſe me to new life:
And, HAL, for all that ſhe can ſay,
Some blooming village queen of May
Shall—wait upon my wife.

VI.

When all the tedious farce is o'er,
And ſpouſe has crown'd me with her dow'r,
Should ſudden ruin meet her,
Ev'n though her coachman broke her neck,
Unmov'd I'd ſtand amidſt the wreck,
Nor ſwear at heedleſs PETER.

XVIII. ODE, to MÆCENAS.

Translated from HORACE, by Dr. FRANCIS.

DESCENDED from an ancient line,
That once the Tuſcan ſceptre ſway'd,
Haſte thee to meet the gen'rous wine,
Whoſe piercing is for thee delay'd;
For thee the fragrant eſſence flows,
For thee, Mæcenas, breathes the blooming roſe.

From the delights, oh! break away,
Which Tibur's marſhy proſpect yields,
Nor with unceaſing joy ſurvey
Fair Æſula's declining fields;
No more the verdant hills admire
Of Telegon, who kill'd his aged ſire.

Inſtant forſake the joyleſs feaſt,
Where appetite in ſurfeit dies,
And from the tow'red ſtructure haſte,
That proudly threatens to the ſkies;
From Rome and its tumultuous joys,
Its crowds, and ſmoke, and opulence, and noiſe.

Where health-preſerving plainneſs dwells,
Nor ſleeps upon the Tyrian dye,
To frugal treats, and humble cells,
With grateful change the wealthy fly.
Such ſcenes have charm'd the pangs of care,
And ſmooth'd the clouded forehead of deſpair.

Andromeda's conſpicuous fire
Now darts his hidden beams from far;
The lion ſhews his mad'ning fire,
And barks fierce Procyon's raging ſtar,
While Phœbus, with revolving ray,
Brings back the burnings of the thirſty day.

Fain-

Fainting beneath the ſwelt'ring heat,
To cooling ſtreams and breezy ſhades
The ſhepherd and his flocks retreat,
While ruſtic ſylvans ſeek the glades,
Silent the brook its borders laves,
Nor curls one vagrant breath of wind the waves.

But you for Rome's imperial ſtate
Attend with ever-watchful care,
Or, for the world's uncertain fate
Alarm'd, with ceaſeleſs terrors fear;
Anxious what eaſtern wars impend,
Or what the Scythians in their pride intend.

But Jove, in goodneſs ever wiſe,
Hath hid, in clouds of depthleſs night,
All that in future proſpect lies,
Beyond the ken of mortal ſight,
And laughs to ſee vain man oppreſt
With idle fears, and more than man diſtreſt.

Then wiſely form the preſent hour;
Enjoy the bliſs that it beſtows;
The reſt is all beyond our pow'r,
And like the changeful Tiber flows,
Who now beneath his banks ſubſides,
And peaceful to his native ocean glides;

But when deſcends a ſudden ſhow'r,
And wild provokes his ſilent flood,
The mountains hear the torrent roar,
And echoes ſhake the neighb'ring wood,
Then, ſwoll'n with rage, he ſweeps away
Uprooted trees, herds, dwellings to the ſea.

Happy the man, and he alone,
Who, maſter of himſelf, can ſay,
To-day at leaſt hath been my own,
For I have clearly liv'd to-day:
Then let to morrow's clouds ariſe,
Or purer ſuns o'erſpread the cheerful ſkies.

Not Jove himſelf can now make void
The joy that wing'd the flying hour;
The certain bleſſing, once enjoy'd,
Is ſafe beyond the Godhead's pow'r;
Nought can recal the acted ſcene;
What hath been, ſpite of Jove himſelf, hath been.

But Fortune, ever-changing dame,
Indulges her malicious joy,
And conſtant plays her haughty game,
Proud of her office to deſtroy;
To-day to me her bounty flows,
And now to others ſhe the bliſs beſtows.

I can applaud her while ſhe ſtays,
But if ſhe ſhake her rapid wings,
I can reſign, with careleſs eaſe,
The richeſt gifts her favour brings,
Then folded lie in Virtue's arms,
And honeſt Poverty's undower'd charms.

Though the maſt howl beneath the wind,
I make no mercenary pray'rs,
Nor with the gods a bargain bind
With future vows, and ſtreaming tears,
To ſave my wealth from adding more
To boundleſs ocean's avaricious ſtore.

Then in my little barge I'll ride,
Secure amid the foamy wave,
Calm will I ſtem the threat'ning tide,
And fearleſs all its tumults brave;
Ev'n then perhaps ſome kinder gale,
While the twin ſtars appear, ſhall fill my joyful ſail.

XIX. ODE. *

By Mr. GRAY.

I. 1.

„ RUIN ſeize thee, ruthleſs King!
„ Confuſion on thy banners wait,
„ Tho' fann'd by Conqueſt's crimſon wing
„ They mock the air with idle ſtate.
„ Helm, nor Hauberk's twiſted mail,
„ Nor even thy virtues, Tyrant, ſhall avail
„ To ſave thy ſecret ſoul from nightly fears,
„ From Cambria's curſe, from Cambria's tears!"
Such were the ſounds, that o'er the creſted pride
Of the firſt Edward ſcatter'd wild diſmay,
As down the ſteep of Snowdon's ſhaggy ſide
He wound with toilſome march his long array.
Stout Gloſter ſtood aghaſt in ſpeechleſs trance:
To arms! cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quiv'-
ring lance.

I. 2.

---

* The above Ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that EDWARD the Firſt, when he compleated the conqueſt of that country, ordered all the Bards, that fell into his hands, to be put to death.

I. 2.

On a rock, whoſe haughty brow
Frown's o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the ſable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the Poet ſtood;
(Looſe his beard, and hoary hair
Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air)
And with a Maſter's hand, and Prophet's fire,
Struck the deep ſorrows of his lyre.
„ Hark, how each giant-oak, and deſert cave,
„ Sighs to the torrent's aweful voice beneath!
„ O'er thee, oh King! their hundred arms they wave,
„ Revenge on thee in hoarſer murmurs breathe;
„ Vocal no more, ſince Cambria's fatal day,
„ To high-born Hoel's harp, or ſoft Llewellyn's lay.

I. 3.

„ Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
„ That huſh'd the ſtormy main:
„ Brave Urien ſleeps upon his craggy bed:
„ Mountains, ye mourn in vain;
„ Modred, whoſe magic ſong
„ Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-top'd head.
„ On dreary Arvon's ſhore they lie,
„ Smear'd with gore, and ghaſtly pale:
„ Far, far aloof th'affrighted ravens ſail;
„ The famiſh'd Eagle ſcreams, and paſſes by.
„ Dear loſt companions of my tuneful art,
„ Dear, as the light, that viſits theſe ſad eyes,
„ Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
„ Ye died amidſt your dying country's cries —
„ No more I weep. They do not ſleep.
„ On yonder cliffs, a griſly band,

„ I ſee them ſit, they linger yet,
„ Avengers of their native land:
„ With me in dreadful harmony they join,
„ And weave with bloody hands the tiſſue of thy line.

II. 1.

„ Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
„ The winding-ſheet of Edward's race,
„ Give ample room, and verge enough
„ The characters of hell to trace.
„ Mark the year, and mark the night,
„ When Severn ſhall re-ech with affright
„ The ſhrieks of death, thro' Berkly's roofs that ring,
„ Shrieks of an agonizing King!
„ She-Wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
„ That tear'ſt the bowels of thy mangled Mate,
„ From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
„ The ſcourge of Heaven. What terrours round him wait!
„ Amazement in his van, with Flight combin'd,
„ And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

II. 2.

„ Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
„ Low on his funeral couch he lies!
„ No pitying heart, no eye afford
„ A tear to grace his obſequies.
„ Is the ſable Warriour fled?
„ Thy ſon is gone. He reſts among the Dead.
„ The ſwarm, that in thy noon-tide beam were born,
„ Gone to ſalute the riſing Morn.

„ Fair

„ Fair laughs the Morn, and ſoft the Zephyr blows,
„ While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
„ In gallant trim the gilded Veſſel goes;
„ Youth on the prow, and Pleaſure at the helm;
„ Regardleſs of the ſweeping Whirlwind's ſway,
„ That, huſh'd in grim repoſe, expects his evening-prey.

II. 3.

„ * Fill high the ſparkling-bowl,
„ The rich repaſt prepare,
„ Reft of a crown, he yet may ſhare the feaſt:
„ Cloſe by the regal chair
„ Fell Thirſt and Famine ſcowl
„ A baleful ſmile upon their baffled Gueſt.
„ Heard ye the din of battle bray?
„ Lance to lance, and horſe to horſe?
„ Long Years of havock urge their deſtined courſe,
„ And thro' the kindred ſquadrons mow their way.
„ Ye Towers of Julius, London's laſting ſhame,
„ With many a foul and midnight murther fed,
„ Revere his Conſort's faith, his Father's fame,
„ And ſpare the meek Uſurper's holy head.
„ Above, below, the roſe of ſnow,
„ Twined with her bluſhing foe, we ſpread:
„ The briſtled Boar in infant-gore
„ Wallows beneath the thorny ſhade.
„ Now, Brothers, bending o'er th' accurſed loom,
„ Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

* Richard the Second, (as we are told by Archbiſhop Scroop, Thomas of Walſingham, and all the older writers,) was ſtarved to death. The ſtory of his aſſaſſination by Sir Piers of Exon, is of much later date.

III. 1.

„ Edward, lo! to ſudden fate
„ (Weave we the woof. The thread is ſpun)
„ Half * of thy heart we conſecrate.
„ (The web is wove. The work is done.)"
„ Stay, oh ſtay! nor thus forlorn
„ Leave me unbleſs'd, unpitied, here to mourn:
„ In yon bright track, that fires the weſtern ſkies,
„ They melt, they vaniſh from my eyes.
„ But oh! what ſolemn ſcenes on Snowdon's height
„ Deſcending ſlow their glitt'ring ſkirts unroll?
„ Viſions of glory, ſpare my aching ſight,
„ Ye unborn Ages; crowd not on my ſoul!
„ No more our long-loſt Arthur we bewail.
„ All-hail †, ye genuine Kings, Britannia's Iſſue hail!

III. 2.

„ Girt with many a Baron bold,
„ Sublime their ſtarry fronts they rear;
„ And gorgeous Dames, and Stateſmen old
„ In bearded majeſty, appear.
„ In the midſt a Form divine!
„ Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line;
„ Her lyon-port, her awe-commanding face,
„ Attemper'd ſweet to virgin-grace.
„ What ſtrings ſymphonious tremble in the air,
„ What ſtrains of vocal tranſport round her play!
„ Hear

---

* Eleanor of Caſtile died a few years after the conqueſt of Wales. The heroic proof ſhe gave of her affection for her Lord is well known. The monuments of his regret, and ſorrow for the loſs of her, are ſtill to be ſeen in ſeveral parts of England.

† Acceſſion of the line of Tudor.

„ Hear from the grave, great Talieſſin *, hear;
„ They breathe a ſoul to animate thy clay.
„ Bright Rapture calls, and ſoaring, as ſhe ſings,
„ Waves in the eye of Heaven her many-colour'd wings.

III. 3.

„ The verſe adorn again
„ Fierce War, and faithful Love,
„ And Truth ſevere, by fairy Fiction dreſt.
„ In buſkin'd meaſures move
„ Pale Grief, and pleaſing Pain,
„ With Horrour, Tyrant of the throbbing breaſt.
„ A Voice, as of the Cherub-Choir,
„ Gales from blooming Eden bear;
„ And diſtant warblings leſſen on my ear,
„ That loſt in long futurity expire.
„ Fond impious Man, think'ſt thou yon ſanguine cloud,
„ Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?
„ To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
„ And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
„ Enough for me: With joy I ſee
„ The different doom our Fates aſſign.
„ Be thine Deſpair, and ſcepter'd Care,
„ To triumph, and to die are mine."
He ſpoke, and headlong from the mountain's height
Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endleſs night.

---

* Talieſſin, Chief of the Bards, flouriſhed in the ſixth Century. His works are ſtill preſerved, and his memory held in high veneration among his Countrymen.

XX. ODE to GENIUS.

I.

THOU Child of Nature, Genius ſtrong,
Thou Maſter of the Poet's Song;
Before whoſe Light, Art's dim and feebly Ray
Gleams like the Taper in the Blaze of Day:
Thou lov'ſt to ſteal along the ſecret Shade,
Where Fancy, bright aërial Maid!
Awaits thee with her thouſand Charms,
And revels in thy wanton Arms.
She to thy Bed, in Days of Yore,
The ſweetly-warbling SHAKESPEARE bore;
Whom every Muſe endow'd with every Skill,
And dipt him in that ſacred Rill,
Whoſe ſilver Streams flow muſical along,
Where PHOEBUS' hallow'd Mount reſounds with raptur'd Song.

II.

Forſake not Thou the vocal Choir,
Their Breaſts reviſit with thy genial Fire,
Elſe vain the ſtudied Sounds of mimic Art,
Tickle the Ear, but come not nigh the Heart.
Vain every Phraſe in curious Order ſet,
On each Side leaning on the (ſtop-gap) Epithet.
Vain the quick Rime ſtill tinckling in the Cloſe,
While pure Deſcription ſhines in meaſur'd Proſe.
Thou bear'ſt a-loof, and look'ſt with high Diſdain,
Upon the dull mechanic Train;
Whoſe nerveleſs Strains flag on in languid Tone,
Lifeleſs and lumpiſh as the Bag-pipe's drowzy Drone.

III.

III.

No longer now thy Altars blaze,
No Poet offers up his Lays;
Inſpir'd with Energy divine,
To worſhip at thy ſacred Shrine.
Since TASTE * with abſolute Domain,
Extending wide her leaden Reign,
Kills with her melancholy Shade,
The blooming Scyons of fair Fancy's Tree;
Which erſt full wantonly have ſtray'd,
In many a Wreath of richeſt Poeſie.
For when the Oak denies her Stay,
The creeping Ivy winds her humble Way;
No more ſhe twiſts her Branches round,
But drags her feeble Stem along the barren Ground.

IV.

Where then ſhall exil'd Genius go?
Since only thoſe the Laurel claim,
And boaſt them of the Poet's Name,
Whoſe ſober Rimes in even Tenour flow;
Who prey on Words, and all their Flowrets cull,
Coldly correct, and regularly dull
Why ſleep the Sons of Genius now?
Why WARTONS reſts the Lyre unſtrung?
† And thou, bleſt Bard! around whoſe ſacred Brow,
Great PINDAR's delegated Wreath is hung;
Ariſe, and ſnatch the Majeſty of Song,
From Dullneſs' ſervile Tribe, and Art's unhallow'd Throng.

---

* By TASTE, is here meant the modern Affectation of it.
† The ſpirited and truly poetical Dr. AKENSIDE.

XXI. RURAL ELEGANCE:

An Ode to the late Ducheſs of SOMERSET.

By W. SHENSTONE, Eſq.

WHILE orient ſkies reſtore the day,
And dew-drops catch the lucid ray;
Amid the ſprightly ſcenes of morn,
Will aught the Muſe inſpire?
Oh! peace to yonder clam'rous horn
That drowns the ſacred lyre!

Ye rural thanes, that o'er the moſſy down
Some panting, tim'rous hare purſue;
Does Nature mean your joys alone to crown?
Say, does ſhe ſmooth her lawns for you?
For you does Echo bid the rocks reply,
And, urg'd by rude conſtraint, reſound the jovial cry?

See, from the neighb'ring hill, forlorn,
The wretched ſwain your ſport ſurvey;
He finds his faithful fences torn,
He finds his labour'd crops a prey:
He ſees his flock — no more in circles feed;
Haply beneath your ravage bleed,
And with no random curſes loads the deed.

Nor yet, ye ſwains, conclude,
That Nature ſmiles for you alone;
Your bounded ſouls, and your conceptions crude,
The proud, the ſelfiſh boaſt diſown:
Yours be the produce of the ſoil;
O may it ſtill reward your toil!
Nor ever the defenceleſs train
Of clinging infants, aſk ſupport in vain!

But

But tho' the various harveſt gild your plains,
Does the mere landſcape feaſt your eye?
Or the warm hope of diſtant gains
Far other cauſe of glee ſupply?
Is not the red-ſtreak's future juice
The ſource of your delight profound,
Where Acriconium pours her gems profuſe,
Purpling a whole horizon round?
Athirſt ye praiſe the limpid ſtream, 'tis true:
But tho', the pebbled ſhores among,
It mimic no unpleaſing ſong,
The limpid fountain murmurs not for you.

Unpleas'd ye ſee the thickets bloom,
Unpleas'd the ſpring her flow'ry robe reſume;
Unmov'd the mountain's airy pile.
The dappled mead without a ſmile.
O let a rural conſcious Muſe,
For well ſhe knows, your froward ſenſe accuſe:
Forth to the ſolemn oak you bring the ſquare,
And ſpan the maſſy trunk, before you cry,
'tis fair.

Nor yet, ye learn'd, nor yet, ye courtly train,
If haply from your haunts ye ſtray
To waſte with us a ſummer's day,
Exclude the taſte of every ſwain,
Nor our untutor'd ſenſe diſdain:
'Tis Nature only gives excluſive right
To reliſh her ſupreme delight;
She, where ſhe pleaſes, kind or coy,
Who furniſhes the ſcene, and forms us to enjoy.

Then hither bring the fair ingenuous mind,
By her auſpicious aid refin'd;

Lo

Lo! not an hedge-row hawthorn blows,
Or humble hare-bell paints the plain,
Or valley winds, or fountain flows,
Or purple heath is ting'd in vain:
For ſuch the rivers daſh their foaming tides,
The mountain ſwells, the dale ſubſides:
Ev'n thriftleſs furze detains their wand'ring ſight,
And the rough barren rock grows pregnant with delight.

With what ſuſpicious fearful care
The ſordid wretch ſecures his claim,
If haply ſome luxurious heir
Should alienate the fields that wear his name!
What ſcruples left ſome future birth
Should litigate a ſpan of earth!
Bonds, contracts, feoffments, names unmeet for proſe,
The tow'ring Muſe endures not to diſcloſe;
Alas her unrevers'd decree,
More comprehenſive and more free,
Her laviſh charter, taſte, appropriates all we ſee.

Let gondolas their painted flags unfold,
And be the ſolemn day enroll'd,
When, to confirm his loſty plea;
In nuptial ſort, with bridal gold,
The grave Venetian weds the ſea:
Each laughing Muſe derides the vow;
Ev'n ADRIA ſcorns the mock embrace,
To ſome lone hermit on the mountain's brow,
Allotted, from his natal hour,
With all her myrtle ſhores in dow'r:
His breaſt to admiration prone,
Enjoys the ſmiles upon her face,
Enjoys triumphant ev'ry grace,
And finds her more his own.

Fatigu'd with Form's oppreſſive laws,
When SOMERSET avoids the great;
When, cloy'd with merited applauſe,
She ſeeks the rural calm retreat;
Does ſhe not praiſe each moſſy cell,
And feel the truth my numbers tell?
When deafen'd by the loud acclaim,
Which genius grac'd with rank obtains,
Could ſhe not more delighted hear
Yon throſtle chaunt the riſing year?
Could ſhe not ſpurn the wreaths of fame,
To crop the primroſe of the plains?
Does ſhe not ſweets in each fair valley find,
Loſt to the ſons of pow'r, unknown to half mankind?

Ah! can ſhe covet there to ſee
The ſplendid ſlaves, the reptile race,
That oil the tongue, and bow the knee,
That ſlight her merit, but adore her place?
Far happier, if aright I deem,
When from gay throngs, and gilded ſpires,
To where the lonely halcyons play,
Her philoſophic ſtep retires:
While, ſtudious of the moral theme,
She to ſome ſmooth ſequeſter'd ſtream
Likens the ſwain's inglorious day;
Pleas'd from the flow'ry margin to ſurvey,
How cool, ſerene, and clear the current glides away.

O blind to truth, to virtue blind:
Who ſlight the ſweetly-penſive mind!
On whoſe fair birth the graces mild,
And ev'ry muſe prophetic ſmil'd.

Not that the poet's boaſted fire
Should Fame's wide-echoing trumpet ſwell;
Or, on the muſic of his lyre,
Each future age with rapture dwell;
The vaunted ſweets of praiſe remove,
Yet ſhall ſuch boſoms claim a part
In all that glads the human heart;
Yet theſe the ſpirits form'd to judge and prove
All nature's charms immenſe, and Heaven's unbounded love.

And oh! the tranſport, moſt ally'd to ſong,
In ſome fair villa's peaceful bound,
To catch ſoft hints from Nature's tongue,
And bid ARCADIA bloom around:
Whether we fringe the ſloping hill,
Or ſmooth below the verdant mead;
Whether we break the falling rill,
Or thro' meand'ring mazes lead;
Or, in the horrid bramble's room,
Bid careleſs groups of roſes bloom;
Or let ſome ſhelter'd lake ſerene
Reflect flow'rs, woods, and ſpires, and brighten all the ſcene.

O ſweet diſpoſal of the rural hour!
O beauties never known to cloy!
While worth and genius haunt the favour'd bow'r,
And ev'ry gentle breaſt partakes the joy!
While Charity at eve ſurveys the ſwain,
Enabled by theſe toils to cheer
A train of helpleſs infants dear,
Speed whiſtling home acroſs the plain;

See vagrant Luxury, her handmaid grown,
For half her graceleſs deeds atone,
And hails the bounteous work, and ranks it with
her own.

Why brand theſe pleaſures with the name
Of ſoft, unſocial toils, of indolence and ſhame?
Search but the garden, or the wood,
Let yon admir'd carnation own,
Not all was meant foa raiment, or for food,
Not all for needful uſe alone;
There while the ſeeds of future bloſſoms dwell,
'Tis colour'd for the ſight, perfum'd to pleaſe the
ſmell.

Why knows the nightingale to ſing?
Why flows the pine's nectareous juice?
Why ſhines with paint the linnet's wing?
For ſuſtenance alone? for uſe?
For preſervation? Ev'ry ſphere
Shall bid fair Pleaſure's rightful claim appear.

And ſure there ſeem, of human kind,
Some born to ſhun the ſolemn ſtrife;
Some for amuſive taſks deſign'd,
To ſooth the certain ills of life;
Grace its lone vales with many a budding roſe,
New founts of bliſs diſcloſe,
Call forth refreſhing ſhades, and decorate repoſe.

From plains and woodlands, from the view
Of rural Nature's blooming face,
Smit with the glare of rank and place,
To courts the ſons of Fancy flew;

There

There long had Art ordain'd a rival ſeat;
There had ſhe laviſh'd all her care
To form a ſcene more dazzling fair,
And call'd them from their green retreat

To ſhare her proud control;
Had giv'n the robe with grace to flow,
Had taught exotic gems to glow;
And, emulous of Nature's pow'r,
Mimic'd the plume, the leaf, the flow'r;
Chang'd the complexion's native hue,
Moulded each ruſtic limb anew,
And warpd the very ſoul!

A while her magic ſtrikes the novel eye,
A while the fairy forms delight;
And now aloof we ſeem to fly
On purple pinions thro' a purer ſky;
Where all is wond'rous, all is bright:
Now landed on ſome ſpangled ſhore,
A while each dazzled maniac roves
By ſapphire lakes, thro' em'rald groves.
Paternal acres pleaſe no more;
Adieu the ſimple, the ſincere delight —
Th' habitual ſcene of hill and dale,
The rural herds, the vernal gale,
The tangled vetch's purple bloom,
The fragrance of the bean's perfume,
Be theirs alone who cultivate the ſoil,
And drink the cup of thirſt, and eat the bread of toil.

But ſoon the pageant fades away!
'Tis Nature only bears perpetual ſway.
We pierce the counterfeit delight,
Fatigu'd with ſplendor's irkſome beams.
Fancy again demands the ſight
Of native groves, and wonted ſtreams,

Pants

Pants for the ſcenes that charm'd her youthful eyes,
Where Truth maintains her court, and baniſhes Diſguiſe.

Then hither oft, ye ſenators, retire;
With Nature here high converſe hold;
For who like STAMFORD her delights admire,
Like STAMFORD ſhall with ſcorn behold
Th' unequal bribes of pageantry and gold;
Beneath the Britiſh oak's majeſtic ſhade,
Shall ſee fair Truth, immortal maid,
Friendſhip in artleſs guiſe array'd,
Honour, and Moral Beauty, ſhine
With more attractive charms, with radiance more divine.

Yes, here alone did higheſt Heav'n ordain
The laſting magazine of charms,
Whatever wins, whatever warms,
Whatever Fancy ſeeks to ſhare,
The great, the various, and the fair,
For ever ſhould remain!

Her impulſe nothing may reſtrain —
Or whence the joy 'mid columns, tow'rs,
'Midſt all the city's artful trim,
To rear ſome breathleſs vapid flow'rs,
Or ſhrubs fuliginouſly grim;
From rooms of ſilken foliage vain,
To trace the dun far diſtant grove,
Where, ſmit with undiſſembled pain,
The wood-lark mourns her abſent love,
Borne to the duſty town from native air,
To mimic rural life, and ſooth ſome vapour'd fair.

But how muſt faithleſs Art prevail,
Should all who taſte our joy ſincere,
To Virtue, Truth, or Science dear,
Forego a court's alluring pale,
For dimpled brook and leafy grove,
For that rich luxury of thought they love!
Ah no, from theſe the public ſphere requires
Example for its giddy bands;
From theſe impartial Heav'n demands
To ſpread the flame itſelf inſpires;
To ſift Opinion's mingled maſs,
Impreſs a nation's taſte, and bid the ſterling paſs.

Happy, thrice happy they,
Whoſe graceful deeds have exemplary ſhone
Round the gay precincts of a throne,
With mild effective beams!
Who bands of fair ideas bring,
By ſolemn grot, or ſhady ſpring
To join their pleaſing dreams!
Theirs is the rural bliſs without alloy,
They only that deſerve, enjoy.
What tho' nor fabled Dryad haunt their grove,
Nor Naiad near their fountains rove,
Yet all embody'd to the mental ſight,
A train of ſmiling Virtues bright
Shall there the wiſe retreat allow,
Shall twine triumphant palms to deck the wand'rer's brow.

And tho' by faithleſs friends alarm'd,
Art have with Nature wag'd preſumptuous war;
By SEYMOUR's winning influence charm'd,
In whom their gifts united ſhine,
No longer ſhall their counſels jar.

'Tis

'Tis hers to mediate the peace:
Near PERCY-LODGE, with awe-ſtruck mien,
The rebel ſeeks her lawful queen,
And havock and contention ceaſe.
I ſee the rival pow'rs combine,
And aid each other's fair deſign;
Nature exalt the mound where Art ſhall build;
Art ſhape the gay alcove, while Nature paints the field.

Begin, ye ſongſters of the grove!
O warble forth your nobleſt lay;
Where SOMERSET vouchſafes to rove,
Ye lev'rets freely ſport and play.
Peace to the ſtrepent horn
Let no harſh diſſonance diſturb the morn,
No ſounds inelegant and rude
Her ſacred ſolitudes profane!
Unleſs her candor not exclude
The lowly ſhepherd's votive ſtrain,
Who tunes his reed amidſt his rural cheer,
Fearful, yet not averſe, that SOMERSET ſhould hear.

XXII. ODE to MEMORY, 1748.

By the SAME.

O MEMORY! celeſtial maid!
Who glean'ſt the flow'rets cropt by Time;
And, ſuff'ring not a leaf to fade,
Preſerv'ſt the bloſſoms of our prime;
Bring, bring thoſe moments to my mind,
When life was new, and LESBIA kind.

And bring that garland to my ſight,
With which my favour'd crook ſhe bound;
And bring that wreath of roſes bright,
Which then my feſtive temples crown'd.
And to my raptur'd ear convey
The gentle things ſhe deign'd to ſay.

And ſketch with care the Muſe's bow'r,
Where ISIS rolls her ſilver tide;
Nor yet omit one reed or flow'r
That ſhines on CHERWELL'S verdant ſide;
If ſo thou mayſt thoſe hours prolong,
When poliſh'd LYCON join'd my ſong.

The ſong it 'vails not to recite —
But ſure, to ſooth our youthful dreams,
Thoſe banks and ſtreams appear'd more bright
Than other banks, than other ſtreams:
Or, by thy ſoft'ning pencil ſhown,
Aſſume they beauties not their own?

And paint that ſweetly vacant ſcene,
When, all beneath the poplar bough,
My ſpirits light, my ſoul ſerene,
I breath'd in verſe one cordial vow;
That nothing ſhould my ſoul inſpire,
But friendſhip warm, and love entire.

Dull to the ſenſe of new delight,
  On thee the drooping Muſe attends;
As ſome fond lover, robb'd of ſight,
  On thy expreſſive pow'r depends;
Nor would exchange thy glowing lines,
To live the lord of all that ſhines.

But let me chaſe thoſe vows away,
  Which at Ambition's ſhrine I made;
Nor ever let thy ſkill diſplay
  Thoſe anxious moments, ill repaid:
Oh! from my breaſt that ſeaſon raze,
And bring my childhood in its place.

Bring me the bells, the rattle bring,
  And bring the hobby I beſtrode;
When pleas'd, in many a ſportive ring,
  Around the room I jovial rode:
Ev'n let me bid my lyre adieu,
And bring the whiſtle that I blew.

Then will I muſe, and penſive ſay,
  Why did not theſe enjoyments laſt?
How ſweetly waſted I the day,
  While Innocence allow'd to waſte!
Ambition's toils alike are vain,
But ah! for pleaſure yield us pain.

XXIII. ODE to INDOLENCE, 1750.

By the SAME.

AH! why for ever on the wing
Perſiſts my weary'd ſoul to roam?
Why, ever cheated, ſtrives to bring
Or pleaſure or contentment home?

Thus the poor bird, that draws his name
From Paradiſe's honour'd groves,
Careleſs fatigues his little frame,
Nor finds the reſting-place he loves.

Lo! on the rural moſſy bed
My limbs with careleſs eaſe reclin'd;
Ah, gentle Sloth! indulgent ſpread
The ſame ſoft bondage o'er my mind!

For why ſhould ling'ring thought invade,
Yet ev'ry worldly proſpect clov?
Lend me, ſoft Sloth, thy friendly aid,
And give me peace, debarr'd of joy.

Lov'ſt thou yon calm and ſilent flood,
That never ebbs, that never flows;
Protected by the circling wood
From each tempeſtuous wind that blows.

An altar on its bank ſhall riſe,
Where oft thy vot'ry ſhall be found;
What time pale autumn lulls the ſkies,
And ſickning verdure fades around.

Ye busy race, ye factious train,
That haunt Ambition's guilty shrine;
No more perplex the world in vain,
But offer here your vows with mine.

And thou, puissant queen! be kind:
If e'er I shar'd thy balmy pow'r;
If e'er I sway'd my active mind,
To weave for thee the rural bow'r:

Dissolve in sleep each anxious care;
Each unavailing sigh remove;
And only let me wake to share
The sweets of friendship and of love.

XXIV. To a LADY of QUALITY,

Fitting up her LIBRARY, 1738.

By the SAME.

Ah! what is science, what is art,
Or what the pleasure these impart?
Ye trophies, which the learn'd pursue
Thro' endless, fruitless toils, adieu!

What can the tedious tomes bestow,
To sooth the miseries they show?
What, like the bliss for him decreed,
Who tends his flock, and tunes his reed?

Say, wretched Fancy! thus refin'd
From all that glads the ſimpleſt hind,
How rare that object which ſupplies
A charm for too diſcerning eyes!

The poliſh'd bard, of genius vain,
Endures a deeper ſenſe of pain;
As each invading blaſt devours
The richeſt fruits, the faireſt flow'rs.

Sages, with irkſome waſte of time,
The ſteep aſcent of knowledge climb;
Then, from the tow'ring heights they ſcale,
Behold Contentment range — the vale!

Yet why, ASTERIA, tell us why
We ſcorn the crowd, when you are nigh?
Why then does reaſon ſeem ſo fair?
Why learning then deſerve our care?

Who can unpleas'd your ſhelves behold,
While you ſo fair a proof unfold,
What force the brighteſt genius draws
From poliſh'd wiſdom's written laws?

Where are our humbler tenets flown?
What ſtrange perfection bids us own,
That bliſs with toilſome ſcience dwells,
And happieſt he who moſt excels?

XXV. An Irregular ODE after SICKNESS, 1749.

By the SAME.

— Melius, cum venerit ipſa, canemus.

Too long a ſtranger to repoſe,
At length from Pain's abhorred couch I roſe,
And wander'd forth alone;
To court once more the balmy breeze,
And catch the verdure of the trees,
Ere yet their charms were flown.

'Twas from a bank with tanſies gay
I hail'd once more the cheerful day,
The ſun's forgotten beams:
O ſun! how pleaſing were thy rays,
Reflected from the poliſh'd face
Of yon refulgent ſtreams!

Rais'd by the ſcene, my feeble tongue
Eſſay'd again the ſweets of ſong:
And thus, in feeble ſtrains and ſlow,
The loit'ring numbers 'gan to flow:

„ Come, gentle Air! my languid limbs reſtore,
„ And bid me welcome from the Stygian ſhore:
„ For ſure I heard the tender ſighs,
„ I ſeem'd to join the plaintive cries
„ Of hapleſs youths, who thro' the myrtle grove
„ Bewail for ever their unfiniſh'd love:
„ To that unjoyous clime,
„ Torn from the ſight of theſe ethereal ſkies;
„ Debarr'd the luſtre of their DELIA'S eyes;
„ And baniſh'd in their prime.

„ Come, gentle Air! and, while the thickets bloom,
„ Convey the jeſs'mine's breath divine,
„ Convey the woodbine's rich perfume,
„ Nor ſpare the ſweet-leaft eglantine.
„ And mayſt thou ſhun the rugged ſtorm,
„ Till Health her wonted charms explain,
„ With rural pleaſure in her train,
„ To greet me in her faireſt form.
„ While, from this lofty mount, I view
„ The ſons of earth, the vulgar crew,
„ Anxious for futile gains beneath me ſtray,
„ And ſeek with erring ſtep Contentment's obvious way.

„ Come, gentle Air! and thou, celeſtial Muſe,
„ Thy genial flame infuſe;
„ Enough to lend a penſive boſom aid,
„ And gild Retirement's gloomy ſhade;
„ Enough to rear ſuch ruſtic lays
„ As foes may ſlight, but partial friends will praiſe."

The gentle Air allow'd my claim;
And, more to cheer my drooping frame,
She mix'd the balm of op'ning flow'rs;
Such as the bee, with chymic pow'rs,
Erom HYBLA'S fragrant hills inhales,
Or ſcents SABEA'S blooming vales.
But ah! the nymphs that heal the penſive mind,
By preſcripts more refin'd,
Neglects their vot'ry's anxious moan:
Oh, how ſhould they relieve?— the muſes all were flown.

By flow'ry plain, or woodland ſhades,
I fondly ſought the charming maids;
By woodland ſhades, or flow'ry plain,
I ſought them, faithleſs maids! in vain!
When lo! in happier hour,
I leave behind my native mead,
To range where zeal and friendſhip lead,
To viſit L****'s honour'd bow'r.
Ah, fooliſh man! to ſeek the tuneful maids
On other plains, or near leſs verdant ſhades!

Scarce have my footſteps preſs'd the favour'd ground,
When ſounds ethereal ſtrike my ear;
At once celeſtial forms appear;
My fugitives are found, are found!
The muſes here attune their lyres,
Ah partial! with unwonted fires;
Here, hand in hand, with careleſs mien,
The ſportive graces trip the green.

But whilſt I wander'd o'er a ſcene ſo fair,
Too well at one ſurvey I trace,
How every muſe, and every grace,
Had long employ'd their care.
Lurks not a ſtone enrich'd with lively ſtain,
Blooms not a flow'r amid the vernal ſtore,
Falls not a plume on INDIA'S diſtant plain,
Glows not a ſhell on ADRIA'S rocky ſhore,
But torn, methought, from native lands or ſeas,
From their arrangement, gain freſh pow'r to pleaſe.

And ſome had bent the wild'ring maze,
Bedeck'd with every ſhrub that blows;
And ſome entwin'd the willing ſprays,
To ſhield th' illuſtrious dame's repoſe:

Others

Others had grac'd the ſprightly dome,
And taught the portrait where to glow;
Others arrang'd the curious tome;
Or, 'mid the decorated ſpace,
Aſſign'd the laurel'd buſt a place,
And given to learning all the pomp of ſhow.
And now, from ev'ry taſk withdrawn,
They met and friſk'd it o'er the lawn.

Ah! wo is me, ſaid I;
And ***'s hilly circuit heard my cry;
Have I for this with labour ſtrove,
And laviſh'd all my little ſtore
To fence for you my ſhady grove,
And ſcollop every winding ſhore;
And fringe with every purple roſe,
The ſapphire ſtream that down my valley flows?

Ah! lovely treach'rous maids!
To quit unſeen my votive ſhades,
When pale diſeaſe and tort'ring pain
Had torn me from the breezy plain,
And to a reſtleſs couch confin'd,
Who ne'er your wonted taſks declin'd;
She needs not your officious aid
To ſwell the ſong, or plan the ſhade:
By genuine fancy fir'd,
Her native genius guides her hand,
And, while ſhe marks the ſage command,
More lovely ſcenes her ſkill ſhall raiſe,
Her lyre reſound with nobler lays
Than ever you inſpir'd.
Thus I my rage and grief diſplay;
But vainly blame, and vainly mourn,
Nor will a grace or muſe return
Till LUXBOROUGH lead the way.

XXVI. THE PASSIONS,
AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

By Mr. WILLIAM COLLINS.

WHEN Muſic, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece ſhe ſung,
The Paſſions oft, to hear her ſhell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Poſſeſt beyond the Muſe's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Diſturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd.
Till once, 'tis ſaid, when all were fir'd,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inſpir'd,
From the ſupporting myrtles round
They ſnatch'd her inſtruments of ſound,
And as they oft had heard apart
Sweet leſſons of her forceful art,
Each, for madneſs rul'd the hour,
Would prove his own expreſſive power.

Firſt Fear his hand, its ſkill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd he knew not why,
Even at the ſound himſelf had made.

Next Anger ruſh'd, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings own'd his ſecret ſtings,
In one rude claſh he ſtruck the lyre,
And ſwept with hurried hand the ſtrings.

With woeful meaſures wan Deſpair —
Low ſullen ſounds his grief beguil'd,
A ſolemn, ſtrange, and mingled air,
'Twas ſad by fits, by ſtarts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes ſo fair,
What was thy delighted meaſure?
Still it whiſper'd promis'd pleaſure,
And bad the lovely ſcenes at diſtance hail!
Still would her touch the ſtrain prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo ſtill thro' all the ſong;
And where her ſweeteſt theme ſhe choſe,
A ſoft reſponſive voice was heard at every
cloſe,
And Hope enchanted ſmil'd, and wav'd her golden
hair.

And longer had ſhe ſung, — but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient roſe,
He threw his blood-ſtaind ſword in thunder down,
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing-trumpet took,
And blew a blaſt ſo loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic ſounds ſo full of woe.
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat;
And tho' ſometimes, each dreary pauſe between,
Dejected Pity at his ſide,
Her ſoul-ſubduing voice applied,
Yet ſtill he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
While each ſtrain'd ball of ſight ſeem'd burſting
from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealouſy, to nought were fix'd,
Sad proof of thy diſtreſsful ſtate,
Of differing themes the veering ſong was mix'd,
And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on
Hate.

With

With eyes up-rais'd, as one inſpir'd,
Pale Melancholy ſat retir'd,
And from her wild ſequeſter'd ſeat,
In notes by diſtance made more ſweet,
Pour'd thro' the mellow horn her penſive ſoul:
And daſhing ſoft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the ſound;
Thro' glades and glooms the mingled meaſure ſtole,

Or o'er ſome haunted ſtreams with fond delay,
Round an holy calm diffuſing,
Love of peace, and lonely muſing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

But O, how alter'd was its ſprightlier tone!
When Chearfulneſs, a nymph of healthieſt hue,
Her bow acroſs her ſhoulder flung,
Her buſkins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inſpiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known;
The oak-crown'd Siſters, and their chaſte-eyed queen,
Satyrs and ſylvan boys were ſeen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown Exerciſe rejoic'd to hear,
And Sport leapt up, and ſeiz'd his beechen ſpear.

Laſt came Joy's ecſtatic trial,
He with viny crown advancing,
Firſt to the lively pipe his hand addreſt,
But ſoon he ſaw the briſk awakening viol,
Whoſe ſweet entrancing voice he lov'd the beſt.
They would have thought, who heard the ſtrain,
They ſaw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
Amidſt the feſtal ſounding ſhades,

To

To ſome unwearied minſtrel dancing,
While, as his flying fingers kiſs'd the ſtrings,
Love fram'd with Mirth, a gay fantaſtic round,
Looſe were her treſſes ſeen, her zone unbound,
And he, amidſt his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thouſand odours from his dewy wings.

O Muſic, ſphere-deſcended maid,
Friend of pleaſure, wiſdom's aid,
Why, Goddeſs, why to us denied?
Lay'ſt thou thy antient lyre aſide?
As in that lov'd Athenian bower,
You learn'd an all-commanding power,
Thy mimic ſoul, O nymph endear'd,
Can well recall what then it heard.
Where is thy native ſimple heart,
Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
Ariſe, as in that elder time,
Warm, energic, chaſte, ſublime!
Thy wonders, in that god-like age,
Fill thy recording Siſter's page —
'Tis ſaid, and I believe the tale,
Thy humbleſt reed could more prevail,
Had more of ſtrength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age,
Even all at once together found
Cæcilia's mingled world of ſound —
O bid our vain endeavours ceaſe,
Revive the juſt deſigns of Greece,
Return in all thy ſimple ſtate!
Confirm the tales her ſons relate!

XXVII. A LAPLANDER'S ODE.

I.

HASTE, my rain-deer, and let us nimbly go
Our am'rous journey through this dreary waſte;
Haſte my rain-deer! ſtill, ſtill thou art too ſlow.
Impetuous love demands the lightning's haſte.

II.

Around us far the ruſhy moors are ſpread:
Soon will the ſun withdraw his chearful ray:
Darkling and tir'd we ſhall the marſhes tread,
No lay unſung to cheat the tedious way.

III.

The wat'ry length of theſe unjoyous moors
Does all the flow'ry meadows pride excel;
Through theſe I fly to her my ſoul adores;
Ye flow'ry meadows, empty pride, farewel.

IV.

Each moment from the charmer I'm confin'd,
My breaſt is tortur'd with impatient fires;
Fly, my rain-deer, fly ſwifter than the wind,
Thy tardy feet wing with my fierce deſires.

V.

Our pleaſing toil will then be ſoon o'erpaid,
And thou, in wonder loſt, ſhalt view my fair,
Admire each feature of the lovely maid,
Her artleſs charms, her bloom, her ſprightly air.

VI.

But lo! with graceful motion there ſhe ſwims,
Gently removing each ambitious wave;
The crouding waves tranſported claſp her limbs:
When, when, oh when ſhall I ſuch freedom have!

VII.

In vain, ye envious ſtreams, ſo faſt ye flow,
To hide her from a lover's ardent gaze:
From every touch you more tranſparent grow,
And all reveal'd the beauteous wanton plays.

XXVIII. ANOTHER ODE, translated from the Laplandiſh Original.

I.

THOU riſing ſun, whoſe gladſome ray
Invites my fair to rural play,
Diſpel the miſt, and clear the ſkies,
And bring my Orra to my eyes.

II.

Oh! were I ſure my dear to view,
I'd climb that pine-tree's topmoſt bough,
Aloft in air that quiv'ring plays,
And round and round for ever gaze.

III.

My Orra Moor, where art thou laid?
What wood conceals my ſleeping maid?
Faſt by the roots enrag'd I'll tear
The trees that hide my promis'd fair.

IV.

Oh! could I ride the clouds and ſkies,
Or on the raven's pinions riſe:
Ye ſtorks, ye ſwans, a moment ſtay,
And waft a lover on his way.

V.

My bliſs too long my bride denies,
Apace the waſting ſummer flies:
Nor yet the wintry blaſts I fear,
Not ſtorms or night ſhall keep me here.

VI.

What may for ſtrength with ſteel compare?
Oh! love has fetters ſtronger far:
By bolts of ſteel are limbs confin'd,
But cruel love enchains the mind.

VII.

No longer then perplex thy breaſt,
When thoughts torment, the firſt are beſt;
'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to ſtay,
Away to Orra, haſte away.

XXIX. To the Right-Honourable the Counteſs of DERBY, on her leaving Brunſwick. July 24. 1782.

The people whoſe unchequered Day
Ends in a joyleſs Half-Year's Night,
Look wiſtful on the ſetting Ray
That glitters on Spitzbergen's Height:

Thus, when our Day of Pleaſure o'er,
To us Thou ſetteſt, each wiſtful Eye,
Shall look till it can ſee no more,
Then weep the Springs of Sorrow dry.

But, Derby, ſay what magick charms,
Or rather ſay what pow'r divine,
Each churliſh envious Soul diſarms,
And makes all Hearts and Voices thine?

For not ador'd by Men alone,
The Females thy full Worth admit;
And, ſtrange! Thy Beauty Beauties own,
And, ſtranger! Wits applaud Thy Wit!

Say, does Thy Fotm or beauteous Face
Such univerſal Love impart?
Is it Thy Senſe, Thy Eaſe, Thy Grace,
Thy Wit? — No, Derby, 'tis Thy Heart.

'Tis that good Humour chaſte as free,
That with an artleſs Charm endears;
Mankind all meet a Friend in Thee,
Yet no Man hopes, nor Woman fears.

But all things here, me thinks, combine,
Thy Influence fuller to expreſs;
The Sun itſelf ſeems more benign,
And Nature wears her Gala-Dreſs.

Ah! why then hurry hence ſo ſoon?
Why haſte to tempt the fickle Main?
It gave a Venus — ſuch a Boon
It may wiſh to take back again.

Why wilt Thou ſeek a greater Court?
There no ſuch ſocial Pleaſure ſprings;
What though no Monarchs here reſort,
Yet are not Heroes more than Kings?

But ſince to our dear Isle You go,
Whate'er we feel, I'll not complain?
No Patriot muſt, (I'm out, You know)
Whene'er his Loſs is Britains Gain.

J. J.

XXX. THE RECANTATION, AN ODE.

By love too long depriv'd of reſt,
(Fell tyrant of the human breaſt!)
His vaſſal long, and worn with pain,
Indignant late I ſpurn'd the chain;
In verſe, in proſe, I ſung and ſwore,
No charms ſhould e'er enſlave me more,
Nor neck, nor hair, nor lip, nor eye,
Again ſhould force one tender ſigh.

As, taught by heaven's informing power,
From every fruit and every flower,
That nature opens to the view,
The bee extracts the nectar-dew;
A vagrant thus, and free to change
From fair to fair I vow'd to range,
And part from each without regret
As pleas'd and happy as I met.

Then Freedom's praiſe inſpir'd my tongue,
With Freedom's praiſe the vallies rung,
And every night and every day,
My heart thus pour'd th' enraptur'd lay:

„ My cares are gone, my ſorrows ceaſe,
„ My breaſt regains its wonted peace,
„ And joy and hope returning prove,
„ That Reaſon is too ſtrong for Love."

Such was my boaſt — but, ah! how vain!
How ſhort was Reaſon's vaunted reign!
The firm reſolve I form'd ere-while
How weak, oppos'd to Clara's ſmile!
Chang'd is the ſtrain. — The vallies round
With Freedom's praiſe no more reſound,
But every night and every day
My full heart pours the alter'd lay.

Offended deity, whoſe power
My rebel tongue but now forſwore,
Accept my penitence ſincere,
My crime forgive, and grant my prayer!
Let not thy ſlave, condemn'd to mourn,
With unrequited paſſion burn;
With Love's ſoft thoughts her breaſt inſpire,
And kindle there an equal fire!

It is not beauty's gaudy flower,
(The empty triumph of an hour)
Nor practis'd wiles of female art
That now ſubdue my deſtin'd heart:
O no! — 'Tis heav'n, whoſe wondrous hand
A tranſcript of itſelf hath plann'd,
And to each outward grace hath join'd
Each lovelier feature of the mind.

Theſe charms ſhall laſt, when others fly,
When roſes fade, and lillies die;
When that dear eye's declining beam
Its living fire no more ſhall ſtream:

Bleſt then, and happy in my chain,
The ſong of Freedom flows in vain;
Nor Reaſon's harſh reproof I fear,
For Reaſon's ſelf is Paſſion here.

O dearer far than wealth or fame,
My daily thought, my nightly dream,
If yet no youth's ſucceſsful art
(Sweet hope) hath touch'd thy gentle heart,
If yet no ſwain hath bleſs'd thy choice;
Indulgent hear thy Damon's voice;
From doubts, from fears his boſom free,
And bid him live — for love and thee!

XXXI. ODE to DELLIUS *.

Translated from Horace by Dr. FRANCIS.

In adverſe hours an equal mind maintain,
Nor let your ſpirit riſe too high,
Though Fortune kindly change the ſcene —
Remember, Dellius, you were born to die.

* Dellius was a true picture of inconſtancy. After Cæſar's death he changed his party four times in the ſpace of twelve years. Horace in this ode inſtructs him in the pureſt maxims of Epicurean philoſophy.

The ſoul and body, in the opinion of Epicurus, were two parts, compoſed of the ſame matter, which ought to unite, in the harmony and agreement of their pleaſ-

res

Whether your life in ſorrows paſs,
And ſadly joyleſs glide away;
Whether, reclining on the graſs,
You bleſs with choicer wine the feſtal day,

Where the pale poplar and the pine
Expel the ſun's intemp'rate beam;
In hoſpitable ſhades their branches twine,
And winds with toil, tho' ſwift, the trem'lous ſtream.

Here pour your wines, your odours ſhed,
Bring forth the roſe's ſhort-liv'd flow'r,
While Fate yet ſpins thy mortal thread,
While youth and fortune give th' indulgent hour.

Your purchas'd woods, your houſe of ſtate,
Your villa, waſh'd by Tiber's wave,
You muſt, my Dellius, yield to Fate,
And to your heir theſe high-pil'd treaſures leave.

Whe-

res, for the happineſs of man. Horace therefore, after adviſing Dellius to poſſeſs his ſoul in tranquillity by the moderation of his paſſions, allows him to indulge his ſenſes with innocent diverſions. This is all that an Epicurean can reaſonably ſay, according to his own principles. SANADON.

Ver. 1. An equal mind.) Virtue finds dangers and difficulties in all extremes of life. Proſperity exalteth us too high; adverſity depreſſeth us too low. The laſt effort, therefore, of reaſon is to ſupport us equally between preſumption and deſpair; nor is any reflection more capable of producing this equality of ſoul than the thoughts of death, which ſhall one day put an end to all the changes of fortune.

Whether you boaſt a monarch's birth,
  While wealth unbounded round you flows,
Or poor, and ſprung from vulgar earth,
  No pity for his victim Pluto knows;

We all muſt tread the paths of Fate,
  And ever ſhakes the mortal urn,
Whoſe lot embarks us, ſoon or late,
  On Charon's boat, ah! never to return.

XXXII. ODE to SEPTIMIUS *.

Translated form Horace by Dr. FRANCIS.

SEPTIMIUS, who haſt vow'd to go
  With Horace ev'n to fartheſt Spain,
Or ſee the fierce Cantabrian foe,
  Untaught to bear the Roman chain,
Or the barbaric Syrts, with mad recoil
Where Mauritanian billows ceaſeleſs boil:

Ver. 26. And ever ſhakes the mortal urn, &c.) As it was cuſtomary among the ancients to decide affairs of utmoſt conſequence by lot, they feigned, that the names of all mankind were written upon billets, and thrown into an urn, which was perpetually in motion; and that they, whoſe billets were firſt drawn, ſhould die firſt.

* Septimius, in his profeſſions of friendſhip to Horace, aſſured him, that he would run all future hazards of his fortune, and that nothing ſhould ever ſeparate them

May Tibur to my lateſt hours
Afford a kind and calm retreat;
Tibur, beneath whoſe lofty tow'rs
The Grecians fix'd their bliſsful ſeat;
There may my labours end, my wand'rings ceaſe,
There all my toils of warfare reſt in peace.

But ſhould the partial Fates refuſe
That purer air to let me breathe,
Galeſus, thy ſweet ſtream I'll chuſe,
Where flocks of richeſt fleeces bathe:
Phalantus there his rural ſceptre ſway'd,
Uncertain offspring of a Spartan maid.

No ſpot ſo joyous ſmiles to me
Of this wide globe's extended ſhores;
Where nor the labours of the bee
Yield to Hymettus' golden ſtores,
Nor the green berry of Venafrian ſoil
Swells with a riper flood of fragrant oil.

There

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them again. The poet declares to him, that, tired of the fatigues of war, he now only wiſhes to paſs the remainder of his days in tranquillity, either at his own ſeat near Tibur, or with Septimius at Tarentum.

Ver. 8. A calm retreat.) The poet ſays in general, that whether he ſhould be obliged to travel by ſea or land, or to bear arms again, he wiſhes that Tibur may be the retreat of his old age. He had not only ſerved under Brutus, but attended Mæcenas to the ſecond congreſs at Brunduſium; and through all the war of Sicily. Theſe violent motions were by no means agreeable to his humour and complexion. He was a poet, a philoſopher, and of a conſtitution too delicate to bear ſuch fatigues.

There Jove his kindeſt gifts beſtows,
There joys to crown the fertile plains,
With genial warmth the Winter glows,
And Spring with lengthen'd honours reigns,
Nor Aulon, friendly to the cluſt'ring vine,
Envies the vintage of Falernian wine,

That happy place, that ſweet retreat,
The charming hills that round it riſe,
Your lateſt hours and mine await,
And when at length your Horace dies,
There the deep ſigh thy poet-friend ſhall mourn,
And pious tears bedew his glowing urn.

XXXIII. ODE to POMPEIUS GROSPHUS*.

Translated from Horace by Dr. FRANCIS.

CAUGHT in the wild Ægean ſeas,
The ſailor bends to heav'n for eaſe,
While clouds the moon's fair luſtre hide,
And not a ſtar his courſe to guide.

Fu-

Ver. 36. And pious tears, &c.) The poet here requires the laſt office of friendſhip from Septimius, that he would ſprinkle his aſhes with a tear.

Horace, more ſtrongly to mark the friendſhip of Septimius, ſays, that he ſhall perform this laſt pious office, before his aſhes ſhall be cold, while they ſhall be yet glowing from the funeral pile.

* When Horace draws the morals of Epicurus at their ſource, it muſt be confeſſed, that human wiſdom never produced any ſyſtem more reaſonable. The plea-

ſure

Furious in war the Thracian prays,
The quiver'd Mede, for eaſe, for eaſe,
A bleſſing never to be ſold
For gems, for purple, or for gold.
Nor can the conſul's pow'r controul
The ſickly tumults of the ſoul,
Or bid the Cares to ſtand aloof,
That hover round the vaulted roof.

Happy the man, whoſe frugal board
His father's plenty can afford;
His gentle ſleep nor anxious fear
Shall drive away, nor ſordid care.

Why do we aim with eager ſtrife
At things beyond the mark of life?
To climates warm'd by other ſuns
In vain the wretched exile runs;
Flies from his country's native ſkies,
But never from himſelf he flies;

Corro-

ſure of that philoſopher, a pleaſure abuſed by libertiniſm, and condemned by ignorance, conſiſted in a tranquillity of mind, reſulting from the practice of virtue. From this principle are derived all thoſe beautiful maxims, which our poet hath diſperſed through his whole works, and which appear particularly in this ode, where he gives ſuch counſel to his friend, as ſeems to be dictated by reaſon itſelf. After having ſpoken of the repoſe of the body in the firſt eight lines, he propoſeth, as an object more worthy of our deſires, the repoſe of the ſoul: but the tranſition is ſo lightly marked, that it hath eſcaped the commentators. SAN.

Ver. 18. — beyond the mark of life.) This is happily expreſſed. Our deſires are the arrows of our hearts, which we are always aiming beyond the mark of life, and, as it were, ſhooting out of ſight. SANADON.

Corroding cares inceſſant charge
His flight, and climb his armed barge;
Or though he mount the rapid ſteed,
Care follows with unerring ſpeed,
Far fleeter than the tim'rous hind,
Far fleeter than the driving wind.
The ſpirit, that, ſerenely gay,
Careleſs enjoys the preſent day,
Can with an eaſy, cheerful ſmile,
The bitterneſs of life beguile;
Nor fears th' approaching hour of Fate,
Nor hopes for human bliſs complete.

Achilles periſh'd in his prime,
Tithon was worn away by time,
And Fate, with laviſh hand, to me
May grant what it denies to thee.
An hundred bleating flocks are thine,
Around thee graze thy lowing kine;
Neighing thy mares invite the reins,
Thy robes the twice-dy'd purple ſtains;
On me, not unindulgent Fate
Beſtow'd a rural, calm retreat,
Where I may tune the Roman lyre,
And warm the ſong with Grecian fire,
Then ſcorn, in conſcious virtue proud,
The wortleſs malice of the crowd.

Ver. 35. Achilles.) Achilles was famed for his military glories; yet he died in prime of life. Tithonus was the favourite of a goddeſs; but even her preſent of immortality became a burden to him, and, after lingering in a miſerable old age, he was changed into a graſhopper. Such are the inſtances by which Horace would prove, that mortals never can be completely happy.

XXXIV. ODE. Translated from Horace*. By Dr. FRANCIS.

MONARCHS on earth their pow'r extend,
Monarchs to Jove ſubmiſſive bend,
And own the ſov'reign God,
With glorious triumph who ſubdu'd
The Titan race, gigantic brood!
And ſhakes whole nature with his nod.

When rival candidates contend,
And to the field of Mars deſcend,
To urge th' ambitious claim,
Some of illuſtrious birth are proud,
Some of their clients, vaſſal croud,
And ſome of virtue's fame.

Others the rural labour love,
And joy to plant the ſpreading grove,
The furrow'd glebe to turn;
Yet with impartial hand ſhall Fate,
Both of the lowly and the great,
Shake the capacious urn.

Be-

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* Horace in this and the next book ſhews forth all his poetical abilities. Poetry itſelf appears in its native, original character, employed in celebrating the power of the gods, and the praiſes of men; in ſupporting the ſacred truths of religion, and encouraging the practice of moral virtue. In this ode the poet aſſerts the ſovereignty of Jupiter, and deſcending from him, upon whom they all depend, through the various degrees of life, he teaches us, that true happineſs can only be found in a contented and frugal enjoyment of the bleſſings we poſſeſs.

Behold the wretch, with conſcious dread,
In pointed vengeance o'er his head
  Who views th' impending ſword;
Nor dainties force his pall'd deſire,
Nor chaunt of birds, nor vocal lyre
  To him can ſleep afford;

Heart-ſoothing ſleep, which not diſdains
The rural cot, and humble ſwains,
  And ſhady river fair;
Or Tempe's ever-blooming ſpring,
Where Zephyrs wave the balmy wing,
  And fan the buxom air.

Who nature's frugal dictates hears,
He nor the raging ocean fears,
  Nor ſtars of pow'r malign,
Whether in gloomy ſtorms they riſe,
Or ſwift deſcending through the ſkies
  With angry luſtre ſhine;

Whether his vines be ſmit with hail,
Whether his promis'd harveſts fail,
  Perfidious to his toil;
Whether his drooping trees complain
Of angry winter's chilling rain,
  Or ſtars that burn the ſoil.

Not ſuch the haughty lord, who lays
His deep foundations in the ſeas,
  And ſcorns earth's narrow bound;
The fiſh, affrighted, feel their waves
Contracted by his num'rous ſlaves,
  Ev'n in the vaſt profound.

May Tibur to my lateſt hours
Afford a kind and calm retreat;
Tibur, beneath whoſe lofty tow'rs
The Grecians fix'd their bliſsful ſeat;
There may my labours end, my wand'rings ceaſe,
There all my toils of warfare reſt in peace.

But ſhould the partial Fates refuſe
That purer air to let me breathe,
Galeſus, thy ſweet ſtream I'll chuſe,
Where flocks of richeſt fleeces bathe:
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---

them again. The poet declares to him, that, tired of the fatigues of war, he now only wiſhes to paſs the remainder of his days in tranquillity, either at his own ſeat near Tibur, or with Septimius at Tarentum.

Ver. 8. A calm retreat.) The poet ſays in general, that whether he ſhould be obliged to travel by ſea or land, or to bear arms again, he wiſhes that Tibur may be the retreat of his old age. He had not only ſerved under Brutus, but attended Mæcenas to the ſecond congreſs at Brunduſium; and through all the war of Sicily. Theſe violent motions were by no means agreeable to his humour and complexion. He was a poet, a philoſopher, and of a conſtitution too delicate to bear ſuch fatigues.

There Jove his kindeſt gifts beſtows,
There joys to crown the fertile plains,
With genial warmth the Winter glows,
And Spring with lengthen'd honours reigns,
Nor Aulon, friendly to the cluſt'ring vine,
Envies the vintage of Falernian wine,

That happy place, that ſweet retreat,
The charming hills that round it riſe,
Your lateſt hours and mine await,
And when at length your Horace dies,
There the deep ſigh thy poet-friend ſhall mourn,
And pious tears bedew his glowing urn.

XXXIII. ODE to POMPEIUS GROSPHUS*.

Translated from Horace by Dr. FRANCIS.

CAUGHT in the wild Ægean ſeas,
The ſailor bends to heav'n for eaſe,
While clouds the moon's fair luſtre hide,
And not a ſtar his courſe to guide.

Fu-

Ver. 36. And pious tears, &c.) The poet here requires the laſt office of friendſhip from Septimius, that he would ſprinkle his aſhes with a tear.

Horace, more ſtrongly to mark the friendſhip of Septimius, ſays, that he ſhall perform this laſt pious office, before his aſhes ſhall be cold, while they ſhall be yet glowing from the funeral pile.

* When Horace draws the morals of Epicurus at their ſource, it muſt be confeſſed, that human wiſdom never produced any ſyſtem more reaſonable. The plea-

ſure

Furious in war the Thracian prays,
The quiver'd Mede, for eaſe, for eaſe,
A bleſſing never to be ſold
For gems, for purple, or for gold.
Nor can the conſul's pow'r controul
The ſickly tumults of the ſoul,
Or bid the Cares to ſtand aloof,
That hover round the vaulted roof.

Happy the man, whoſe frugal board
His father's plenty can afford;
His gentle ſleep nor anxious fear
Shall drive away, nor ſordid care.

Why do we aim with eager ſtrife
At things beyond the mark of life?
To climates warm'd by other ſuns
In vain the wretched exile runs;
Flies from his country's native ſkies,
But never from himſelf he flies;

Corro-

ſure of that philoſopher, a pleaſure abuſed by libertiniſm, and condemned by ignorance, conſiſted in a tranquillity of mind, reſulting from the practice of virtue. From this principle are derived all thoſe beautiful maxims, which our poet hath diſperſed through his whole works, and which appear particularly in this ode, where he gives ſuch counſel to his friend, as ſeems to be dictated by reaſon itſelf. After having ſpoken of the repoſe of the body in the firſt eight lines, he propoſeth, as an object more worthy of our deſires, the repoſe of the ſoul: but the tranſition is ſo lightly marked, that it hath eſcaped the commentators. SAN.

Ver. 18. — beyond the mark of life.) This is happily expreſſed. Our deſires are the arrows of our hearts, which we are always aiming beyond the mark of life, and, as it were, ſhooting out of ſight. SANADON.

Corroding cares inceſſant charge
His flight, and climb his armed barge;
Or though he mount the rapid ſteed,
Care follows with unerring ſpeed,
Far fleeter than the tim'rous hind,
Far fleeter than the driving wind.
The ſpirit, that, ſerenely gay,
Careleſs enjoys the preſent day,
Can with an eaſy, cheerful ſmile,
The bitterneſs of life beguile;
Nor fears th' approaching hour of Fate,
Nor hopes for human bliſs complete.

Achilles periſh'd in his prime,
Tithon was worn away by time,
And Fate, with laviſh hand, to me
May grant what it denies to thee.
An hundred bleating flocks are thine,
Around thee graze thy lowing kine;
Neighing thy mares invite the reins,
Thy robes the twice-dy'd purple ſtains;
On me, not unindulgent Fate
Beſtow'd a rural, calm retreat,
Where I may tune the Roman lyre,
And warm the ſong with Grecian fire,
Then ſcorn, in conſcious virtue proud,
The wortleſs malice of the crowd.

Ver. 35. Achilles.) Achilles was famed for his military glories; yet he died in prime of life. Tithonus was the favourite of a goddeſs; but even her preſent of immortality became a burden to him, and, after lingering in a miſerable old age, he was changed into a graſhopper. Such are the inſtances by which Horace would prove, that mortals never can be completely happy.

XXXIV. ODE. Translated from Horace*. By Dr. FRANCIS.

MONARCHS on earth their pow'r extend,
Monarchs to Jove ſubmiſſive bend,
And own the ſov'reign God,
With glorious triumph who ſubdu'd
The Titan race, gigantic brood!
And ſhakes whole nature with his nod.

When rival candidates contend,
And to the field of Mars deſcend,
To urge th' ambitious claim,
Some of illuſtrious birth are proud,
Some of their clients, vaſſal croud,
And ſome of virtue's fame.

Others the rural labour love,
And joy to plant the ſpreading grove,
The furrow'd glebe to turn;
Yet with impartial hand ſhall Fate,
Both of the lowly and the great,
Shake the capacious urn.

Be-

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* Horace in this and the next book ſhews forth all his poetical abilities. Poetry itſelf appears in its native, original character, employed in celebrating the power of the gods, and the praiſes of men; in ſupporting the ſacred truths of religion, and encouraging the practice of moral virtue. In this ode the poet aſſerts the ſovereignty of Jupiter, and deſcending from him, upon whom they all depend, through the various degrees of life, he teaches us, that true happineſs can only be found in a contented and frugal enjoyment of the bleſſings we poſſeſs.

Behold the wretch, with conſcious dread,
In pointed vengeance o'er his head
  Who views th'impending ſword;
Nor dainties force his pall'd deſire,
Nor chaunt of birds, nor vocal lyre
  To him can ſleep afford;

Heart-ſoothing ſleep, which not diſdains
The rural cot, and humble ſwains,
  And ſhady river fair;
Or Tempe's ever-blooming ſpring,
Where Zephyrs wave the balmy wing,
  And fan the buxom air.

Who nature's frugal dictates hears,
He nor the raging ocean fears,
  Nor ſtars of pow'r malign,
Whether in gloomy ſtorms they riſe,
Or ſwift deſcending through the ſkies
  With angry luſtre ſhine;

Whether his vines be ſmit with hail,
Whether his promis'd harveſts fail,
  Perfidious to his toil;
Whether his drooping trees complain
Of angry winter's chilling rain,
  Or ſtars that burn the ſoil.

Not ſuch the haughty lord, who lays
His deep foundations in the ſeas,
  And ſcorns earth's narrow bound;
The fiſh, affrighted, feel their waves
Contracted by his num'rous ſlaves,
  Ev'n in the vaſt profound.

High though his ſtructures riſe in air,
Pale menaces and black deſpair
  This haughty lord ſhall find,
O'ertake his armed galley's ſpeed,
And when he mounts the flying ſteed,
  Sits gloomy care behind.

If purple, which the morn outſhines,
Or marble from the Phrygian mines,
  Though labour'd high with art,
If eſſence, breathing ſweets divine,
Or flowing bowls of gen'rous wine,
  Ill ſooth an anxious heart:

On columns, rais'd in modern ſtyle,
Why ſhould I plan the lofty pile
  To riſe with envy'd ſtate?
Why, for a vain, ſuperfluous ſtore,
Which would encumber me the more,
  Reſign my Sabine ſeat?

XXXV. ODE on a STORM.

WITH gallant pomp, and beauteous pride
The floating pile in harbour rode,
Proud of her freight, the ſwelling tide
Reluctant left the veſſel's ſide,
And rais'd it as ſhe flow'd.

The waves with Eaſtern breezes curl'd,
Had ſilver'd half the liquid plain;
The anchors weigh'd, the ſails unfurl'd,
Serenely mov'd the wooden world,
And ſtretch'd along the main.

The ſcaly natives of the deep,
Preſs to admire the vaſt machine,
In ſporting gambols round it leap,
Or ſwimming low, due diſtance keep,
In homage to their queen.

Thus, as life glides in gentle gale
Pretended friendſhip waits on power,
But early quits the borrow'd veil
When adverſe fortune ſhifts the ſail,
And haſtens to devour.

In vain we fly approaching ill,
Danger can multiply its form;
Expos'd we fly like Jonas ſtill,
And Heaven, when 'tis Heaven's will,
O'ertakes us in a ſtorm.

The diſtant ſurges foamy white
Foretell the furious blaſt;
Dreadful, tho' diſtant, was the ſight,
Confed'rate winds and waves unite,
And menace ev'ry maſt.

Winds whiſtling thro' the ſhrouds, proclaim
A fatal harveſt on the deck,
Quick in purſuit as active flame,
Too ſoon the rolling ruin came,
And ratify'd the wreck.

Thus, Adam ſmil'd with new-born grace,
Life's flame inſpir'd by heavenly breath;
Thus the ſame breath ſweeps off his race,
Diſorders Nature's beauteous face,
And ſpreads diſeaſe and death.

Stripp'd of her pride, the veſſel rolls,
And as by ſympathy ſhe knew
The ſecret anguiſh of our ſouls,
With inward deeper groans condoles
The danger of her crew.

Now what avails it to be brave,
On liquid precipices hung?
Suſpended on a breaking wave,
Beneath us yawn'd a ſea-green grave,
And ſilenced ev'ry tongue.

The faithleſs flood forſook her keel,
And downward launch'd the lab'ring hull,
Stunn'd ſhe forgot a while to reel
And feel almoſt, or ſeem'd to feel
A momentary lull.

Thus in the jaws of death we lay,
Nor light, nor comfort found us there,
Loſt in the gulph and floods of ſpray
No ſun to cheer us, nor a ray
Of hope, but all deſpair.

The nearer ſhore, the more deſpair,
While certain ruin waits on land;
Should we purſue our wiſhes there,
Soon we recant the fatal prayer,
And ſtrive to ſhun the ſtrand.

At length, the Being whoſe beheſt
Reduced this Chaos into form,
His goodneſs and his power expreſs'd,
He ſpoke — and, as a God, ſuppreſs'd
Our troubles, and the ſtorm.

XXXVI. ODE on the Death of MATZEL, a favourite Bull-finch, addreſs'd to Mr. STANHOPE, to whom the Authour had given the Reverſion of it when he left Dreſden.

By the Honourable

Sir CHARLES HAN. WILLIAMS, Kt. of the Bath.

I.

TRY not, my STANHOPE, 'tis in vain
To ſtop your tears, to hide your pain,
Or check your honeſt rage;
Give ſorrow and revenge their ſcope,
My preſent joy, your future hope,
Lies murder'd in his cage.

II.

Matzel's no more, ye graces, loves,
Ye linnets, nightingales and doves,
Attend th'untimely bier;
Let ev'ry ſorrow be expreſt,
Beat with your wings each mournful breaſt,
And drop the nat'ral tear.

III.

In height of ſong, in beauty's pride,
By fell Grimalkin's claws he died —
But vengeance ſhall have way:
On pains and tortures I'll refine;
Yet, Matzel, that one death of thine,
His nine will ill repay.

IV.

For thee, my bird, the ſacred Nine,
Who lov'd thy tuneful notes, ſhall join
In thy funereal verſe:
My painful taſk ſhall be to write
Th' eternal dirge which they indite,
And hang it on thy hearſe.

V.

In vain I lov'd, in vain I mourn
My bird, who never to return
Is fled to happier ſhades,
Where Leſbia ſhall for him prepare
The place moſt charming, and moſt fair
Of all th' Elyſian glades.

VI.

There ſhall thy notes in cypreſs grove
Sooth wretched ghoſts that died for love;
There ſhall thy plaintive ſtrain
Lull impious Phædra's endleſs grief,
To Procris yield ſome ſhort relief,
And ſoften Dido's pain.

VII.

Till Proſerpine by chance ſhall hear
Thy notes, and make thee all her care,
And love thee with my love;
While each attendant's ſoul ſhall praiſe
The matchleſs Matzel's tuneful lays,
And all his ſongs approve.

XXXVII. SAPPHO'S HYMN to VENUS.

Translated from the Greek Original.

I.

O Venus, beauty of the ſkies,
To whom a thouſand temples riſe,
Gaily falſe in gentle ſmiles,
Full of love-perplexing wiles;
O goddeſs! from my heart remove
The waſting cares and pains of love.

II.

If ever thou haſt kindly heard
A ſong in ſoft diſtreſs preferr'd,
Propitious to my tuneful vow,
O gentle goddeſs! hear me now.
Deſcend thou bright, immortal gueſt,
In all thy radiant charms confeſt.

III.

Thou once didſt leave almighty Jove,
And all the golden roofs above:
The car thy wanton ſparrows drew,
Hov'ring in air they lightly flew;
As to my bow'r they wing'd their way,
I ſaw their quiv'ring pinions play.

IV.

The birds diſmiſs'd (while you remain)
Bore back their empty car again:
Then you, with looks divinely mild,
In ev'ry heav'nly feature ſmil'd,
And aſk'd what new complaints I made,
And why I call'd you to my aid?

V.

What frenzy in my boſom rag'd,
And by what cure to be aſſwag'd?
What gentle youth I would allure,
Whom in my artful toils ſecure?
Who does thy tender heart ſubdue,
Tell me, my Sappho, tell me, who?

VI.

Tho' now he ſhuns thy longing arms,
He ſoon ſhall court thy ſlighted charms;
Tho' now thy off'rings he deſpiſe,
He ſoon to thee ſhall ſacrifice;
Tho' now he freeze, he ſoon ſhall burn,
And be thy victim in his turn.

VII.

Celeſtial viſitant, once more
Thy needful preſence I implore!
In pity come and eaſe my grief,
Bring my diſtemper'd ſoul relief,
Favour thy ſuppliant's hidden fires,
And give me all my heart deſires.

XXXVIII. SAPPHO'S FRAGMENT.

Translated from the Greek Original.

I.

BLEST as th'immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly ſits by thee,
And hears and ſees thee all the while
Softly ſpeak and ſweetly ſmile.

II.

'Twas this depriv'd my ſoul of reſt,
And rais'd ſuch tumults in my breaſt;
For while I gaz'd, in tranſport toſt,
My breath was gone, my voice was loſt:

III.

My boſom glow'd; the ſubtle flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkneſs hung;
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

IV.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd;
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd;
My feeble pulſe forgot to play;
I fainted, ſunk, and dy'd away.

VI.

ORIENTAL ELOGUES.

By Mr. WILLIAM COLLINS.

ECLOGUE I.

SELIM; OR, THE SHEPHERD'S MORAL.

SCENE, A VALLEY NEAR BAGDAT.

TIME, THE MORNING.

YE Perſian maids, attend your poet's lays,
And hear how ſhepherds paſs their golden days.
Not all are bleſt, whom fortune's hand ſuſtains
With wealth in courts, nor all that haunt the plains:
Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell;
'Tis virtue makes the bliſs, where'er we dwell.

Thus Selim ſung, by ſacred Truth inſpir'd;
Nor praiſe, but ſuch as Truth beſtow'd, deſir'd:
Wiſe in himſelf, his meaning ſongs convey'd
Informing morals to the ſhepherd maid;
Or taught the ſwains that ſureſt bliſs to find,
What groves nor ſtreams beſtow, a virtuous mind.

When

When ſweet and bluſhing, like a virgin bride,
The radiant morn reſum'd her orient pride,
When wanton gales along the valleys play,
Breathe on each flower, and bear their ſweets away;
By Tigris' wandering waves he ſat; and ſung
This uſeful leſſon for the fair and young.

Ye Perſian dames, he ſaid, to you belong,
Well may they pleaſe, the morals of my ſong:
No fairer maids, I truſt, than you are found,
Grac'd with ſoft arts, the peopled world around!
The morn that lights you, to your loves ſupplies
Each gentler ray delicious to your eyes:
For you thoſe flowers her flagrant hands beſtow,
And yours the love that kings delight to know.
Yet think not theſe, all beauteous as they are,
The beſt kind bleſſings heaven can grant the fair!
Who truſt alone in beauty's feeble ray,
Boaſt but the worth Baſſora's pearls diſplay;
Drawn from the deep we own their ſurface bright,
But, dark within, they drink no luſtrous light.
Such are the maids, and ſuch the charms they boaſt,
By ſenſe unaided, or to virtue loſt.
Self-flattering ſex! your hearts believe in vain
That love ſhall blind, when once he fires the ſwain;
Or hope a lover by your faults to win,
As ſpots on ermin beautify the ſkin:
Who ſeeks ſecure to rule, be firſt her care
Each ſofter virtue that adorns the fair;
Each tender paſſion man delights to find,
The lov'd perfections of a female mind!

Bleſt were the days, when wiſdom held her reign,
And ſhepherds ſought her on the ſilent plain;
With Truth ſhe wedded in the ſecret grove,
Immortal Truth, and daughters bleſs'd their love.

IV.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd;
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd;
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And ſhepherds ſought her on the ſilent plain;
With Truth ſhe wedded in the ſecret grove,
Immortal Truth, and daughters bleſs'd their love.

O haſte, fair maids! ye Virtues come away,
Sweet Peace and Plenty lead you on your way!
The balmy ſhrub, for you ſhall love our ſhore,
By Ind excell'd or Araby no more.

Loſt to our fields, for ſo the fates ordain,
The dear deſerters ſhall return again.
Come thou, whoſe thoughts as limpid ſprings are clear,
To lead the train, ſweet modeſty appear:
Here make thy court amidſt our rural ſcene,
And ſhepherd girls ſhall own thee for their queen.
With thee be Chaſtity, of all afraid,
Diſtruſting all, a wiſe ſuſpicious maid;
But man the moſt — not more the mountain doe
Holds the ſwift falcon for her deadly foe.
Cold is her breaſt, like flowers that drink the dew;
A ſilken veil conceals her from the view.
No wild deſires amidſt thy train be known,
But Faith, whoſe heart is fix'd on one alone:
Deſponding Meekneſs, with her down-caſt eyes,
And friendly Pity, full of tender ſighs;
And love the laſt: by theſe your hearts approve,
Theſe are the virtues that muſt lead to love.
Thus ſung the ſwain; and ancient legends ſay,
The maids of Bagdat verified the lay:
Dear to the plains, the Virtues came along,
The ſhepherds lov'd, and Selim bleſs'd his ſong.

ECLOGUE II.

HASSAN; OR, THE CAMEL-DRIVER.

SCENE, THE DESERT.

TIME, MID-DAY.

In ſilent horror o'er the boundleſs waſte
The driver Haſſan with his camels paſt:
One cruiſe of water on his back he bore,
And his light ſcrip contain'd a ſcanty ſtore;
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his ſhaded face from ſcorching ſand.
The ſultry ſun had gain'd the middle ſky,
And not a tree, and not an herb was nigh;
The beaſts, wich pain, their duſty way purſue,
Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view!
With deſperate ſorrow wild, th'affrighted man
Thrice ſigh'd, thrice ſtruck his breaſt, and thus
began:

„Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
„When firſt from Shiraz' walls I bent my way!

Ah! little thought I of the blaſting wind,
The thirſt or pinching hunger that I find!
Bethink thee, Haſſan, where ſhall Thirſt aſſwage,
When fails this cruiſe, his unrelenting rage?
Soon ſhall this ſcrip its precious load reſign;
Then what but tears and hunger ſhall be thine?

Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal ſhare!
Here, where no ſprings in murmurs breaks away,
Or moſs-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
Which plains more bleſt, or verdant vales beſtow:

Here

Here rocks alone, and taſteleſs ſands are found,
And faint and ſickly winds for ever howl around.
„Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
„When firſt from Shiraz' walls I bent my way!"

Curſt be the gold and ſilver which perſuade
Weak men to follow far fatiguing trade!
The lilly peace outſhines the ſilver ſtore,
And life is dearer than the golden ore:
Yet money tempts us o'er the deſert brown,
To every diſtant mart and wealthy town.
Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the ſea:
And are we only yet repay'd by thee?
Ah! why was ruin ſo attractive made,
Or why fond man ſo eaſily betray'd?
Why heed we not, while mad we haſte along,
The gentle voice of peace, or pleaſure's ſong?
Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's ſide,
The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,
Why think we theſe leſs pleaſing to behold,
Than dreary deſerts, if they lead to gold?
„Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
„When firſt from Shiraz' walls I bent my way!"

O ceaſe, my fears! — all frantic as I go,
When thought creates unnumber'd ſcenes of woe,
What if the lion in his rage I meet! —
Oft in the duſt I view his printed feet:
And fearful! oft, when day's declining light
Yields her pale empire to the mourner night,
By hunger rous'd, he ſcours the groaning plain,
Gaunt wolves and ſullen tygers in his train:
Before them death with ſhrieks directs their way,
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.
„Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
„When firſt from Shiraz' walls I bent my way!"

At that dead hour the ſilent aſp ſhall creep,
If aught of reſt I find, upon my ſleep:
Or ſome ſwoln ſerpent twiſt his ſcales around,
And wake to anguiſh with a burning wound.
Thrice happy they, the wiſe contented poor,
From luſt of wealth, and dread of death ſecure!
They tempt no deſerts, and no griefs they find;
Peace rules the day, where reaſon rules the mind.
„Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
„When firſt from Shiraz' walls I bent my way!"

O hapleſs youth! for ſhe thy love had won,
The tender Zara will be moſt undone!
Big ſwell'd my heart, and own'd the powerful maid,
When faſt ſhe dropt her tears, as thus ſhe ſaid:
„Farewell the youth whom ſighs could not detain,
„Whom Zara's breaking heart implor'd in vain!
„Yet as thou go'ſt, may every blaſt ariſe
„Weak and unfelt as theſe rejected ſighs!
„Safe o'er the wild, no perils may'ſt thou ſee,
„No griefs endure, nor weep, falſe youth, like me."
O let me ſafely to the fair return,
Say with a kiſs, ſhe muſt not, ſhall not mourn;
O! let me teach my heart to loſe its fears,
Recall'd by Wiſdom's voice, and Zara's tears.

He ſaid, and call'd on heaven to bleſs the day.
When back to Shiraz' walls he bent his way.

ECLOGUE III.

ABRA; OR, THE GEORGIAN SULTANA.

SCENE, A FOREST.

TIME, THE EVENING.

In Georgia's land, where Tefflis' towers are ſeen,
In diſtant view along the level green,
While evening dews enrich the glittering glade,
And the tall foreſts caſt a longer ſhade,
What time 'tis ſweet o'er fields of rice to ſtray,
Or ſcent the breathing maize at ſetting day;
Amidſt the maids of Zagen's peaceful grove,
Emyra ſung the pleaſing cares of love.

Of Abra firſt began the tender ſtrain,
Who led her youth with flocks upon the plain:
At morn ſhe came thoſe willing flocks to lead,
Where lillies rear them in the watery mead;
From early dawn the live-long hours ſhe told,
'Till late at ſilent eve ſhe penn'd the fold.
Deep in the grove, beneath the ſecret ſhade,
A various wreath of odorous flowers ſhe made:
Gay-motley'd pinks and ſweet jonquils ſhe choſe,
The violet blue that on the moſs-bank grows;
All-ſweet to ſenſe, the flaunting roſe was there:
The finiſh'd chaplet well-adorn'd her hair.

Great Abbas chanc'd that fated morn to ſtray,
By love conducted from the chace away;
Among the vocal vales he heard her ſong,
And fought the vales and echoing groves among:
At length he found, and woo'd the rural maid;
She knew the monarch, and with fear obey'd.
„ Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
„ And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"

The royal lover bore her from the plain;
Yet ſtill her crook and bleating flock remain:
Oft as ſhe went, ſhe backward turn'd her view,
And bade that crook and bleating flock adieu.
Fair happy maid! to other ſcenes remove,
To richer ſcenes of golden power and love!
Go leave the ſimple pipe, and ſhepherd's ſtrain;
With love delight thee, and with Abbas reign.
„ Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
„ And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"

Yet midſt the blaze of courts ſhe fix'd her love
On the cool fountain, or the ſhady grove;
Still with the ſhepherd's innocence her mind
To the ſweet vale, and flowery mead inclin'd;
And oft as ſpring renew'd the plains with flowers,
Breath'd his ſoft gales, and led the fragrant hours,
With ſure return ſhe ſought the ſylvan ſcene,
The breezy mountains, and the foreſts green.
Her maids around her mov'd, a duteous band!
Each bore a crook all-rural in her hand:
Some ſimple lay, of flocks and herds they ſung;
With joy the mountain, and the foreſt rung.
„ Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
„ And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"

And oft the royal lover left the care
And thorns of ſtate, attendant on the fair;
Oft to the ſhades and low-roof'd cots retir'd,
Or ſought the vale where firſt his heart was fir'd:
A ruſſet mantle, like a ſwain, he wore,
And thought of crowns and buſy courts no more.
„ Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
„ And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"

Bleſt was the life, that royal Abbas led:
Sweet was his love, and innocent his bed.

What

What if in wealth the noble maid excel;
The ſimple ſhepherd girl can love as well.
Let thoſe who rule on Perſia's jewell'd throne
Be fam'd for love, and gentleſt love alone;
Or wreathe, like Abbas, full of fair renown,
The lover's myrtle with the warrior's crown.
O happy days! the maids around her ſay;
O haſte, profuſe of bleſſing, haſte away!
„ Be every youth, like royal Abbas, mov'd;
„ And every Georgian maid, like Abra, lov'd!"

ECLOGUE IV.

AGIB AND SECANDER; OR, THE FUGITIVES.

SCENE, A MOUNTAIN IN CIRCASSIA.

TIME, MIDNIGHT.

In fair Circaſſia, where, to love inclin'd,
Each ſwain was bleſt, for every maid was kind;
At that ſtill hour, when awful midnight reigns,
And none, but wretches, haunt the twilight plains;
What time the moon had hung her lamp on high,
And paſt in radiance thro' the cloudleſs ſky;
Sad o'er the dews, two brother ſhepherds fled,
Where wildering fear and deſperate ſorrow led:
Faſt as they preſt their flight, behind them lay
Wide ravag'd plains, and vallies ſtole away.
Along the mountain's bending ſides they ran,
'Till faint and weak Secander thus began:

SECANDER.

O ſtay thee, Agib, for my feet deny,
No longer friendly to my life, to fly.

Friend

Friend of my heart, O turn thee and ſurvey,
Trace our ſad flight thro' all its length of way!
And firſt review that long-extended plain!
And yon wide groves, already paſt, with pain!
Yon ragged cliff, whoſe dangerous path we tried!
And laſt this lofty mountain's weary ſide!

AGIB.

Weak as thou art, yet hapleſs muſt thou know
The toils of flight, or ſome ſeverer woe!
Still as I haſte, the Tartar ſhouts behind,
And ſhrieks and ſorrows load the ſaddening wind:
In rage of heart, with ruin in his hand,
He blaſts our harveſts, and deforms our land.
Yon citron grove, whence firſt in fear we came,
Droops its fair honours to the conquering flame:
Far fly the ſwains, like us, in deep deſpair,
And leave to ruffian bands their fleecy care.

SEQANDER.

Unhappy land, whoſe bleſſings tempt the ſword,
In vain, unheard, thou call'ſt thy Perſian lord!
In vain thou court'ſt him, helpleſs, to thine aid,
To ſhield the ſhepherd, and protect the maid!
Far off, in thoughtleſs indolence reſign'd,
Soft dreams of love and pleaſure ſooth his mind:
'Midſt fair ſultanas loſt in idle joy,
No wars alarm him, and no fears annoy.

AGIB.

Yet theſe green hills, in ſummer's ſultry heat,
Have lent the monarch oft a cool retreat.
Sweet to the ſight is Zabran's flowery plain,
And one by maids and ſhepherds lov'd in vain!
No more the virgins ſhall delight to rove

By Sargis' banks, or Irwan's ſhady grove,
On Tarkie's mountain catch the cooling gale,
Or breathe the ſweets of Aly's flowery vale:
Fair ſcenes! but, ah! no more with peace poſſeſt,
With eaſe alluring, and with plenty bleſt.
No more the ſhepherd's whitening tents appear,
Nor the kind products of a bounteous year;
No more the date, with ſnowy bloſſoms crown'd!
But ruin ſpreads her baleful fires around.

SECANDER.

In vain Circaſſia boaſts her ſpicy groves,
For ever fam'd for pure and happy loves:
In vain ſhe boaſts her faireſt of the fair,
Their eye's blue languiſh, and their golden hair!
Thoſe eyes in tears their fruitleſs grief muſt ſend;
Thoſe hairs the Tartar's cruel hand ſhall rend.

AGIB.

Ye Georgian ſwains that piteous learn from far
Circaſſia's ruin, and the waſte of war;
Some weightier arms than crooks and ſtaffs prepare,
To ſhield your harveſts, and defend your fair:
The Turk and Tartar like deſigns purſue,
Fix'd to deſtroy, and ſtedfaſt to undo.
Wild as his land, in native deſerts bred,
By luſt incited, or by malice led,
The villain Arab, as he prowls for prey,
Oft marks with blood and waſting flames the way;
Yet none ſo cruel as the Tartar foe,
To death inur'd, and nurſt in ſcenes of woe.
He ſaid; when loud along the vale was heard
A ſhriller ſhriek, and nearer fires appear'd:
Th' affrighted ſhepherds thro' the dews of night,
Wide o'er the moon-light hills renew'd their flight.

O D E,

INSCRIBED TO

JOHN HOWARD, Esq. F. R. S.

AUTHOR OF

"The State of Engliſh and Foreign Priſons,"

by

William Hailey, Esq.

Advertiſement.

The Hero of this excellent Ode, Mr. JOHN HOWARD, a Gentleman of a very affluent fortune, and born of one of the nobleſt families of England, having in the laſt war but one, undertaken a Voyage for his health, happened to be taken by a French privateer, and conducted to France. During a tedious paſſage on board of the privateer crowded with priſoners, ſick and wounded people, and wanting almoſt all the neceſſaries of life, eſpecially water and wholeſome air, he became thoroughly ſenſible of the miſery of confinement. In France he obſerved the Situation of his ſtarving Engliſh fellow-priſoners, and having ranſomed himſelf, haſtened to England, and by his zealous and forcible repreſentations, greatly contributed to relieve and abridge their ſufferings.

Some Years after, he was named Sheriff of one of the Engliſh Counties, when aſſiſting at an Aſſize, he obſerved the Gaoler preparing to take ſeveral of the priſoners who had been tried, found, "Not guilty" and diſcharged, back to priſon, until the diſcharge of the Gaol-fees &c. Deeply affected by the peculiar hardſhips of theſe guiltleſs ſufferers, he inſtantly paid the Gaoler's demands, and reſolved on the ſtricteſt perſonal Inquiry into the ſtate of the County-Gaol, where he found ſuch inſtances of abuſe, miſery, and oppreſſion, as prevailed on him to continue his inquiries through all the priſons of Great Britain and Ireland, and of almoſt all Europe. For this godlike purpoſe he left every domeſtic endearment, all the enjoyments of a very affluent fortune, entered into the minuteſt details, ventured into every acceſſible ſubterraneous dungeon, however loathſome and peſtilential, examined the ſituation of every priſoner, relieved every diſtreſs to the utmoſt of his power, and collected the materials for his "State of Engliſh and Foreign Priſons," a Work, which, conſidering its purpoſe and ſalutary effects, muſt endear him to mankind as long as they ſhall retain any ſenſe of the merits of a purſuit and a conduct in the

higheſt,

highest degree original, generous, spirited, steady, persevering; of the merits of a wise and heroical champion of distressed humanity.

On his return to London, from his First Series of Voyages and Travels, (for he undertook and performed several) he digested his Materials, printed his Book, and inscribed it to the Parliament of Great-Britain. A Committee was soon chosen, to examine its allegations, and to propose and prepare the Laws necessary for the relief of the Sufferers. Parliament struck with the transcendent Merits of his performance, unanimously, and, as it were, by acclamation, voted him their warmest Thanks; a reward never better earned, nor better bestowed, than on a man and a conduct that reflect honour not only on England but on Human Nature.

His Book has since been severally reprinted, and translated into several Languages. A German Abstract, entitled: „Howard, über Gefängnisse und Zuchthäuser", was published at Leipzig, in 1780. in 8vo. The number of unfortunate sufferers hitherto relieved by his Toils, amounts in Gr. Britain & Ireland, already to many Thousands; and since

the attention of many European Governments has now been roused on this Subject, the effects of Mr. Howard's humanity, must in time, directly and indirectly, extend to Millions of unhappy sufferers! —

J. F. S.

ODE,

O D E,

inſcribed to

JOHN HOWARD, Esq. F.R.S.

Author of

"The State of Engliſh and Foreign Priſons,"

by

William Hailey, Esq;

1.

FAV'RITE of Heaven, and friend of Earth!
Philanthropy, benignant Power!
Whoſe ſons diſplay no doubtful worth,
The pageant of the paſſing hour!
Teach me to paint, in deathleſs ſong,
Some darling from thy filial throng,
Whoſe deeds no party-rage inſpire,
But fill th' agreeing world with one deſire,
To echo his renown, reſponſive to my lyre!

2.

Ah! whither lead'ſt thou? whence that ſigh?
What ſound of woe my boſom jars?
Why paſs, where Miſery's hollow eye
Glares wildly thro' thoſe gloomy bars?
Is Virtue ſunk in theſe abodes,
Where keen Remorſe the heart corrodes;
Where Guilt's baſe blood with frenzy boils,
And Blaſphemy the mournful ſcene embroils?—
From this infernal gloom my ſhudd'ring ſoul recoils.

3.

But whence thoſe ſudden ſacred beams?
Oppreſſion drops his iron rod!
And all the bright'ning dungeon ſeems
To ſpeak the preſence of a God.
Philanthropy's deſcending ray
Diffuſes unexpected day!
Loveliеſt of angels!— at her ſide
Her favourite votary ſtands;— her Engliſh pride,
Thro' Horror's manſions led by this celeſtial guide.

4.

Hail! generous HOWARD! tho' thou bear
A name which Glory's hand ſublime
Has blazon'd oft, with guardian care,
In characters that fear not Time;
For thee ſhe fondly ſpreads her wings,
For thee from Paradiſe ſhe brings,
More verdant than her laurel bough,
Such wreaths of ſacred Palm, as ne'er till now
The ſmiling Seraph twin'd around a mortal brow.

5.

That Hero's * praiſe ſhall ever bloom,
Who ſhielded our inſulted coaſt;
And launch'd his light'ning to conſume
The proud Invader's routed hoſt.
Brave perils rais'd his noble name:
But thou deriv'ſt thy matchleſs fame
From ſcenes, where deadlier danger dwells;
Where fierce Contagion, with affright, repels
Valour's advent'rous ſtep from her malignant cells.

6.

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* Charles Howard, Earl of Nottingham, Lord High-Admiral and Commander in Chief of the Engliſh Fleet, who in Queen Elizabeth's Reign, defeated and with Admiral Drake, nearly deſtroyed the famous Spaniſh „invincible" Armada.

6.

Where in the dungeon's loathſome ſhade,
The ſpeechleſs Captive clanks his chain,
With heartleſs hope to raiſe that aid
His feeble cries have call'd in vain:
Thine eye his dumb complaint explores;
Thy voice his parting breath reſtores;
Thy cares his ghaſtly viſage clear
From death's chill dew, with many a clotted tear,
And to his thankful ſoul returning life endear.

7.

What precious Drug, or ſtronger Charm,
Thy conſtant fortitude inſpires
In ſcenes, whence, muttering her alarm,
Med'cine *, with ſelfiſh dread, retires?
Nor Charm, nor Drug, diſpel thy fears:
Temperance, thy better guard, appears:
For thee I ſee her fondly fill
Her cryſtal cup from Nature's pureſt rill;
Chief nouriſher of life! beſt antidote of ill!

8.

I ſee the hallow'd ſhade of HALES †,
Who felt, like thee, for human woe,
And taught the health-diffuſing gales
Thro' Horror's murky cells to blow,
As thy protecting angel wait,
To ſave thee from the ſnares of Fate,
Commiſſion'd from th' Eternal Throne:
I hear him praiſe, in wonder's warmeſt tone,
The virtues of thy heart, more active than his own.

9.

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* Muſſabat tacito Medicina timore. LUCRETIUS.

† STEPHEN HALES, miniſter of Teddington: he died at the age of 84, 1761; and has been juſtly called "An "ornament to his profeſſion, as a clergyman, and to "his

9.

Thy ſoul ſupplies new funds of health
That fail not, in thy trying hour,
Above Arabia's ſpicy wealth
And Pharmacy's reviving power.
The tranſports of the generous mind,
Feeling its bounty to mankind,
Inſpirit every mortal part;
And, far more potent than precarious art,
Give radiance to the eye, and vigour to the heart.

10.

Bleſt HOWARD! who like thee can feel
This vital ſpring in all its force?
New ſtar of philanthropic zeal:
Enlight'ning nations in thy courſe!
And ſhedding Comfort's heavenly dew
On meagre Want's deſerted crew!
Friend to the wretch, whom friends diſclaim,
Who feels ſtern Juſtice, in his famiſh'd frame,
A perſecuting fiend beneath an angel's name.

11.

"his country, as a philoſopher." I had the happineſs of knowing this excellent man, when I was very young; and well remember the warm glow of benevolence which uſed to animate his countenance, in relating the ſucceſs of his various projects for the benefit of mankind. I have frequently heard him dwell with great pleaſure on the fortunate incident which led him to the diſcovery of his Ventilator, to which I have alluded.—He had ordered a new floor for one of his rooms; his carpenter not having prepared the work ſo ſoon as he expected, he thought the ſeaſon improper for laying down new boards, when they were brought to his houſe, and gave orders for their being depoſited in his barn;—from their accidental poſition in that place, he caught his firſt idea of this uſeful invention.

11.

Authority! unfeeling power,
Whoſe iron heart can coldly doom
The Debtor, dragg'd from Pleaſure's bower,
To ſicken in the dungeon's gloom!
O might thy terror-ſtriking call,
Profuſion's ſons alone inthrall!
But thou canſt Want with Guilt confound:
Thy bonds the man of virtuous toil ſurround,
Dfiven by malicious Fate within thy dreary bound.

12.

How ſavage are thy ſtern decrees?
Thy cruel miniſter I ſee
A weak, laborious victim ſeize,
By worth entitled to be free!
Behold, in the afflicting ſtrife,
The faithful partner of his life,
In vain thy ruthleſs ſervant court,
To ſpare her little children's ſole ſupport
Whom this terrific form has frighten'd from their ſport.

13.

Nor weeps ſhe only from the thought,
Thoſe infants muſt no longer ſhare
His aid, whoſe daily labour bought
The pittance of their ſcanty fare.
The horrors of the loathſome jail
Her inly-bleeding heart aſſail:
E'en now her fears, from fondneſs bred,
See the loſt partner of her faithful bed
Drop, in that murd'rous ſcene, his pale, expiring head.

14.

Take comfort yet in theſe keen pains,
Fond mourner! check thy guſhing tears!
The dungeon now no more contains
Thoſe perils which thy fancy fears:
No more Contagion's baleful breath
Speaks it the hideous cave of Death:
HOWARD has planted ſafety there;
Pure miniſter of light! his heavenly care
Has purg'd the damp of Death from that polluted air.

15.

His Care, exulting BRITAIN found
Here firſt diſplay'd, not here confin'd!
No ſingle tract of earth could bound
The active virtues of his mind.
To all the lands, where'er the tear,
That mourn'd the Priſoner's wrongs ſevere,
Sad Pity's gliſt'ning cheek impearl'd,
Eager he ſteer'd, with every ſail unfurl'd,
A friend to every clime! a Patriot of the World!

16.

Ye nations thro' whoſe fair domain
Our flying ſons of joy have paſt,
By Pleaſure driven with looſen'd rein,
Aſtoniſh'd that they flew ſo faſt!
How did the heart-improving ſight
Awake your wonder and delight,
When, in her unexampled chace,
Philanthropy outſtript keen Pleaſure's pace,
When with a warmer ſoul ſhe ran a nobler race!

17.

Where'er her generous Briton went,
Princes his ſupplicants became:
He ſeem'd the enquiring angel, ſent
To ſcrutinize their ſecret ſhame. *
Captivity, where he appear'd,
Her languid head with tranſport rear'd;
And gazing on her godlike gueſt,
Like thoſe of old, whom Heaven's pure ſervant bleſt,
E'en by his ſhadow ſeem'd of demons diſpoſſeſt.

18.

Amaz'd her foreign children cry,
Seeing their patron paſs along;
"O! who is he, whoſe daring eye
Can ſearch into our hidden wrong?
What monarch's Heaven-directed mind,
With royal bounty unconfin'd,
Has tempted Freedom's ſon to ſhare
Theſe perils; ſearching with an angel's care
Each cell of dire Diſeaſe, each cavern of Deſpair?"

19.

No monarch's word, nor lucre's luſt,
Nor vain ambition's reſtleſs fire,
Nor ample power, that ſacred truſt!
His life-diffuſing toils inſpire:
Rous'd by no voice, ſave that whoſe cries
Internal bid the ſoul ariſe,
From joys, that only ſeem to bleſs,
From low purſuits, which little minds poſſeſs,
To Nature's nobleſt aim, the Succour of Diſtreſs!

* Mr. Howard was ſeveral times on his Travels, requeſted by perſons in authority not to publiſh a minute account of ſome priſons, which reflected diſgrace on their government.

20.

Taught by that God, in Mercy's robe,
Who his celeſtial throne reſign'd,
To free the priſon of the globe
From vice, th' oppreſſor of the mind!
For thee, of miſery's rights bereft,
For thee, Captivity! he left
Fair Fortune's lap, who, far from coy,
Bade him with ſmiles his golden hours employ
In her delicious bower, the feſtive ſcene of joy!

21.

While to thy virtue's utmoſt ſcope
I boldly ſtrive my aim to raiſe
As high as mortal hand may hope
To ſhoot the glittering ſhaft of Praiſe!
Say! HOWARD, ſay! what may the Muſe,
Whoſe melting eye thy merit views,
What guerdon may her love deſign?
What may ſhe aſk for thee, from Power Divine,
Above the rich rewards which are already thine?

22.

Sweet is the joy when Science flings
Her light on philoſophic thought;
When Genius, with keen ardour, ſprings
To claſp the lovely truth he ſought:
Sweet is the joy, when Rapture's fire
Flows from the ſpirit of the lyre;
When Liberty and Virtue roll
Spring-tides of fancy o'er the poet's ſoul,
That waft his flying bark thro' ſeas above the pole.

23.

Sweet the delight, when the gall'd heart
Feels Conſolation's lenient hand
Bind up the wound from Fortune's dart
With Friendſhip's life-ſupporting band!
And ſweeter ſtill, and far above
Theſe fainter joys, when pureſt Love
The ſoul his willing captive keeps!
When he in bliſs the melting ſpirit ſteeps,
Who drops delicious tears, and wonders that he
weeps!

24.

But not the brighteſt joy which Arts,
In floods of mental light, beſtow;
Nor what firm Friendſhip's zeal imparts,
Bleſt antidote of bittereſt woe!
Nor thoſe that Love's ſweet hours diſpenſe,
Can equal the ecſtatic ſenſe,
When, ſwelling to a fond exceſs,
The grateful praiſes of reliev'd diſtreſs,
Re-echoed thro' the heart, the ſoul of Bounty bleſs.

25.

Theſe tranſports, in no common ſtate,
Supremely pure, ſublimely ſtrong,
Above the reach of envious fate,
Bleſt HOWARD! theſe to thee belong:
While years encreaſing o'er thee roll,
Long may the ſunſhine of thy ſoul
New vigour to thy frame convey!
Its radiance thro' thy noon of life diſplay,
And with ſereneſt light adorn thy cloſing day!

26.

And when the Power, who joys to ſave,
Proclaims the guilt of earth forgiven;
And calls the priſoners of the grave
To all the liberty of Heaven:
In that bright day, whoſe wonders blind
The eye of the aſtoniſh'd mind;
When life's glad angel ſhall reſume
His ancient ſway, announce to Death his doom,
And from exiſtence drive that tyrant of the tomb:

27.

In that bleſt hour, when Seraphs ſing
The triumphs gain'd in human ſtrife;
And to their new aſſociates bring
The wreaths of everlaſting life:
May'ſt thou, in Glory's hallow'd blaze,
Approach the Eternal Fount of Praiſe,
With thoſe who lead the angelic van,
Thoſe pure adherents to their Saviour's plan,
Who liv'd but to relieve the Miſeries of Man!

VII.

BALLADS.

I. THE PRINCESS ELISABETH.

A ballad alluding to a ſtory recorded of her, when ſhe was priſoner at Woodſtock, 1554.

By Wm. Shenſtone, Esq;

Will you hear how once repining
Great ELIZA captive lay?
Each ambitious thought reſigning,
Foe to riches, pomp, and ſway?

While the nymphs and ſwains delighted,
Tript around in all their pride;
Envying joys by others ſlighted,
Thus the royal maiden cry'd:

"Bred on plains, or born in vallies,
"Who would bid thoſe ſcenes adieu?
"Stranger to the arts of malice,
"Who would ever courts purſue?

"Malice never taught to treaſure;
"Cenſure never taught to bear:
"Love is all the ſhepherd's pleaſure;
"Love is all the damſel's care.

"How can they of humble ſtation
"Vainly blame the Pow'rs above?
"Or accuſe the diſpenſation,
"Which allows them all to love?

"Love like air is widely given;
"Pow'r nor chance can theſe reſtrain;
"Trueſt, nobleſt gifts of Heaven!
"Only pureſt on the plain!

"Peers can no ſuch charms diſcover,
"All in ſtars and garters dreſt,
"As, on Sundays, does the lover
"With his noſegay on his breaſt.

"Pinks and roſes in profuſion,
"Said to fade when CHLOE's near;
"Fops may uſe the ſame alluſion;
"But the ſhepherd is ſincere.

"Hark to yonder milk-maid ſinging
"Cheerly o'er the brimming pail;
"Cowſlips, all around her ſpringing,
"Sweetly paint the golden vale.

"Never yet did courtly maiden
"Move ſo ſprightly, look ſo fair;
"Never breaſt with jewels laden
"Pour a ſong ſo void of care,

"Would indulgent Heav'n had granted
"Me ſome rural damſel's part!
"All the empire I had wanted
"Then had been my ſhepherd's heart.

"Then, with him, o'er hills and mountains,
"Free from fetters, might I rove:
"Fearleſs taſte the cryſtal fountains;
"Peaceful ſleep beneath the grove.

"Ruſtics had been more forgiving;
"Partial to my virgin bloom:
"None had envy'd me when living;
"None had triumph'd o'er my tomb."

II. NANCY of the VALE.

A BALLAD.

By the Same.

Nerine Galatea! thymo mihi dulcior Hyblae!
Candidior cygnis, hedera formosior alba!

The western sky was purpled o'er
With ev'ry pleasing ray;
And flocks reviving felt no more
The sultry heats of day:

When from an hazle's artless bow'r
Soft-warbled Strephon's tongue;
He bless'd the scene, he bless'd the hour,
While Nancy's praise he sung.

"Let fops with fickle falsehood range
"The paths of wanton love,
"While weeping maids lament their change,
"And sadden ev'ry grove:

"But endless blessings crown the day
"I saw fair Esham's dale!
"And ev'ry blessing find its way
"To Nancy of the Vale.

"'Twas from Avona's banks the maid
"Diffus'd her lovely beams;
"And ev'ry shining glance display'd
"The Naiad of the streams.

"Soft as the wild-duck's tender young,
"That float on Avon's tide;
"Bright as the water-lily, sprung,
"And glitt'ring near it's side.

"Freſh as the bord'ring flow'rs, her bloom;
"Her eye all mild to view;
"The little halcyon's azure plume
"Was never half ſo blue.

"Her ſhape was like the reed ſo ſleek,
"So taper, ſtrait, and fair;
"Her dimpled ſmile, her bluſhing cheek,
"How charming ſweet they were!

"Far in the winding vale retir'd,
"This peerleſs bud I found,
"And ſhad'wing rocks, and woods, conſpir'd
"To fence her beauties round.

"That Nature, in ſo lone a dell,
"Should form a nymph ſo ſweet!
"Or Fortune to her ſecret cell
"Conduct my wand'ring feet!

"Gay lordlings fought her for their bride,
"But ſhe would ne'er incline:
"Prove to your equals true," ſhe cry'd,
"As I will prove to mine.

"'Tis Strephon, on the mountain's brow,
"Has won my right good-will;
"To him I gave my plighted vow,
"With him I'll climb the hill."

"Struck with her charms and gentle truth,
"I claſp'd the conſtant fair;
"To her alone I gave my youth,
"And vow my future care.

"And when this vow ſhall faithleſs prove,
"Or I thoſe charms forego;
"The ſtream that ſaw our tender love,
"That ſtream ſhall ceaſe to flow."

III.

III. JEMMY DAWSON.

A BALLAD, written about the time of his execution, in the year 1745.

By the Same.

Come, liſten to my mournful tale,
Ye tender hearts and lovers dear;
Nor will you ſcorn to heave a ſigh,
Nor need you bluſh to ſhed a tear.

And thou, dear Kitty, peerleſs maid,
Do thou a penſive ear incline;
For thou canſt weep at ev'ry woe;
And pity every plaint—but mine.

Young Dawſon was a gallant boy,
A brighter never trod the plain;
And well he lov'd one charming maid,
And dearly was he lov'd again.

One tender maid, ſhe lov'd him dear,
Of gentle blood the damſel came;
And faultleſs was her beauteous form,
And ſpotleſs was her virgin fame.

But curſe on Party's hateful ſtrife,
That led the favour'd youth aſtray;
The day the rebel clans appear'd,
O had he never ſeen that day!

Their colours, and their ſaſh he wore,
And in the fatal dreſs was found;
And now he muſt that death endure
Which gives the brave the keeneſt wound.

How pale was then his true-love's cheek,
When Jemmy's ſentence reach'd her ear!
For never yet did Alpine ſnows
So pale, or yet ſo chill appear.

With falt'ring voice, ſhe weeping ſaid,
Oh Dawſon, monarch of my heart!
Think not thy death ſhall end our loves,
For thou and I will never part.

Yet might ſweet mercy find a place,
And bring relief to Jemmy's woes;
O George, without a pray'r for thee,
My oriſon ſhould never cloſe.

The gracious prince that gave him life,
Would crown a never-dying flame;
And ev'ry tender babe I bore,
Should learn to liſp the giver's name.

But though he ſhould be dragg'd in ſcorn
To yonder ignominious tree;
He ſhall not want one conſtant friend,
To ſhare the cruel fate's decree.

O then her mourning-coach was call'd,
The ſledge mov'd ſlowly on before;
Though borne in a triumphal car,
She had not lov'd her fav'rite more.

She follow'd him, prepar'd to view
The terrible beheſts of law;
And the laſt ſcene of Jemmy's woes,
With calm and ſtedfaſt eye ſhe ſaw.

Diſtorted was that blooming face,
Which ſhe had fondly lov'd ſo long;
And ſtifled was that tuneful breath,
Which in her praiſe had ſweetly ſung:

And fever'd was that beauteous neck,
Round which her arms had fondly clos'd;
And mangled was that beauteous breaſt,
On which her love-ſick head repos'd:

And raviſh'd was that conſtant heart,
She did to ev'ry heart prefer;
For tho' it could its king forget,
'Twas true and loyal ſtill to her.

Amid thoſe unrelenting flames,
She bore this conſtant heart to ſee;
But when 'twas moulder'd into duſt,
Yet, yet, ſhe cry'd, I follow thee.

My death, my death alone can ſhew
The pure, the laſting love I bore;
Accept, O Heav'n! of woes like ours,
And let us, let us weep no more.

The diſmal ſcene was o'er and paſt,
The lover's mournful hearſe retir'd;
The maid drew back her languid head,
And, ſighing forth his name, expir'd.

Tho' juſtice ever muſt prevail,
The tear my Kitty ſheds is due;
For ſeldom ſhall ſhe hear a tale
So ſad, ſo tender, yet ſo true.

IV. WINIFREDA.

Away; let nought to love displeasing,
My Winifreda, move your care;
Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,
Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy fear.

What tho' no grants of royal donors
With pompous titles grace our blood?
We'll shine in more substantial honors,
And to be noble we'll be good.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
Will sweetly sound where-e'er 'tis spoke:
And all the great ones, they shall wonder
How they respect such little folk.

What though from fortune's lavish bounty
No mighty treasures we possess,
We'll find within our pittance plenty,
And be content without excess.

Still shall us each returning season
Sufficient for our wishes give;
For we will live a life of reason,
And that's the only life to live.

Through youth and age in love excelling,
We'll hand in hand together tread;
Sweet smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
And babes, sweet-smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
While round my knees they fondly clung;
To see them look their mother's features,
To hear them lisp their mother's tongue.

And when with envy time transported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I'll go a wooing in my boys.

V. ADMIRAL HOSIER's GHOST.

By Mr. Glover, Author of Leonidas.

As near Porto-Bello lying
On the gently ſwelling flood,
At midnight with ſtreamers flying
Our triumphant navy rode;
There while Vernon ſate all glorious
From the Spaniards' late defeat:
And his crews, with ſhouts victorious,
Drank ſucceſs to England's fleet:

On a ſudden ſhrilly ſounding,
Hideous yells and ſhrieks were heard;
Then each heart with fear confounding,
A ſad troop of ghoſts appear'd,
All in dreary hammocks ſhrouded,
Which for winding-ſheets they wore,
And with looks by ſorrow clouded
Frowning on that hoſtile ſhore.

On them gleam'd the moon's wan luſtre,
When the ſhade of Hoſier brave
His pale bands was ſeen to muſter
Riſing from their watry grave:
O'er the glimmering wave he hy'd him,
Where the Burford rear'd her ſail,
With three thouſand ghoſts beſides him,
And in groans did Vernon hail.

Heed, oh heed, our fatal ſtory,
I am Hoſier's injur'd ghoſt,
You, who now have purchas'd glory,
At this place where I was loſt;

Tho'

Tho' in Porto-Bello's ruin
You now triumph free from fears,
When you think on our undoing,
You will mix your joy with tears.

See theſe mournful ſpectres ſweeping
Ghaſtly o'er this hated wave,
Whoſe wan cheeks are ſtain'd with weeping;
Theſe were Engliſh captains brave:
Mark thoſe numbers pale and horrid,
Thoſe were once my ſailors bold,
Lo, each hangs his drooping forehead,
While his diſmal tale is told.

I, by twenty ſail attended,
Did this Spaniſh town affright;
Nothing then its wealth defended
But my orders not to fight:
Oh! that in this rolling ocean
I had caſt them with diſdain,
And obey'd my heart's warm motion
To have quell'd the pride of Spain!

For reſiſtance I could fear none,
But with twenty ſhips had done
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
Haſt atchiev'd with ſix alone.
Then the Baſtimentos never
Had our foul diſhonour ſeen,
Nor the ſea the ſad receiver
Of this gallant train had been.

Thus, like thee, proud Spain diſmaying,
And her galleons leading home,
Though condemn'd for diſobeying
I had met a traitor's doom,

To have fallen, my country crying
He has play'd an Engliſh part,
Had been better far than dying
Of a griev'd and broken heart.

Unrepining at thy glory,
Thy ſucceſsful arms we hail;
But remember our ſad ſtory,
And let Hoſier's wrongs prevail.
Sent in this foul cline to languiſh,
Think what thouſands fell in vain,
Waſted with diſeaſe and anguiſh,
Not in glorious battle ſlain.

Hence with all my train attending
From their oozy tombs below,
Thro' the hoary foam aſcending,
Here I feed my conſtant woe:
Here the Baſtimentos viewing,
We recal our ſhameful doom,
And our plaintive cries renewing,
Wander thro' the midnight gloom.

O'er theſe waves for ever mourning
Shall we roam depriv'd of reſt,
If to Britain's ſhores returning
You neglect my juſt requeſt;
After this proud foe ſubduing,
When your patriot friends you ſee,
Think on vengeance for my ruin,
And for England ſham'd in me.

VI. BRYAN AND PEREENE.

A Weſt Indian Ballad;

Founded on a real Fact, that happened a few Years ago in the Iſland of St. Chriſtopher.

The north-eaſt wind did briſkly blow,
The ſhip was ſafely moor'd,
Young Bryan thought the boat's crew ſlow,
And ſo leapt over-board.

Pereene, the pride of Indian dames,
His heart long held in thrall,
And whoſo his impatience blames,
I wot, ne'er lov'd at all.

A long, long year, one month and day,
He dwelt on Engliſh land,
Nor once in thought would ever ſtray,
Though ladies ſought his hand.

For Bryan he was tall and ſtrong,
Right blythſome roll'd his een,
Sweet was his voice whene'er he ſung,
He ſcant had twenty ſeen.

But who the countleſs charms can draw,
That grac'd his miſtreſs true;
Such charms the old world never ſaw,
Nor oft I ween the new.

Her raven hair plays round her neck,
Like tendrils of the vine;
Her cheeks red dewy roſe buds deck,
Her eyes like diamonds ſhine.

Soon as his well known ſhip ſhe ſpied,
She caſt her weeds away,
And to the palmy ſhore ſhe hied,
All in her beſt array.

In ſea-green ſilk ſo neatly clad,
She there impatient ſtood;
The crew with wonder ſaw the lad
Repel the foaming flood.

Her hands a handkerchief diſplay'd,
Which he at parting gave;
Well pleas'd the token he ſurvey'd,
And manlier beat the wave.

Her fair companions one and all,
Rejoicing crowd the ſtrand;
For now her lover ſwam in call,
And almoſt touch'd the land.

Then through the white ſurf did ſhe haſte,
To claſp her lovely ſwain;
When, ah! a ſhark bit through his waiſt:
His heart's blood dy'd the main!

He ſhriek'd! his half ſprang from the wave,
Streaming with purple gore,
And ſoon it found a living grave,
And, ah! was ſeen no more.

Now haſte, now haſte, ye maids, I pray,
Fetch water from the ſpring:
She falls, ſhe falls, ſhe dyes away,
And ſoon her knell they ring.

Now each May-morning round her tomb
Ye fair, freſh flowrets ſtrow:
So may your lovers ſcape his doom!
Her hapleſs fate ſcape you!

VII.

VII. THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

AN OLD BALLAD.

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleaſures prove
That hills and vallies, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we ſit upon the rocks,
And ſee the ſhepherds feed their flocks,
By ſhallow rivers, to whoſe falls
Melodious birds ſing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roſes
With a thouſand fragrant poſies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Imbroidered all with leaves of mirtle;

A gown made of the fineſt wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the pureſt gold;

A belt of ſtraw, and ivy buds,
With coral claſps, and amber ſtuds:
And if theſe pleaſures may thee move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

The ſhepherd-ſwains ſhall dance and ſing
For thy delight each May-morning:
If theſe delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

VIII. MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

An old Ballad.

My mind to me a kingdome is;
Such perfect joy therein I finde
As farre exceeds all earthly bliſſe,
That God or Nature hath aſſignde:
Though much I want, that moſt would have,
Yet ſtill my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live, this is my ſtay;
I ſeek no more than may ſuffice:
I preſſe to beare no haughtie ſway;
Look what I lack my mind ſupplies.
Loe! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

I ſee how plentie ſurfets oft,
And haſtie clymbers ſooneſt fall:
I ſee that ſuch as ſit aloft
Miſhap doth threaten moſt of all:
Theſe geth with toile, and keep with feare:
Such cares my mind could never beare.

No princely pompe, nor welthie ſtore,
No force to winne a victorie,
No wylie wit to ſalve a ſore,
No ſhape to winne a lovers eye;
To none of theſe I yeeld as thrall,
For why my mind diſpiſeth all.

Some have too much, yet ſtill they crave,
I little have, yet ſeek no more:
They are but poore, tho' much they have;
And I am rich with little ſtore:
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lacke, I lend; they pine, I give.

I laugh not at anothers loſſe,
I grudge not at anothers gaine;
No worldly wave my mind can toſſe,
I brooke that is another's bane:
I feare no foe, nor fawne on friend;
I loth not life, nor dread mine end.

My wealth is health, and perfect eaſe;
My conſcience clere my chiefe defence:
I never ſeeke by brybes to pleaſe,
Nor by deſert to give offence:
Thus do I live, thus will I die;
Would all did ſo as well as I!

IX. CUPID's PASTIME.

An old Sonnet.

It chanc'd of late a ſhepherd ſwain,
That went to ſeek his ſtraying ſheep,
Within a thicket on a plain
Eſpied a dainty nymph aſleep.

Her golden hair o'erſpread her face;
Her careleſs arms abroad were caſt;
Her quiver had her pillows place;
Her breaſt lay bare to every blaſt.

The ſhepherd ſtood and gaz'd his fill;
Nought durſt he do; nought durſt he ſay;
Whilſt chance, or elſe perhaps his will,
Did guide the god of love that way.

The crafty boy thus ſees her ſleep,
Whom if ſhe wak'd he durſt not ſee;
Behind her cloſely ſeeks to creep,
Before her nap ſhould ended be.

There come, he ſteals her ſhafts away,
And puts his own into their place;
Nor dares he any longer ſtay,
But, ere ſhe wakes, hies thence apace.

Scarce was he gone, but ſhe awakes,
And ſpies the ſhepherd ſtanding by:
Her bended bow in haſte ſhe takes,
And at the ſimple ſwain lets flye.

Forth flew the ſhaft, and pierc'd his heart,
That to the ground he fell with pain:
Yet up again forthwith he ſtart,
And to the nymph he ran amain.

Amazed to ſee ſo ſtrange a ſight,
She ſhot, and ſhot, but all in vain;
The more his wounds, the more his might,
Love yielded ſtrength amidſt his pain.

Her angry eyes were great with tears,
She blames her hand, ſhe blames her ſkill;
The blutneſs of her ſhafts ſhe fears,
And try them on herſelf ſhe will.

Take heed, ſweet nymph, trye not thy ſhaft,
Each little touch will pierce thy heart:
Alas! thou know'ſt not Cupid's craft;
Revenge is joy; the end is ſmart.

Yet try ſhe will, and pierce ſome bare;
Her hands were glov'd, but next to hand
Was that fair breaſt, that breaſt ſo rare,
That made the ſhepherd ſenſeleſs ſtand.

That breaſt ſhe pierc'd; and through that breaſt
Love found an entry to her heart;
At feeling of this new-come gueſt,
Lord! how this gentle nymph did ſtart.

She runs not now; ſhe ſhoots no more;
Away ſhe throws both ſhaft and bow:
She ſeeks for what ſhe ſhunn'd before,
She thinks the ſhepherd's haſte too ſlow.

Though mountains meet not, lovers may:
What other lovers do, did they:
The god of love ſate on a tree,
And laught that pleaſant ſight to ſee.

X. THE SHEPHERD'S RESOLUTION.

AN OLD BALLAD.

By George Wither.

Shall I, waſting in diſpaire,
Dye becauſe a woman's faire?
Or make pale my cheeks with care,
'Cauſe another's roſie are?
Be ſhee fairer than the day,
Or the flowry meads in May;
If ſhe think not well of me,
What care I how faire ſhee be!

Shall my heart be griev'd or pin'd,
'Cauſe I ſee a woman kind?
Or a well-diſpoſed nature
Joyned with a lovely feature?
Be ſhee meeker, kinder, than
The turtle-dove or pelican;
If ſhe be not ſo to me,
What care I how kind ſhee be?

Shall a woman's wirtues move
Me, to periſh for her love?
Or, her well deſervings knowne,
Make me quite forget my owne?
Be ſhe with that goodneſſe bleſt,
Which may merit name of Beſt;
If ſhe be not ſuch to me,
What care I how good ſhee be?

'Cauſe her fortune ſeems too high,
Shall I play the foole and dye?
Thoſe that beare a noble minde,
Where they want of riches find,
Thinke what with them they would doe,
That without them dare to woe;
And, unleſſe that minde I ſee,
What care I, though great ſhe be?

Great or good, or kind or faire,
I will ne'er the more diſpaire:
If ſhe love me, this beleeve,
I will die ere ſhe ſhall grieve.
If ſhe ſlight me, when I wooe:
I can ſcorne and let her goe:
For, if ſhe be not for me,
What care I for whom ſhee be?

XI. THE STEDFAST SHEPHERD.

By the ſame.

Hence away, you Syrens, leave me,
And unclaſpe your wanton armes;
Sugred words ſhall ne'er deceive me,
(Though 'you' prove a thouſand charmes).
Fie, fie, forbeare;
No common ſnare
Could ever my affection chaine:
Your painted baits
And poore deceits,
Are all beſtowed on me in vaine.

I'm no ſlave to ſuch, as you be;
Neither ſhall a ſnowy breſt,
Wanton eye, or lip of ruby
Ever robb me of my reſt;
Goe, goe, diſplay
Your beautie's ray
To ſame ore-ſoone enamour'd ſwaine:
Thoſe common wiles
Of ſighs and ſmiles
Are all beſtowed on me in vaine.

I have elſewhere vowed a dutie;
Turn away 'your' tempting eyes:
Shew not me a naked beautie;
Thoſe impoſtures I deſpiſe:
My ſpirit lothes
Where gawdy clothes
And fained othes may love obtaine:
I love her ſo,
Whoſe looke ſwears No;
That all your labours will be vaine.

Can he prize the tainted posies,
Which on every breſt are worne;
That may plucke the ſpotleſſe roſes
From their never-touched thorne;
I can goe reſt
On her ſweet breſt,
That is the pride of Cynthia's traine:
Then hold your tongues;
Your mermaid ſongs
Are all beſtowed on me in vaine.

Hee's a foole, that baſely dallies,
Where each peaſant mates with him;
Shall I haunt the thronged vallies,
Whilſt ther's noble hils to climbe?
No, no, though clowns
Are ſkare'd with frownes,
I know the beſt can but diſdaine;
And thoſe I'll prove;
So ſhall your love
Be all beſtowed on me in vaine.

I doe ſcorne to vow a dutie,
Where each luſtfull lad may woe:
Give me her, whoſe ſun-like beautie
Buzzards dare not ſoare unto:
Shee, ſhee it is
Affoords that bliſſe
For which I would refuſe no paine:
But ſuch as you,
Fond fooles, adieu;
You ſeeke to captive me in vaine.

Leave me then, you Syrens, leave me;
Seeke no more to worke my harmes:
Craftie wiles cannot deceive me,
Who am proofe againſt your charmes:

You labour may
To lead aſtray
The heart, that conſtant ſhall remaine:
And I the while
Will ſit and ſmile
To ſee you ſpend your time in vaine.

XII. EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

A BALLAD.

By Dr. Goldſmith.

"Turn, gentle hermit of the dale,
"And guide my lonely way,
"To where yon taper cheers the vale,
"With hoſpitable ray.

"For here, forlorn and loſt I tread,
"With fainting ſteps and ſlow;
"Where wilds immeaſurably ſpread,
"Seem lengthening as I go."

"Forbear, my ſon," the hermit cries,
"To tempt the dangerous gloom;
"For yonder faithleſs phantom flies
"To lure thee to thy doom.

"Here to the houſeleſs child of want,
"My door is open ſtill;
"And tho' my portion is but ſcant,
"I give it with good will.

"Then

"Then turn to night, and freely ſhare
"Whate'er my cell beſtows;
"My ruſhy couch, and frugal fare,
"My bleſſing and repoſe.

"No flocks that range the valley free,
"To ſlaughter I condemn:
"Taught by that power that pities me,
"I learn to pity them.

"But from the mountain's graſſy ſide,
"A guiltleſs feaſt I bring;
"A ſcrip with herbs and fruits ſupply'd,
"And water from the ſpring.

"Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
"All earth-born cares are wrong:
"Man wants but little here below,
"Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heav'n deſcends,
His gentle accents fell:
The modeſt ſtranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderneſs obſcure
The lonely manſion lay,
A refuge to the neighbouring poor
And ſtrangers led aſtray.

No ſtores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a maſter's care!
The wicket opening with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmleſs pair.

And now when buſy crowds retire
To take their evening reſt,
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his penſive gueſt;

And ſpread his vegetable ſtore,
And gayly preſt, and ſmil'd,
And ſkill'd in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguil'd.

Around in ſympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries,
The cricket chirrups in the hearth;
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To ſooth the ſtranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His riſing cares the hermit ſpy'd,
With anſwering care oppreſt:
"And whence, unhappy youth," he cry'd,
"The ſorrows of thy breaſt?

"From better habitations ſpurn'd,
"Reluctant doſt thou rove;
"Or grieve for friendſhip unreturn'd,
"Or unregarded love?

"Alas! the joys that fortune brings,
"Are trifling and decay;
"And thoſe who prize the paltry things,
"More trifling ſtill than they.

"And what is friendſhip but a name,
"A charm that lulls to ſleep;
"A ſhade that follows wealth or fame,
"But leaves the wretch to weep?

"And love is ſtill an emptier ſound,
"The modern fair one's jeſt,
"On earth unſeen, or only found
"To warm the turtle's neſt.

"For

"For ſhame, fond youth, thy ſorrows huſh,
"And ſpurn the ſex," he ſaid:
But while he ſpoke, a riſing bluſh
His love-lorn gueſt betray'd.

Surpriz'd he ſees new beauties riſe
Swift mantling to the view,
Like colours o'er the morning ſkies,
As bright, as tranſient too.

The baſhful look, the riſing breaſt,
Alternate ſpread alarms,
The lovely ſtranger ſtands confeſt
A maid in all her charms.

"And, ah, forgive a ſtranger rude,
"A wretch forlorn," ſhe cry'd,
"Whoſe feet unhallowed thus intrude
"Where heaven and you reſide.

"But let a maid thy pity ſhare,
"Whom love has taught to ſtray:
"Who ſeeks for reſt, but finds deſpair
"Companion of her way.

"My father liv'd beſide the Tyne,
"A wealthy lord was he;
"And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,
"He had but only me.

"To win me from his tender arms,
"Unnumber'd ſuitors came;
"Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
"And felt or feign'd a flame.

"Each hour a mercenary crowd
"With richeſt proffers ſtrove:
"Among the reſt young Edwin bow'd,
"But never talk'd of love.

"In

"In humble ſimpleſt habit clad,
"No wealth nor power had he;
"Wiſdom and worth were all he had,
"But theſe were all to me.

"The bloſſom opening to the day,
"The dews of heaven refin'd,
"Could nought of purity diſplay,
"To emulate his mind,

"The dew, the bloſſom on the tree,
"With charms inconſtant ſhine;
"Their charms were his, but woe to me,
"Their conſtancy was mine.

"For ſtill I try'd each fickle art,
"Importunate and vain;
"And while his paſſion touch'd my heart,
"I triumph'd in his pain.

"Till quite dejected with my ſcorn,
"He left me to my pride;
"And ſought a ſolitude forlorn,
"In ſecret where he died.

"But mine the ſorrow, mine the fault,
"And well my life ſhall pay,
"I'll ſeek the ſolitude he ſought,
"And ſtretch me where he lay.—

"And there forlorn deſpairing hid,
"I'll lay me down and die:
"'Twas ſo for me that Edwin did,
"And ſo for him will I."

"Forbid it, heaven!" the hermit cry'd,
And claſp'd her to his breaſt:
The wondering fair one turn'd to chide,
'Twas Edwin's ſelf that preſt.

"Turn,

"Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
"My charmer, turn to ſee,
"Thy own, thy long loſt Edwin here,
"Reſtor'd to love and thee.

"Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
"And ev'ry care reſign:
"And ſhall we never, never part,
"My life,—my all that's mine.

"No, never, from this hour to part,
"We'll live and love ſo true;
"The ſigh that rends thy conſtant heart,
"Shall break thy Edwin's too."

XIII. WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

By David Mallet, Eſq;

'Twas at the ſilent, ſolemn hour,
When night and morning meet;
In glided Margaret's grimly ghoſt,
And ſtood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April-morn,
Clad in a wintry cloud:
And clay-cold was her lilly-hand,
That held her ſable ſhroud.

So ſhall the faireſt face appear,
When youth and years are flown:
Such is the robe that kings muſt wear,
When death has reft their crown.

Her

Her bloom was like the ſpringing flower,
That ſips the ſilver dew;
The roſe was budded in her cheek,
Juſt opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Conſum'd her early prime:
The roſe grew pale, and left her cheek;
She dy'd before her time.

Awake! ſhe cry'd, thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight-grave;
Now let thy pity hear the maid,
Thy love refus'd to ſave.

This is the dumb and dreary hour,
When injur'd ghoſts complain;
When yawning graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithleſs ſwain.

Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath:
And give me back my maiden-vow,
And give me back my troth.

Why did you promiſe love to me,
And not that promiſe keep?
Why did you ſwear my eyes were bright,
Yet leave thoſe eyes to weep?

How could you ſay my face was fair,
And yet that face forſake?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

Why did you ſay, my lip my ſweet,
And made the ſcarlet pale?
And why did I, young witleſs maid,
Believe the flattering tale!

That face, alas! no more is fair;
Thoſe lips no longer red:
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
And every charm is fled.

The hungry worm my ſiſter is;
This winding ſheet I wear:
And cold and weary laſts our night,
Till that laſt morn appear.

But hark! the cock has warn'd me hence;
A long and late adieu!
Come, ſee, falſe man, how low ſhe lies,
Who dy'd for love of you.

The lark ſung loud; the morning ſmil'd,
With beams of roſy red:
Pale William quak'd in every limb,
And raving left his bed.

He hy'd him to the fatal place
Where Margaret's body lay:
And ſtretch'd him on the graſs-green turf,
That wrap'd her breathleſs clay.

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full ſore:
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
And word ſpoke never more!

N. B. In a comedy of Flecther, called The Knight of the burning Peſtle, old Merry Thought enters repeating the following verſes:

When it was grown to dark midnight,
And all were faſt aſleep,
In came Margaret's grimly ghoſt,
And ſtood at William's feet.

This

This was, probably, the beginning of ſome ballad, commonly known, at the time when that author wrote; and is all of it, I believe, that is any where to be met with. Theſe lines, naked of ornament and ſimple as they are, ſtruck my fancy: and, bringing freſh into my mind an unhappy adventure, much talked of formerly, gave birth to the foregoing poem; which was written many years ago.

XIV. EDWIN AND EMMA.

By the Same.

Mark it, Ceſario, it is true and plain.
The ſpinſters and the knitters in the ſun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do uſe to chant it. It is ſilly Sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age. SHAKESP. TWELFTH NIGHT.

Far in the windings of a vale,
Faſt by a ſheltering wood,
The ſafe retreat of health and peace,
An humble cottage ſtood.

There beauteous Emma flouriſh'd fair,
Beneath a mother's eye;
Whoſe only wiſh on earth was now
To ſee her bleſt, and die.

The ſofteſt bluſh that Nature ſpreads
Gave colour to her cheek:
Such orient colour ſmiles thro' heaven,
When vernal mornings break.

Nor

Nor let the pride of great ones ſcorn
This charmer of the plains:
That ſun, who bids their diamond blaze,
To paint our lilly deigns.

Long had ſhe fill'd each youth with love,
Each maiden with deſpair;
And tho' by all a wonder own'd,
Yet knew not ſhe was fair.

Till Edwin came, the pride of ſwains,
A ſoul devoid of art;
And from whoſe eye, ſerenely mild,
Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught:
Was quickly too reveal'd:
For neither boſom lodg'd a wiſh,
That virtue keeps conceal'd.

What happy hours of home-felt bliſs
Did love on both beſtow!
But bliſs too mighty long to laſt,
Where fortune proves a foe,

His ſiſter, who, like Envy form'd,
Like her in miſchief joyed,
To work them harm, with wicked ſkill,
Each darker art employ'd.

The father too, a ſordid man,
Who love nor pity knew,
Was all-unfeeling as the clod,
From whence his riches grew.

Long had he ſeen their ſecret flame,
And ſeen it long unmov'd:
Then with a father's frown at laſt
Had ſternly diſapprov'd.

In Edwin's gentle heart, a war
Of differing paſſions ſtrove:
His heart, that durſt not diſobey,
Yet could not ceaſe to love.

Deny'd her ſight, he oft behind
The ſpreading hawthorn crept,
To ſnatch a glance, to mark the ſpot
Where Emma walk'd and wept.

Oft too on Stanemore's wintry waſte,
Beneath the moonlight-ſhade,
In ſighs to pour his ſoften'd ſoul,
The midnight-mourner ſtray'd.

His cheek, where health with beauty glow'd,
A deadly pale o'ercaſt:
So fades the freſh roſe in its prime,
Before the northern blaſt.

The parents now, with late remorſe,
Hung o'er his dying bed;
And weary'd heaven with fruitleſs vows,
And fruitleſs ſorrow ſhed.

'Tis paſt! he cry'd — but if your ſouls
Sweet mercy yet can move,
Let theſe dim eyes once more behold,
What they muſt ever love!

She came; his cold hand ſoftly touch'd,
And bath'd with many a tear;
Faſt-falling o'er the primroſe pale,
So morning dews appear.

But oh! his ſiſter's jealous care,
A cruel ſiſter ſhe!
Forbade what Emma came to ſay;
"My Edwin live for me."

Now homeward as ſhe hopeleſs wept
The church-yard path along,
The blaſt blew cold, the dark owl ſcream'd
Her lover's funeral ſong.

Amid the falling gloom of night,
Her ſtartling fancy found
In every buſh his hovering ſhade,
His groan in every ſound.

Alone, appall'd, thus had ſhe paſs'd
The viſionary vale ——
When lo! the death-bell ſmote her ear,
Sad-ſounding in the gale!

Juſt then ſhe reach'd, with trembling ſtep,
Her aged mother's door ——
He's gone! ſhe cry'd; and I ſhall ſee
That angel-face no more!

I feel, I feel this breaking heart
Beat high againſt my ſide ——
From her white arm down ſunk her head;
She ſhivering ſigh'd, and died.

XV. ALBIN AND THE DAUGHTER OF MEY.

An old tale, tranſlated from the Iriſh.

Whence come theſe diſmal ſounds that fill our ears!
Why do the groves ſuch lamentations ſend!
Why ſit the virgins on the hill of tears,
While heavy ſighs their tender boſoms rend!

They weep for Albin with the flowing hair,
Who periſh'd by the cruelty of Mey;
A blameleſs hero, blooming, young, and fair;
Becauſe he ſcorn'd her paſſion to obey,
See on yon weſtern hill the heap of ſtones,
Which mourning friends have raiſed o'er his bones!

O woman! bloody, bloody was thy deed;
The blackneſs of thy crime exceeds belief;
The ſtory makes each heart but thine to bleed,
And fills both men and maids with keeneſt grief!
Behold thy daughter, beauteous as the ſky,
When early morn tranſcends yon eaſtern hills,
She lov'd the youth who by thy guile did die,
And now our ears with lamentations fills:
'Tis ſhe, who ſad, and grov'ling on the ground,
Weeps o'er his grave, and makes the woods reſound.

A thouſand graces did the maid adorn:
Her looks were charming and her heart was kind;
Her eyes were like the windows of the morn,
And Wiſdom's habitation was her mind.
A hundred heroes try'd her love to gain:
She pity'd them, yet did their ſuits deny:
Young Albin only courted not in vain,
Albin alone was lovely in her eye:
Love fill'd their boſoms with a mutual flame;
Their birth was equal, and their age the ſame.

Her mother Mey, a woman void of truth,
In practice of deceit and guile grown old,
Conceiv'd a guilty paſſion for the youth,
And in his ear the ſhameful ſtory told:
But o'er his mind ſhe never could prevail;
For in his life no wickedneſs was found;
With ſhame and rage he heard the horrid tale,
And ſhook with indignation at the ſound:

He

He fled to ſhun her; while with burning wrath
The monſter, in revenge, decreed his death.

Amidſt Lochmey, at diſtance from the ſhore,
On a green iſland, grew a ſtately tree,
With precious fruit each ſeaſon cover'd o'er,
Delightful to the taſte, and fair to ſee:
This fruit, more ſweet than virgin honey found,
Serv'd both alike for phyſic and for food;
It cur'd diſeaſes, heal'd the bleeding wound,
And hunger's rage for three long days withſtood.
But precious things are purchas'd ſtill with pain,
And thouſand try'd to pluck it, but in vain.

For at the root of this delightful tree,
A venomous and awful dragon lay,
With watchful eyes, all horrible to ſee,
Who drove th' affrighted paſſengers away.
Worſe than the viper's ſting its teeth did wound.
The wretch who felt it ſoon behov'd to die;
Nor could phyſician ever yet be found
Who might a certain antidote apply:
Ev'n they whoſe ſkill had ſav'd a mighty hoſt,
Againſt its bite no remedy could boaſt.

Revengeful Mey, her fury to appeaſe,
And him deſtroy who durſt her paſſion ſlight,
Feign'd to be ſtricken with a dire diſeaſe,
And call'd the hapleſs Albin to her ſight:
"Ariſe, young hero! ſkill'd in feats of war,
On yonder lake your dauntleſs courage prove;
To pull me of the fruit, now bravely dare,
And ſave the mother of the maid you love.
I die without its influence divine;
Nor will I taſte it from a hand but thine."

With downcaſt-look the lovely youth reply'd,
"Though yet my feats of valour have been few,
My might in this adventure ſhall be try'd;
I go to pull the healing fruit for you."
With ſtately ſteps approaching to the deep,
The hardy hero ſwims the liquid tide;
With joy he finds the dragon faſt aſleep,
Then pulls the fruit, and comes in ſafety back;
Then with a chearful countenance, and gay,
He gives the preſent to the hands of Mey.

"Well have you done, to bring me of this fruit;
But greater ſigns of proweſs muſt you give:
Go pull the tree entirely by the root,
And bring it hither, or I ceaſe to live."
Though hard the taſk, like lightning faſt he flew,
And nimbly glided o'er the yielding tide;
Then to the tree with manly ſteps he drew,
And pull'd, and tugg'd it hard, from ſide to ſide:
Its burſting roots his ſtrength could not withſtand;
He tears it up, and bears it in his hand.

But long, alas! ere her could reach the ſhore,
Or fix his footſteps on the ſolid ſand,
The monſter follow'd with a hideous roar,
And like a fury graſp'd him by the hand.
Then, gracious God! what dreadful ſtruggling roſe!
He graſps the dragon by th' invenom'd jaws,
In vain: for round the bloody current flows,
While its fierce tooth his tender body gnaws.
He groans through anguiſh of the grievous wound,
And cries for help; but, ah! no help was found!

At length the maid, now wond'ring at his ſtay,
And rack'd with dread of ſome impending ill,
Swift to the lake, to meet him, bends her way;
And there beheld what might a virgin kill!

She ſaw her lover ſtruggling on the flood,
The dreadful monſter gnawing at his ſide;
She ſaw young Albin fainting, while his blood
With purple tincture dy'd the liquid tide!
Though pale with fear, ſhe plunges in the wave!
And to the hero's hand a dagger gave!

Alas! too late; yet gath'ring all his force,
He drags, at laſt, his hiſſing foe to land.
Yet there the battle ſtill grew worſe and worſe,
And long the conflict laſted on the ſtrand.
At length he happily deſcry'd a part,
Juſt where the ſcaly neck and breaſt did meet;
Through this he drove a well directed dart,
And laid the monſter breathleſs at his feet.
The lovers ſhouted when they ſaw him dead,
While from his trunk they cut the bleeding head.

But ſoon the venom of his mortal bite
Within the hero's boſom ſpreads like flame;
His face grew pale, his ſtrength forſook him quite,
And o'er his trembling limbs a numbneſs came.
Then fainting on the ſlimy ſhore he fell,
And utter'd, with a heavy, dying groan,
Theſe tender words, "My lovely maid, farewel!
Remember Albin; for his life is gone!"
Theſe ſounds, like thunder, all her ſenſe oppreſs'd,
And ſwooning down ſhe fell upon his breaſt.

At laſt, the maid awak'ning as from ſleep,
Felt all her ſoul o'erwhelm'd in deep deſpair,
Her eyes ſtar'd wild, ſhe rav'd, ſhe could not weep,
She beat her boſom, and ſhe tore her hair!
She look'd now on the ground, now on the ſkies,
Now gaz'd around, like one imploring aid:
But none was near in pity to her cries,
No comfort came to ſooth the hapleſs maid!

Then graſping in her palm, that ſhone like ſnow,
The youth's dead hand, ſhe thus expreſs'd her wo.

Burſt, burſt, my heart! the lovely youth is dead,
Who, like the dawn, was wont to bring me joy;
Now birds of prey will hover round his head,
And wild beaſts ſeek his carcaſe to deſtroy;
While I who lov'd him, and was lov'd again,
With ſighs and lamentable ſtrains muſt tell,
How by no hero's valour he was ſlain,
But ſtruggling with a beaſt inglorious fell!
This makes my tears with double anguiſh flow,
This adds affliction to my bitter woe!

Yet fame and dauntleſs valour he could boaſt;
With matchleſs ſtrength his manly limbs were bound;
That force would have diſmay'd a mighty hoſt,
He ſhow'd, before the dragon could him wound.
His curling locks, than wanton'd in the breeze.
Were blacker than the raven's ebon wing;
His teeth were whiter than the fragrant trees,
When bloſſoms clothe them in the days of ſpring;
A brighter red his glowing cheeks did ſtain,
Than blood of tender heifer newly ſlain.

A purer azure ſparkled in his eye,
Than that of icy ſhoal in mountain found:
Whene'er he ſpoke, his voice was melody,
And ſweeter far than inſtrumental ſound.
O he was lovely! fair as pureſt ſnow,
Whoſe wreaths the tops of higheſt mountains crown;
His lips were radiant as the heav'nly bow;
His ſkin was ſofter than the ſofteſt down;
More ſweet his breath than fragrant bloom, or roſe,
Or gale that croſs a flow'ry garden blows.

But

But when in battle with our foes he join'd,
And ſought the hotteſt dangers of the fight,
The ſtouteſt chiefs ſtood wond'ring far behind,
And none durſt try to rival him in might!
His ample ſhield then ſeem'd a gate of braſs,
His awful ſword did like the lightning ſhine!
No force of ſteel could through his armour paſs,
His ſpear was like a maſt, or mountain-pine!
Ev'n kings and heroes trembled at his name,
And conqueſt ſmil'd where-'er the warrior came!

Great was the ſtrength of his unconquer'd hand,
Great was his ſwiftneſs in the rapid race;
None could the valour of his arm withſtand,
None could outſtrip him in the days of chace.
Yet he was tender, merciful, and kind;
His vanquiſh'd foes his clemency confeſs'd;
No cruel purpoſe labour'd in his mind,
No thought of envy harbour'd in his breaſt.
He was all gracious, bounteous, and benign,
And in his ſoul ſuperior to a king!

But now he's gone! and nought remains but wo
For wretched me; with him my joys are fled,
Around his tomb my tears ſhall ever flow,
The rock my dwelling, and the clay my bed!
Ye maids, and matrons, from your hills deſcend,
To join my moan, and anſwer tear for tear;
With me the hero to his grave attend,
And ſing the ſongs of mourning round his bier.
Through his own grove his praiſe we will proclaim,
And bid the place for ever bear his name.

VIII.

HENRY AND EMMA.

A POEM.

UPON THE MODEL OF THE NUT-BROWN MAID.

By M. Prior.

Thou, to whoſe eyes I bend, at whoſe command
(Tho' low my voice, tho' artleſs be my hand)
I take the ſprightly reed, and ſing, and play;
Careleſs of what the cens'ring world may ſay:
Bright Cloe, object of my conſtant vow,
Wilt thou a while unbend thy ſerious brow?
Wilt thou with pleaſure hear thy lover's ſtrains,
And with one heav'nly ſmile o'erpay his pains?
No longer ſhall the Nut-brown Maid be old;
Tho' ſince her youth three hundred years have roll'd.
At thy deſire, ſhe ſhall again be rais'd;
And her reviving charms in laſting verſe be prais'd.

No longer Man of Woman ſhall complain,
That he may love and not be lov'd again:
That we in vain the fickle ſex purſue,
Who change the conſtant lover for the new.
Whatever has been writ, whatever ſaid
Of female paſſion feign'd or faith decay'd;
Henceforth ſhall in my verſe refuted ſtand,
Be ſaid to winds, or writ upon the ſand.

And

And while my notes to future times proclaim
Unconquer'd love, and ever-during flame;
O faireſt of the ſex! be thou my Muſe:
Deign on my work thy influence to diffuſe.
Let me partake the bleſſings I rehearſe,
And grant me love, the juſt reward of verſe.

As Beauty's potent Queen, with ev'ry grace
That once was Emma's, has adorn'd thy face;
And as her ſon has to my boſom dealt
That conſtant flame, which faithful Henry felt:
O let the ſtory with thy life agree;
Let men once more the bright example ſee;
What Emma was to him, be thou to me.
Nor ſend me by thy frown from her I love,
Diſtant and ſad, a baniſh'd man to rove.
But oh! with pity long intreated crown (one
My pains and hopes; and when thou ſay'ſt that
Of all mankind thou lov'ſt; Oh! think on me alone.

Where beauteous Iſis and her huſband Tame
With mingl'd waves for ever flow the ſame,
In times of yore an ancient baron liv'd;
Great gifts beſtow'd, and great reſpect receiv'd.

When dreadful Edward with ſucceſsful care
Led his free Britons to the Gallic war;
This lord had headed his appointed bands,
In firm allegiance to his King's commands;
And (all due honours faithfully diſcharg'd)
Had brought back his paternal coat enlarg'd
With a new mark, the witneſs of his toil,
And no inglorious part of foreign ſpoil.

From

From the loud camp retir'd and noiſy court,
In honourable eaſe and rural ſport,
The remnant of his days he ſafely paſt;
Nor found they lagg'd too ſlow, nor flew too faſt,
He made his wiſh with his eſtate comply,
Joyful to live, yet not afraid to die.

One child he had, a daughter chaſte and fair,
His age's comfort, and his fortune's heir.
They call'd her Emma; for the beauteous dame
Who gave the virgin birth, had born the name,
The name th' indulgent father doubly lov'd;
For in the child the mother's charms improv'd.
Yet as when little, round his knees ſhe play'd,
He call'd her oft in ſport his Nut-brown Maid:
The friends and tenants took the fondling word;
As ſtill they pleaſe, who imitate their lord:
Uſage confirm'd what fancy had begun:
The mutual terms around the lands were known;
And Emma and the Nut-brown Maid were one.

As with her ſtature, ſtill her charms encreas'd;
Thro' all the iſle her beauty was confeſs'd.
Oh! what perfections muſt that virgin ſhare,
Who faireſt is eſteem'd, where all are fair?
From diſtant ſhires repair the noble youth,
And find, report for once had leſſen'd truth.
By wonder firſt, and then by Paſſion mov'd,
They came; they ſaw; they marvel'd; and they lov'd.
By public praiſes, and by ſecret ſighs
Each own'd the general pow'r of Emma's eyes.
In tilts and turnaments the valiant ſtrove,
By glorious deeds, to purchaſe Emma's love.
In gentle verſe the witty told their flame,
And grac'd their choiceſt ſong with Emma's name.

In

In vain they combated, in vain they writ:
Uſeleſs their ſtrength, and impotent their wit.
Great Venus only muſt direct the dart,
Which elſe will never reach the fair one's heart,
Spight of th' attempts of force, and ſoft effects of art.
Great Venus muſt prefer the happy one:
In Henry's cauſe her favour muſt be ſhown:
And Emma, of mankind, muſt love but him alone.

While theſe in public to the caſtle came,
And by their grandeur juſtify'd their flame:
More ſecret ways the careful Henry takes;
His ſquires, his arm, and equipage forſakes:
In borrow'd name, and falſe attire array'd,
Oft he finds means to ſee the beauteous maid.

When Emma hunts, in huntſman's habit dreſt,
Henry on foot purſues the bounding beaſt.
In his righ hand his beachen pole he bears:
And graceful at his ſide his horn he wears.
Still to the glade, where ſhe has bent her way,
With knowing ſkill he drives the future prey.
Bids her decline the hill, and ſhun the brake;
And ſhews the path her ſteed may ſafeſt take.
Directs her ſpear to fix the glorious wound;
Pleas'd in his toils to have her triumph crown'd;
And blows her praiſes in no common ſound.

A Falc'ner Henry is, when Emma hawks:
With her of tarſels, and of lures he talks.
Upon his wriſt the tow'ring Merlin ſtands;
Practis'd to riſe, and ſtoop, at her commands.

And

And when ſuperior now the bird has flown,
And headlong brought the tumbling quarry down;
With humble rev'rence he accoſts the fair;
And with the honour'd feather decks her hair.
Yet ſtill, as from the ſportive field ſhe goes,
His down-caſt eye reveals his inward woes.
And by his look and ſorrow is expreſt,
A nobler game purſu'd than bird or beaſt.

A Shepherd now along the plain he roves;
And, with his jolly pipe delights the groves.
The neighb'ring ſwains around the ſtranger throng,
Or to admire, or emulate his ſong:
While, with ſoft ſorrow, he renews his lays,
Nor heedful of their envy, nor their praiſe.
But ſoon as Emma's eyes adorn the plain,
His notes he raiſes to a nobler ſtrain,
With dutiful reſpect and ſtudious fear;
Leſt any careleſs ſound offend her ear.

A frantic Gipſey now, the houſe he haunts,
And in wild phraſes ſpeaks diſſembled wants.
With the fond maids in palmiſtry he deals:
They tell the ſecret firſt, which he reveals;
Says who ſhall wed, and who ſhall be beguil'd;
What groom ſhall get, and ſquire maintain the child.
But when bright Emma would her fortune know;
A ſofter look unbends his op'ning brow.
With trembling awe he gazes on her eye;
And in ſoft accents forms the kind reply;
That ſhe ſhall prove as fortunate as fair;
And Hymen's choiceſt gifts are all reſerv'd for her.

Now oft had Henry chang'd his ſly diſguiſe,
Unmark'd by all, but beauteous Emma's eyes:

Oft

Oft had found means alone to ſee the dame,
And at her feet to breathe his am'rous flame;
And oft the pangs of abſence to remove
By letters, ſoft interpreters of love:
Till time and induſtry (the mighty two
That bring our wiſhes nearer to our view)
Made him perceive, that the inclining fair
Receiv'd his wows with no reluctant ear;
That Venus had confirm'd her equal reign, (pain.
And dealt to Emma's heart a ſhare of Henry's

While Cupid ſmil'd, by kind occaſion bleſs'd,
And, with the ſecret kept, the love increas'd;
The am'rous youth frequents the ſilent groves;
And much he meditates, for much he loves.
He loves: 'tis true; and is belov'd again:
Great are his joys: But will they long remain?
Emma with ſmiles receives his preſent flame;
But ſmiling, will ſhe ever be the ſame?
Beautiful looks are rul'd by fickle minds;
And ſummer ſeas are turn'd by ſudden winds.
Another love may gain her eaſy youth: (truth.
Time changes thought; and flatt'ry conquers

O impotent eſtate of human life!
Where hope and fear maintain eternal ſtrife;
Where fleeting joy does laſting doubt inſpire;
And moſt we queſtion, what we moſt deſire.
Amongſt thy various gifts, great heav'n beſtow
Our cup of love unmix'd; forbear to throw
Bitter ingredients in; nor pall the draught
With nauſeous grief; for our ill-judging thought
Hardly enjoys the pleaſurable taſte;
Or deems it not ſincere; or fears it cannot laſt.

With wiſhes rais'd, with jealouſies oppreſt,
(Alternate tyrants of the human breaſt)
By one great trial he reſolves to prove
The faith of Woman, and the force of love.
If ſcanning Emma's virtues, he may find
That beauteous frame incloſe a ſteady mind,
He'll fix his hope, of future joy ſecure;
And live a ſlave to Hymen's happy pow'r.
But if the fair one, as he fears, is frail;
If pois'd aright in reaſon's equal ſcale,
Light fly her merits, and her faults prevail;
His mind he vows to free from am'rous care
The latent miſchief from his heart to tear,
Reſume his azure arms, and ſhine again in war.

South of the caſtle, in a verdant glade,
A ſpreading beech extends her friendly ſhade:
Here oft the nymph his breathing vows had heard;
Here oft her ſilence had her heart declar'd
As active ſpring awak'd her infant buds,
And genial life inform'd the verdant woods;
Henry, in knots involving Emma's name,
Had half expreſs'd, and half conceal'd his flame
Upon this tree: and as the tender mark
Grew with the year, and widen'd with the bark;
Venus had heard the virgin's ſoft addreſs,
That, as the wound, the paſſion might increaſe.
As potent Nature ſhed her kindly ſhow'rs,
And deck'd the various mead with op'ning flow'rs;
Upon this tree the nymph's obliging care
Had left a frequent wreath for Henry's hair:
Which as with gay delight the lover found;
Pleas'd with his conqueſt, with her preſent crown'd,
Glorious thro'all the plains he oft had gone,
And to each ſwain the myſtic honour ſhown:
The gift ſtill prais'd, the giver ſtill unknown.

His

His ſecret note the troubled Henry writes;
To the known tree the lovely maid invites:
Imperfect words and dubious terms expreſs,
That unforeſeen miſchance diſturb'd his peace;
That he muſt ſomething to her ear commend,
On which her conduct, and his life depend.

Soon as the fair one had the note receiv'd;
The remnant of the day alone ſhe griev'd:
For diff'rent this from ev'ry former note,
Which Venus dictated, and Henry wrote;
Which told her all his future hopes were laid
On the dear boſom of his Nut-brown Maid,
Which always bleſs'd her eyes, and own'd her pow'r;
And bid her oft adieu, yet added more.

Now night advanc'd. The houſe in ſleep were laid,
The nurſe experienc'd, and the prying maid;
And laſt that ſprite, which does inceſſant haunt,
The lover's ſteps, the ancient maiden aunt.
To her dear Henry Emma wings her way,
With quicken'd pace repairing forc'd delay.
For love, fantaſtic pow'r, that is afraid
To ſtir abroad 'till watchfulneſs be laid;
Undaunted then, o'er cliffs and valleys ſtrays;
And leads his vot'ries ſafe thro' pathleſs ways.
Not Argus with his hundred eyes ſhall find,
Were Cupid goes; tho' he poor guide is blind.

The Maiden firſt arriving, ſent her eye
To aſk, if yet its chief delight were nigh:
With fear, and with deſire, with joy and pain
She ſees, and runs to meet him on the plain.
But oh! his ſteps proclaim no lover's haſte:
On the low ground his fix'd regards are caſt;
His artful boſom heaves diſſembl'd ſighs;
And tears ſuborn'd fall copious from his eyes.

With eaſe, alas! we credit what we love:
His painted grief does real ſorrow move
In the afflicted fair; adown her cheek
Trickling the genuine tears their current break
Attentive ſtood the mournful nymph: the man
Broke ſilence firſt: the tale alternate ran.

MAN.

Sincere, o tell me, haſt thou felt a pain,
Emma, beyond what woman knows to feign?
Has thy uncertain boſom ever ſtrove
With the firſt tumults of a real love?
Haſt thou now dreaded, and now bleſt his ſway,
By turns averſe, and joyful to obey?
Thy virgin ſoftneſs haſt thou e'er bewail'd;
As reaſon yielded, and as love prevail'd?
And wept the potent God's reſiſtleſs dart,
His killing pleaſure, his ecſtatic ſmart,
And heav'nly poiſon thrilling thro' thy heart?
If ſo, with pity view my wretched ſtate;
At leaſt deplore, and then forget my fate:
To ſome more happy knight reſerve thy charms;
By fortune favour'd, and ſucceſsful arms:
And only, as the ſun's revolving ray
Brings back each year this malancholy day,
Permit one ſigh, and ſet apart one tear,
To an abandon'd exile's endleſs care.
For me, alas! out-caſt of human race,
Love's anger only waits, and dire diſgrace:
For lo! theſe hands in murther are imbru'd;
Theſe trembling feet by juſtice are purſu'd:
Fate calls aloud, and haſtens me away;
A ſhameful death attends my longer ſtay;
And I this night muſt fly from thee and love,
Condemn'd in lonely woods, a baniſh'd man to rove.

EMMA.

What is our bliſs, that changeth with the moon;
And day of life, that darkens ere 'tis noon?
What is true paſſion, if unbleſt it dies?
And where is Emma's joy, if Henry flies?
If love, alas! be pain; the pain I bear,
No thought can figure, and no tongue declare.
Ne'er faithful woman felt, nor falſe one feign'd
The flames, which long have in my boſom reign'd:
The God of love himſelf inhabits there,
With all his rage, and dread, and grief, and care,
His complement of ſtores, and total war.
O! ceaſe then coldly to ſuſpect my love;
And let my deed at leaſt my faith approve.
Alas! no youth ſhall my endearments ſhare;
Nor day nor night ſhall interrupt my care;
No future ſtory ſhall with truth upbraid
The cold indifference of the Nut-brown Maid:
Nor to hard baniſhment ſhall Henry run;
While careleſs Emma ſleeps on beds of down.
View me reſolv'd, where-e'er thou lead'ſt, to go
Friend to thy pain, and partner of thy woe;
For I atteſt fair Venus, and her ſon,
That I, of all mankind, will love but thee alone.

HENRY.

Let prudence yet obſtruct thy vent'rous way;
And take good heed, what men will think and ſay:
That beauteous Emma vagrant courſes took;
Her father's houſe and civil life forſook:
That full of youthful blood, and fond of man,
She to the wood-land with an exile ran.
Reflect, that leſſen'd fame is ne'er regain'd;
And virgin honour once, is always ſtained:

Timely advis'd, the coming evil ſhun:
Better not do the deed, than weep it done.
No penance can abſolve our guilty fame;
Nor tears, that waſh out ſin, can waſh out ſhame.
Then fly the ſad effects of deſp'rate love;
And leave a baniſh'd man thro' lonely woods to rove.

E M M A.

Let Emma's hapleſs caſe be falſly told
By the raſh young, or the ill-natur'd old:
Let ev'ry tongue its various cenſures chuſe;
Abſolve with coldneſs, or vith ſpite accuſe:
Fair truth at laſt her radiant beams will raiſe;
And malice vanquiſh'd heightens virtue's praiſe.
Let then thy favour but indulge my flight;
O! let my preſence make thy travels light;
And potent Venus ſhall exalt my name,
Above the rumours of cenſorious fame:
Nor from that buſy demon's reſtleſs pow'r
Will ever Emma other grace implore,
Than that this truth ſhould to the world be known:
That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee alone.

H E N R Y.

But canſt thou wield the ſword, and bend the bow?
With active force repel the ſturdy foe?
When the loud tumult ſpeaks the battle nigh,
And winged deaths in whiſtling arrows fly;
Wilt thou, tho' wounded, yet undaunted ſtay,
Perform thy part, and ſhare the dangerous day?
Then, as thy ſtrength decays, thy heart will fail,
Thy limbs all trembling, and thy cheeks all pale;

With

With fruitleſs ſorrow, thou, inglorious maid,
Wilt weep thy ſafety by thy love betray'd:
Then to thy friend, by foes o'er-charg'd, deny
Thy little uſeleſs aid, and coward fly:
Then wilt thou curſe the chance that made thee love
A baniſh'd man, condemn'd in lonely woods to rove.

E M M A.

With fatal certainty Thaleſtris knew
To ſend the arrow from the twanging yew:
And great in arms, and foremoſt in the war,
Bonduca brandiſh'd high the Britiſh ſpear.
Could thirſt of vengeance, and deſire of fame
Excite the female breaſt with martial flame?
And ſhall not love's diviner pow'r inſpire
More hardy virtue, and more gen'rous fire?

Near thee, miſtruſt not, conſtant I'll abide,
And fall, or vanquiſh, fighting by thy ſide.
Tho' my inferior ſtrength may not allow,
That I ſhould bear, or draw the warrior bow;
With ready hand, I will the ſhaft ſupply,
And joy to ſee thy victor arrows fly.
Touch'd in the battel by the hoſtile reed,
Should'ſt thou (but Heaven avert it!) ſhouldſt thou bleed,
To ſtop the wounds my fineſt lawn I'd tear;
Waſh them with tears, and wipe them with my hair:
Bleſt, when my dangers and my toils have ſhown,
That I, of all mankind, could love but thee alone.

HENRY.

But canſt thou, tender maid, canſt thou ſuſtain
Afflictive want, or hunger's preſſing pain?
Thoſe limbs, in lawn and ſofteſt ſilk array'd,
From ſun-beams guarded, and of winds afraid;
Can they bear angry Jove? Can they reſiſt
The parching dog-ſtar, and the bleak north-eaſt?
When chill'd by adverſe ſnows, and beating rain,
We tread with weary ſteps the longſome plain;
When with hard toil we ſeek our ev'ning food,
Berries and acorns, from the neighb'ring wood;
And find among the cliffs no other houſe,
But the thin covert of ſome gather'd boughs;
Wilt thou not then reluctant ſend thine eye
Around the dreary waſte; and weeping try
(Tho' then, alas! that trial be too late)
To find thy father's hoſpitable gate,
And ſeats, where eaſe and plenty brooding ſate?
Thoſe ſeats, whence long excluded thou muſt mourn:
That gate, for ever barr'd to thy return:
Wilt thou not then bewail ill-fated love,
And hate a baniſh'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove?

EMMA.

Thy riſe of fortune did I only wed,
From its decline determin'd to recede?
Did I but purpoſe to embark with thee,
On the ſmooth ſurface of a ſummer's ſea;
While gentle Zephyrs play in proſp'rous gales,
And fortune's favour fills the ſwelling ſails:
But would forſake the ſhip, and make the ſhoar,
When the winds whiſtle, and the tempeſts roar?
No Henry, no: one ſacred oath has ty'd
Our loves; one deſtiny our life ſhall guide;
Nor wild, nor deep our common way divide.

When

When from the cave thou riſeſt with the day,
To beat the woods, and rouſe the bounding prey;
The cave with moſs and branches I'll adorn,
And chearful ſit, to wait my lord's return.
And when thou frequent bring'ſt the ſmitten deer;
(For ſeldom, archers ſay, thy arrows err)
I'll fetch quick fewel from the neighb'ring wood,
And ſtrike the ſparkling flint, and dreſs the food:
With humble duty and officious haſte,
I'll cull the furtheſt mead for thy repaſt:
The choiceſt herbs I to thy board will bring;
And draw thy water from the freſheſt ſpring:
And when at night with weary toil oppreſt,
Soft ſlumbers thou enjoy'ſt, and wholeſome reſt;
Watchful I'll guard thee, and with midnight pray'r
Weary the Gods to keep thee in their care;
And joyous aſk at morn's returning ray,
If thou haſt health, and I may bleſs the day.
My thought ſhall fix, my lateſt wiſh depend
On thee, guide, guardian, kinſman, father, friend:
By all theſe ſacred names be Henry known
To Emma's heart: and grateful let him own,
That ſhe, of all mankind, could love but him alone.

HENRY.

Vainly thou tell'ſt me, what the woman's care
Shall in the wildneſs of the wood prepare:
Thou, ere thou goeſt, unhappyeſt of thy kind,
Muſt leave the habit, and the ſex behind.
No longer ſhall thy comely treſſes break
In flowing ringlets on thy ſnowy neck;
Or ſit behind thy head, an ample round,
In graceful breeds with various ribbon bound:
No longer ſhall the boddice aptly lac'd,
From thy full boſom to thy ſlender waiſt,

That air and harmony of ſhape expreſs,
Fine by degrees, and beautifully leſs:
Nor ſhall thy lower garments artful pleat,
From thy fair ſide dependent to thy feet,
Arm their chaſte beauties with a modeſt pride,
And double ev'ry charm they ſeek to hide.
Th' ambroſial plenty of thy ſhining hair
Cropt off and loſt, ſcarce lower than thy ear
Shall ſtand uncouth: a horſe-man's coat ſhall hide
Thy taper ſhape, and comelineſs of ſide:
The ſhort trunk-hoſe ſhall ſhow thy foot and knee
Licentious, and to common eye-ſight free:
And with a bolder ſtride, and looſer air,
Mingl'd with men, a man thou muſt appear.
Nor Solitude, nor gentle peace of mind,
Miſtaken maid, ſhalt thou in foreſts find:
'Tis long, ſince Cynthia and her train were there
Or guardian Gods made innocence their care.
Vagrants and out-laws ſhall offend thy view:
For ſuch muſt be my friends, a hideous crew
By adverſe fortune mix'd in ſocial ill,
Train'd to aſſault, and diſciplin'd to kill:
Their common loves, a lowd abandon'd pack,
The beadle's laſh ſtill flagrant on their back:
By ſloth corrupted, by diſorder fed,
Made bold by want, and proſtitute for bread:
With ſuch muſt Emma hunt the tedious day,
Aſſiſt their violence, and divide their prey:
With ſuch ſhe muſt return at ſetting light,
Tho' not partaker, witneſs of their night.
Thy ear, inur'd to charitable ſounds,
And pitying love, muſt feel the hateful wounds
Of jeſt obſcene, and vulgar ribaldry,
The ill-bred queſtion, and the lewd reply;
Brought by long habitude from bad to worſe,
Muſt hear the frequent oath, the direful curſe,

That

That lateſt weapon of the wretches war,
And blaſphemy, ſad comrade of deſpair.

Now, Emma, now the laſt reflection make,
What thou would'ſtfollow, what thou muſt forſake;
By our ill-omen'd ſtars, and adverſe heav'n,
No middle object to thy choice is given.
Or yield thy virtue, to attain thy love;
Or leave a baniſh'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove.

EMMA.

O Grief of heart! that our unhappy fates
Force thee to ſuffer what thy honour hates:
Mix thee amongſt the bad; or make thee run
Too near the paths, which virtue bids thee ſhun.
Yet with her Henry ſtill let Emma go;
With him abhor the vice, but ſhare the woe:
And ſure my little heart can never err
Amidſt the worſt; if Henry ſtill be there.

Our outward act is prompted from within;
And from the ſinner's mind proceeds the ſin:
By her own choice free virtue is approv'd;
Nor by the force of outward objects mov'd.
Who has aſſay'd no danger, gains no praiſe.
In a ſmall iſle, amidſt the wideſt ſeas,
Triumphant conſtancy has fix'd her ſeat:
In vain the ſyrens ſing, the tempeſts beat:
Their flatt'ry ſhe rejects nor fears their threat.

For thee alone theſe little charms I dreſt:
Condemn'd them, or abſolv'd them by thy teſt.
In comely figure rang'd my jewels ſhone,
Or negligently plac'd for thee alone;
For thee again they ſhall be laid aſide;
The woman, Henry, ſhall put off her pride

For thee: my cloaths, my ſex, exchang'd for thee,
I'll mingle with the people's wretched lee;
O line extream of human infamy!
Wanting the ſciſſors, with theſe hands I'll tear
(If that obſtructs my flight) this load of hair.
Black ſoot, or yellow walnut ſhall diſgrace
This little red and white of Emma's face.
Theſe nails with ſcratches ſhall deform my breaſt,
Leſt by my look, or colour be expreſs'd
The mark of aught-high-born, or ever better dreſs'd.
Yet in this commerce, under this diſguiſe,
Let me be grateful ſtill to Henry's eyes;
Loſt to the world, let me to him be known:
My fate I can abſolve, if he ſhall own,
That leaving all mankind, I love but him alone.

HENRY.

O wildeſt thought of an abandon'd mind!
Name, habit, parents, woman left behind,
Ev'n honour dubious, thou preferr'ſt to go
Wild to the woods with me: ſaid Emma ſo?
Or did I dream what Emma never ſaid?
O guilty error! and O wretched maid!
Whoſe roving fancy would reſolve the ſame
With him, who next ſhould tempt her eaſy fame;
And blow with empty words the ſuſceptible flame.
Now why ſhould doubtful terms thy mind perplex?
Confeſs thy frailty, and avow the ſex:
No longer looſe deſire for conſtant love
Miſtake; but ſay, 'tis man with whom thou long'ſt
to rove.

EMMA.

Are there not poiſons, racks, and flames, and
ſwords;
That Emma thus muſt die by Henry's words?
Yet what could ſwords or priſon, racks or flame,
But mangle and disjoint this brittle frame!
More fatal Henry's words; they murder Emma's
fame.

And fall theſe ſayings from that gentle tongue,
Where civil ſpeech, and ſoft perſuaſion hung;
Whoſe artful ſweetneſs and harmonious ſtrain,
Courting my grace, yet courting it in vain,
Call'd ſighs, and tears, and wiſhes to its aid;
And, whilſt it Henry's glowing flame convey'd,
Still blam'd the coldneſs of the Nut-brown Maid?

Let envious jealouſy, and canker'd ſpight
Produce my actions to ſevereſt light,
And tax my open day, or ſecret night.
Did e'er my tongue ſpeak my unguarded heart
The leaſt inclin'd to play the wanton's part?
Did e'er my eye one inward thought reveal,
Which angels might not hear, and virgins tell?
And haſt thou, Henry, in my conduct known
One fault, but that which I muſt ever own,
That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee alone?

HENRY.

Vainly thou talk'ſt of loving me alone:
Each man is man; and all our ſex is one,
Falſe are our words; and fickle is our mind:
Nor in love's ritual can we ever find
Vows made to laſt, or promiſes to bind.

By nature prompted, and for empire made,
Alike by ſtrength or cunning we invade:

When

When arm'd with rage we march againſt the foe,
We lift the battel-ax, and draw the bow:
When fir'd with paſſion we attack the fair,
Deluſive ſighs and brittle vows we bear;
Our falſhood and our arms have equal uſe;
As they our conqueſt, or delight produce.

The fooliſh heart thou gav'ſt, again receive,
The only boon departing love can give.
To be leſs wretched, be no longer true;
What ſtrives to fly thee, why ſhould'ſt thou purſue?
Forget the preſent flame, indulge a new.
Single the lovelieſt of the am'rous youth;
Aſk for his vow; but hope not for his truth.
The next man (and the next thou ſhalt believe)
Will pawn his Gods, intending to deceive;
Will kneel, implore, perſiſt, o'ercome, and leave.
Hence let thy Cupid aim his arrows right;
Be wiſe and falſe, ſhun trouble, ſeek delight;
Change thou the firſt, nor wait thy lover's flight.

Why ſhould'ſt thou weep? let nature judge our caſe,
I ſaw thee young, and fair; purſu'd the chaſe
Of youth, and beauty: I another ſaw
Fairer, and younger: yielding to the law
Of our all-ruling mother, I purſu'd
More youth, more beauty: bleſt viciſſitude!
My active heart ſtill keeps its priſtine flame;
The object alter'd, the deſire the ſame.

This younger fairer pleads her rightful charms;
With preſent pow'r compels me to her arms.
And much I fear, from my ſubjected mind
(If beauty's force to conſtant love can bind)

That

That years may roll, ere in her turn the maid
Shall weep the fury of my love decay'd;
And weeping follow me, as thou doſt now,
With idle clamours of a broken vow.

Nor can the wildneſs of thy wiſhes err
So wide, to hope that thou may'ſt live with her.
Love, well thou know'ſt, no partnerſhip allows:
Cupid averſe rejects divided vows:
Then from thy fooliſh heart, vain maid, remove
An uſeleſs ſorrow, and an ill-ſtarr'd love;
And leave me, with the fair, at large in woods to rove.

E M M A.

Are we in life thro' one great error led?
Is each man perjur'd and each nymph betray'd?
Of the ſuperior ſex art thou the worſt?
Am I of mine the moſt compleatly curſt?
Yet let me go with thee; and going prove,
From what I will endure, how much I love.

This potent beauty, this triumphant fair,
This happy object of our diff'rent care,
Her let me follow; her let me attend,
A ſervant; (ſhe may ſcorn the name of friend.)
What ſhe demands, inceſſant I'll prepare:
I'll weave her garlands; and I'll pleat her hair:
My buſy diligence ſhall deck her board;
(For there at leaſt I may approach my lord)
And when her Henry's ſofter hours adviſe
His ſervant's abſence; with dejected eyes,
Far I'll recede, and ſighs forbid to riſe.

Yet when increaſing grief brings ſlow diſeaſe;
And ebbing life, on terms ſevere as theſe,

Will

Will have its little lamp no longer fed;
When Henry's miſtreſs ſhows him Emma dead;
Reſcue my poor remains from vile neglect:
With virgin honours let my herſe be deckt,
And decent emblem; and at leaſt perſuade
This happy nymph, that Emma may be laid,
Where thou, dear author of my death, where ſhe
With frequent eye my ſepulchre may ſee.
The nymph amidſt her joys may haply breathe
One pious ſigh, reflecting on my death,
And the ſad fate which ſhe may one day prove,
Who hopes from Henry's vows eternal love.
And thou forſworn, thou cruel, as thou art,
If Emma's image ever touch'd thy heart;
Thou ſure muſt give one thought, and drop one tear
To her, whom love abandon'd to deſpair;
To her, who dying, on the wounded ſtone
Bid it in laſting characters be known,
That, of mankind, ſhe lov'd but thee alone.

HENRY.

Hear, ſolemn Jove; and conſcious Venus, hear;
And thou, bright maid, believe me, whilſt I ſwear;
No time, no change, no future flame ſhall move
The well-plac'd baſis of my laſting love.
O powerful virtue! O victorious fair!
At leaſt excuſe a tryal too ſevere:
Receive the triumph, and forget the war.
No baniſh'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove,
Intreats thy pardon, and implores thy love:
No purjur'd knight deſires to quit thy arms,
Faireſt collection of thy ſexe's charms,
Crown of my love, and honour of my youth:
Henry, thy Henry, with eternal truth,

As thou may'ſt wiſh, ſhall all his life employ,
And found his glory in his Emma's joy.

In me behold the potent Edgar's heir,
Illuſtrious earl: him terrible in war
Let Loyre confeſs, for ſhe has felt his ſword,
And trembling fled before the Britiſh lord.
Him great in peace and wealth fair Deva knows:
For ſhe amidſt his ſpacious meadows flows;
Inclines her urn upon his fatten'd lands;
And ſees his num'rous herd imprint her ſands.

And thou, my fair, my dove, ſhalt raiſe thy thought
To greatneſs next to empire; ſhalt be brought
With ſolemn pomp to my paternal ſeat;
Where peace and plenty on thy word ſhall wait.
Muſic and ſong ſhall wake the marriage-day:
And while the prieſts accuſe the bride's delay;
Myrtles and roſes ſhall obſtruct her way.

Friendſhip ſhall ſtill thy evening feaſts adorn;
And blooming peace ſhall ever bleſs thy morn.
Succeeding years their happy race ſhall run,
And age unheeded by delight come on;
While yet ſuperior love ſhall mock his pow'r:
And when old Time ſhall turn the fated hour,
Which only can our well-ty'd knot unfold;
What reſts of both, one ſepulchre ſhall hold.

Hence then for ever from my Emma's breaſt
(That heav'n of ſoftneſs, and that ſeat of reſt)
Ye doubts and fears, and all that know to move
Tormenting grief, and all that trouble love,
Scatter'd by winds recede, and wild in foreſts rove.

EMMA.

O day the faireſt ſure that ever roſe!
Period and end of anxious Emma's woes!
Sire of her joy, and ſource of her delight;
O! wing'd with pleaſure take thy happy flight,
And give each future morn a tincture of thy white.
Yet tell thy votary, potent Queen of love,
Henry, my Henry, will he never rove?
Will he be ever kind, and juſt, and good?
And is there yet no miſtreſs in the wood?
None, none there is: the thought was raſh and vain;
A falſe idea, and a fancy'd pain.
Doubt ſhall for ever quit my ſtrenghten'd heart,
And anxious jealouſy's corroding ſmart;
Nor other inmate ſhall inhabit there,
But ſoft belief, young joy, and pleaſing care.

Hence let the tides of plenty ebb and flow,
And Fortune's various gale unheeded blow.
If at my feet, the ſuppliant Goddeſs ſtands,
And ſheds her treaſure with unweary'd hands;
Her preſent favour cautious I'll embrace,
And not unthankful uſe the proffer'd grace:
If ſhe reclaims the temporary boon,
And tries her pinions, flutt'ring to be gone;
Secure of mind I'll obviate her intent,
And unconcern'd return the goods ſhe lent.
Nor happineſs can I, nor miſery feel,
From any turn of her fantaſtic wheel:
Friendſhip's great laws, and love's ſuperior pow'rs
Muſt mark the colour of my future hours.
From the events wich thy commands create,
I muſt my bleſſings or my ſorrows date;
And Henry's will muſt dictate Emma's fate.
Yet while with cloſe delight, and inward pride,
(Which from the world my careful ſoul ſhall hide)

I ſee

I ſee thee, lord and end of my deſire,
Exalted high as virtue can require;
With pow'r inveſted, and with pleaſure chear'd;
Sought by the good, by the oppreſſor fear'd;
Loaded and bleſt with all the affluent ſtore,
Which human vows at ſmoaking ſhrines implore;
Grateful and humble grant me to employ
My life ſubſervient only to thy joy;
And at my death to bleſs thy kindneſs ſhown
To her, who of mankind could love but thee alone.

While thus the conſtant pair alternate ſaid,
Joyful above them and around them play'd
Angels and ſportive Loves, a numerous crowd:
Smiling they clapt their wings, and low they bow'd:
They tumbled all their little quivers o'er,
To chuſe propitious ſhafts, a precious ſtore:
That when their God ſhould take his future darts,
To ſtrike (however rarely) conſtant hearts,
His happy ſkill might proper arms employ,
All tipt with pleaſure, and all wing'd with joy:
And thoſe, they vow'd, whoſe lives ſhould imitate
Theſe lovers conſtancy, ſhould ſhare their fate.

The Queen of beauty ſtop'd her bridled doves;
Approv'd the little labour of the Loves;
Was proud and pleas'd the mutual vow to hear;
And to the triumph call'd the God of war:
Soon as ſhe calls, the God is always near.

Now Mars, ſhe ſaid, let Fame exalt her voice;
Nor let thy conqueſts only be her choice:
But when ſhe ſings great Edward from the field
Return'd, the hoſtile ſpear and captive ſhield
In Concord's temple hung, and Gallia taught to yield:

And when, as prudent Saturn ſhall compleat
The years deſign'd to perfect Britain's ſtate,
The ſwift-wing'd pow'r ſhall take her trump again,
To ſing her fav'rite Anna's wond'rous reign;
To recollect unweary'd Marlbrô's toils,
Old Rufus' hall unequal to his ſpoils;
The Britiſh ſoldier from his high command
Glorious, and Gaul thrice vanquiſh'd by his hand:
Let her at leaſt perform what I deſire;
With ſecond breath the vocal braſs inſpire:
And tell the nations in no vulgar ſtrain,
What wars I manage, and what wreaths I gain.
And when thy tumults and thy fights are paſt;
And when thy laurels at my feet are caſt;
Faithful may'ſt thou, like Britiſh Henry prove;
And Emma-like let me return thy love.
Renown'd for truth, let all thy ſons appear;
And conſtant beauty ſhall reward their care.
Mars ſmil'd, and bow'd: the Cyprian deity
Turn'd to the glorious ruler of the ſky;
And thou, ſhe ſmiling ſaid, great God of days
And verſe, behold my deed, and ſing my praiſe,
As on the Britiſh earth, my fav'rite iſle,
Thy gentle rays and kindeſt influence ſmile,
Thro' all her laughing fields and verdant groves,
Proclaim with joy theſe memorable loves.
From ev'ry annual courſe let one great day,
To celebrated ſports and floral play
Be ſet aſide; and in the ſofteſt lays
Of thy poetic ſons, be ſolemn praiſe,
And everlaſting marks of honour paid,
To the true Lover, and the Nut-brown Maid.

AMYNTOR

AND

THEODORA:

OR,

THE HERMIT.

ADDRESSED TO

THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

THE PREFACE.

The following poem was originally intended for the ſtage, and planned out, ſeveral years ago, into a regular tragedy. But the author found it neceſſary to change his firſt deſign, and to give his work the form it now appears in; for reaſons with which it might be impertinent to trouble the public: tho', to a man who thinks and feels in a certain manner, thoſe reaſons were invincibly ſtrong.

As the Scene of the piece is laid in the moſt remote and unfrequented of all the Hebrides, or weſtern iſles that ſurround one part of Great Britain; it may not be improper to inform the reader, that he will find a particular account of it, in a little treatiſe publiſhed, near half a century ago, under the title of a Voyage to St. Kilda. The Author, who had himſelf been upon the ſpot, deſcribes at length the ſituation, extent, and produce of that ſolitary Iſland; ſketches out the natural hiſtory of the birds of ſeaſon that transſmigrate thither annually; and relates the ſingular cuſtoms that ſtill prevailed among the inhabitants: a race of people then the moſt uncorrupted in their manners, and therefore the leaſt unhappy in their lives, of any, perhaps, on the face of the whole earth. To whom might have been applied what an ancient hiſtorian ſays of certain barbarous nations, when he compares them with their more civilized neighbours: plus valuit apud Hos ignorantia vitiorum, quam apud Graecos omnia philoſophorum praecepta.

They

They live together, as in the greateſt ſimplicity of heart, ſo in the moſt inviolable harmony and union of ſentiments. They have neither ſilver nor gold; but barter among themſelves for the few neceſſaries they may reciprocally want. To ſtrangers they are extremely hoſpitable, and no leſs charitable to their own poor; for whoſe relief each family in the iſland contributes its ſhare monthly, and at every feſtival ſends them beſides a portion of mutton or beef. Both ſexes have a genius to poetry, and compoſe not only ſongs, but pieces of a more elevated turn, in their own language, which is very emphatical. One of thoſe Iſlanders, having been prevailed with to viſit the greateſt trading town in North-Britain, was infinitely aſtoniſhed at the length of the voyage, and at the mighty kingdoms, for ſuch he reckoned the larger Iſles, by which they ſailed. He would not venture himſelf into the ſtreets of that city, without being led by the hand. At ſight of the great church, he owned that it was indeed a lofty rock; but inſiſted that, in his native country of St. Kilda, there were other ſtill higher. However, the caverns formed in it, ſo he named the pillars and arches on which it is raiſed, were hollowed, he ſaid, more commodiouſly than any he had ever ſeen there. At the ſhake occaſioned in the ſteeple, and the horrible din that ſounded in his ears upon tolling out the great bells, he appeared under the utmoſt conſternation, believing the frame of nature was falling to pieces about him. He thought the perſons who wore maſks, not diſtinguiſhing whether they were men or women, had been guilty of ſome ill thing, for which they did not dare to ſhew their faces. The beauty and ſtatelineſs of the trees which he ſaw then for the firſt time, as in his own Iſland there grows not a ſhrub, equally ſurpriſed and

delighted him: but he obſerved, with a kind of terror, that as he paſſed among their branches, they pulled him back again. He had been perſuaded to drink a pretty large doſe of ſtrong waters; and upon finding himſelf drowſy after it, and ready to fall into a ſlumber which he fancied was to be his laſt, he expreſſed to his companions the great ſatisfaction he felt in ſo eaſy a paſſage out of this world: for, ſaid he, it is attended with no kind of pain.

Among ſuch ſort of men it was that Aurelius ſought refuge from the violence and cruelty of his enemies.

The time appears to have been towards the latter part of the reign of King Charles the ſecond: when thoſe who governed Scotland under him, with no leſs cruelty than impolicy, made the people of that country deſperate; and then plundered, impriſoned, or butchered them for the natural effects of ſuch deſpair. The beſt and worthieſt men were often the objects of their moſt unrelenting fury. Under the title of fanatics, or ſeditious, they affected to herd, and of courſe perſecuted, whoever wiſhed well to his country, or ventured to ſtand up in defence of the laws and a legal government. I have now in my hands the copy of a warrant, ſigned by King Charles himſelf, for military execution upon them without proceſs or conviction: and I know that the original is ſtill kept in the ſecretary's office for that part of the united kingdom. Thus much I thought it neceſſary to ſay, that the reader may not be miſled to look upon the relation given by Aurelius in the ſecond canto, as drawn from the wantonneſs of imagination, when it hardly ariſes to ſtrict hiſtorical truth.

What

What reception this poem may meet with, the author cannot foreſee: and, in his humble, but happy retirement, he needs not be over-anxious to know. He has endeavoured to make it one regular and conſiſtent whole; to be true to nature in his thoughts, and to the genius of the language in his manner of expreſſing them. If he has ſucceeded in theſe points, but above all, in effectually touching the paſſions, which, as it is the genuine province, ſo is it the great triumph of poetry; the candor of his more diſcerning readers will readily overlook miſtakes or failures in things of leſs importance.

TO

MRS. MALLET.

Thou faithful Partner of a heart thy own,
Whoſe pain, or pleaſure, ſprings from thine alone;
Thou, true as honour, as compaſſion kind,
That, in ſweet union, harmonize thy mind:
Here, while thy eyes, for ſad Amyntor's woe,
And Theodora's wreck, with tears o'erflow,
O may thy friend's warm wiſh to heav'n prefer'd
For thee, for him, by gracious heav'n be heard!
So her fair hour of fortune ſhall be thine,
Unmix'd; and all Amyntor's fondneſs mine.
So, thro' long vernal life, with blended ray,
Shall Love light up, and Friendſhip cloſe our day:
Till, ſummon'd late this lower heav'n to leave,
One ſigh ſhall end us, and one earth receive.

AMYNTOR
AND
THEODORA:
OR,
THE HERMIT.

CANTO I.

Far in the watry waſte, where his broad wave
From world to world the vaſt Atlantic rolls,
On from the piny ſhores of Labrador
To frozen Thulé eaſt, her airy height
Aloft to heaven remoteſt Kilda lifts;
Laſt of the Sea girt Hebrides, that guard,
In filial Train, Britannia's parent-coaſt.
Thrice happy land! tho' freezing on the verge
Of Arctic ſkies; yet, blameleſs ſtill of arts
That poliſh, to deprave, each ſofter clime,
With ſimple nature, ſimple virtue bleſt!
Beyond Ambition's walk: where never War
Uprear'd his ſanguine ſtandard; nor unſheath'd,
For wealth or power, the deſolating ſword.
Where Luxury, ſoft Syren, who around
To thouſand Nations deals her nectar'd cup
Of pleaſing bane that ſoothes at once and kills,
Is yet a name unknown. But calm Content
That lives to Reaſon; ancient Faith that binds
The plain community of guileleſs hearts

In love and union; Innocence of ill
Their guardian Genius: theſe, the Powers that rule
This little world, to all its ſons ſecure
Man's happieſt life; the ſoul ſerene and ſound
From paſſion's rage, the body from diſeaſe.
Red on each cheek behold the roſe of health;
Firm in each ſinew vigor's plyant ſpring,
By Temperance brac'd to peril and to pain,
Amid the floods they ſtem, or on the ſteep
Of upright rocks their ſtraining ſteps ſurmount,
For food or paſtime. Theſe light up their morn,
And cloſe their eye in ſlumber ſweetly deep,
Beneath the north, within the circling ſwell
Of Oceans raging round. But laſt and beſt,
What Avarice, what Ambition ſhall not know,
True Liberty is theirs, the heaven-ſent gueſt,
Who in the cave, or on th' uncultur'd wild,
With Independence dwells; and Peace of mind,
In youth, in age, their ſun that never ſets.

Daughter of heaven and nature, deign thy aid,
Spontaneous Muſe! O whether from the depth
Of evening-foreſt, brown with broadeſt ſhade;
Or from the brow ſublime of vernal alp
As morning dawns; or from the vale at noon,
By ſome ſoft ſtream that ſlides with liquid foot
Thro' bowery groves; where Inſpiration ſits
And liſtens to thy lore, auſpicious come!
O'er theſe wild waves, o'er this unharbour'd ſhore,
Thy wing high-hovering ſpread; and to the gale,
The boreal ſpirit breathing liberal round
From echoing hill to hill, thy lyre attune
With anſwering cadence free, as beſt beſeems
The tragic theme my plaintive verſe unfolds.

Here, good Aurelius— and a ſcene more wild
The world around, or deeper ſolitude,

Af-

Affliction could not find— Aurelius here,
By fate unequal and the crime of war
Expell'd his native home, the ſacred vale
That ſaw him bleſt, now wretched and unknown,
Wore out the ſlow remains of ſetting life
In bitterneſs of thought: and with the ſurge,
And with the ſounding ſtorm his murmur'd moan
Would often mix— Oft as remembrance ſad
Th' unhappy paſt recall'd; a faithful wife,
Whom love firſt choſe, whom reaſon long endear'd,
His ſoul's companion and his ſofter friend;
With one fair daughter, in her roſy prime,
Her dawn of opening charms, defenceleſs left
Within a tyrant's graſp! his foe profeſs'd,
By civil madneſs, by intemperate zeal
For differing rites, embitter'd into hate,
And cruelty remorſeleſs!— Thus he liv'd:
If this was life, to load the blaſt with ſighs;
Hung o'er its edge, to ſwell the flood with tears,
At midnight-hour; for midnight frequent heard
The lonely mourner, deſolate of heart,
Pour all the huſband, all the father forth
In unavailing anguiſh; ſtretch'd along
The naked beach; or ſhivering on the cliff,
Smote with the wintry pole in bitter ſtorm,
Hail, ſnow and ſhower, dark-drifting round his head.
Such were his hours; till Time, the wretche's friend
Life's great phyſician, ſkill'd alone to cloſe,
Where ſorrow long has wak'd, the weeping eye,
And from the brain, with baleful vapours black,
Each ſullen ſpectre chace, his balm at length,
Lenient of pain, thro' every fever'd pulſe
With gentleſt hand infus'd. A penſive calm
Aroſe, but unaſſur'd: as after winds
Of ruffling wing, the ſea ſubſiding flow
Still trembles from the ſtorm. Now Reaſon firſt,

Her

Her throne reſuming, bid Devotion raiſe
To heaven his eye; and thro' the turbid miſts,
By ſenſe dark-drawn between, adoring own,
Sole arbiter of fate, one Cauſe ſupreme,
All-juſt, all-wiſe, who bids what ſtill is beſt,
In cloud or ſun-ſhine; whoſe ſevereſt hand
Wounds but to heal, and chaſtens to amend.

Thus, in his boſom, every weak exceſs,
The rage of grief, the felneſs of revenge,
To healthful meaſure temper'd and reduc'd
By virtue's hand; and in her brightening beam
Each error clear'd away, as fen-born fogs
Before th' aſcending ſun; thro faith he lives
Beyond time's bounded continent, the walks
Of ſin and death. Anticipating heaven
In pious hope, he ſeems already there,
Safe on her ſacred ſhore; and ſees beyond,
In radiant view, the world of light and love,
Where peace delights to dwell; where one fair morn
Still orient ſmiles, and one diffuſive ſpring,
That fears no ſtorm and ſhall no winter know,
Th' immortal year empurples. If a ſigh
Yet murmurs from his breaſt; 'tis for the pangs
Thoſe deareſt names, a wife, a child, muſt feel,
Still ſuffering in his fate: 'tis for a foe,
Who, deaf himſelf to mercy, may of heaven
That mercy, when moſt wanted, aſk in vain.

The ſun, now ſtation'd with the lucid Twins,
O'er every ſouthern clime had pour'd profuſe
The roſy year; and in each pleaſing hue,
That greens the leaf, or thro' the bloſſom glows
With florid light, his faireſt Month array'd:
While zephire, while the ſilver-footed dews,
Her ſoft attendants, wide o'er field and grove
Freſh ſpirit breathe, and ſhed perfuming balm,

Nor

Nor here, in this chill region, on the brow
Of winter's waſte dominion, is unfelt
The ray ethereal, or unhail'd the riſe
Of her mild reign. From warbling vale and hill,
With wild-thyme flowering, betony and balme,
Blue lavender and carmel's ſpicy root *,
Song, fragrance, health, ambroſiate every breeze.
But, high above, the ſeaſon full exerts
Its vernant force in yonder peopled rocks,
To whoſe wild ſolitude, from worlds unknown,
The birds of paſſage tranſmigrating come,
Unnumber'd colonies of foreign wing,
At nature's ſummons their aëreal ſtate
Annual to found; and in bold voyage ſteer,
O'er this wide ocean, thro' yon pathleſs ſky,
One certain flight to one appointed ſhore:
By heaven's directive ſpirit, here to raiſe
Their temporary realm; and form ſecure,
Where food awaits them copious from the wave,
And ſhelter from the rock, their nuptial leagues:
Each tribe apart, and all on taſks of love,
To hatch the preguant egg, to rear and guard
Their helpleſs infants, piouſly intent.
Led by the day abroad, with lonely ſtep,
And ruminating ſweet and bitter thought,
Aurelius, from the weſtern bay, his eye
Now rais'd to this amuſive ſcene in air,
With wonder mark'd; now caſt with level ray
Wide o'er the moving wilderneſs of waves,
From pole to pole thro' boundleſs ſpace diffus'd,
Magnificently dreadful! where, at large,

Le-

* The root of this plant, otherwiſe named argatilis ſylvaticus, is aromatic; and by the natives reckoned cordial to the ſtomach, See Martin's Weſtern Iſles of Scotland, p. 180.

Leviathan, with each inferior name
Of ſea-born kinds, ten thouſand thouſand tribes
Finds endleſs range for paſture and for ſport.
Amaz'd he gazes, and adoring owns
The hand Almighty, who its channel'd bed
Immeaſurable ſunk, and pour'd abroad,
Fenc'd with eternal mounds, the fluid ſphere;
With every wind to waft large commerce on,
Join pole to pole, conſociate ſever'd worlds,
And link in bonds of intercourſe and love
Earth's univerſal family. Now roſe
Sweet evening's ſolemn hour. The ſun declin'd
Hung golden o'er this nether firmament;
Whoſe broad cerulean mirror, calmly bright,
Gave back his beamy viſage to the ſky
With ſplendor undiminiſh'd; and each cloud,
White, azure, purple, glowing round his throne
In fair aëreal landſcape. Here, alone
On earth's remoteſt verge, Aurelius breath'd
The healthful gale, and felt the ſmiling ſcene
With awe-mix'd pleaſure, muſing as he hung
In ſilence o'er the billows huſh'd beneath.
When lo! a ſound, amid the wave-worn rocks,
Deaf-murmuring roſe, and plaintive roll'd along
From cliff to cavern: as the breath of winds,
At twilight-hour, remote and hollow heard
Thro' wintry pines, high-waving o'er the ſteep
Of ſky-crown'd Apenine. The Sea-Py ceas'd
At once to warble. Screaming, from his neſt
The Fulmar ſoar'd, and ſhot a weſtward flight
From ſhore to ſea. On came, before her hour,
Invading night *, and hung the troubled ſky
With fearful blackneſs round. Sad ocean's face
A curling undulation ſhivery ſwept

From

* See Martin's voyage to St. Kilda, p. 85.

From wave to wave: and now impetuous roſe,
Thick cloud and ſtorm and ruin on his wing,
The raging South, and headlong o'er the deep
Fell horrible, with broad-deſcending blaſt.
Aloft, and ſafe beneath a ſheltering cliff,
Whoſe moſs-grown ſummit on the diſtant flood
Projected frowns, Aurelius ſtood apall'd:
His ſtun'd ear ſmote with all the thundering main!
His eye with mountains ſurging to the ſtars!
Commotion infinite! Where yon laſt wave
Blends with the ſky its foam, a ſhip in view
Shoots ſudden forth, ſteep-falling from the clouds:
Yet diſtent ſeen and dim; till, onward borne
Before the blaſt, each growing ſail expands,
Each maſt aſpires, and all th' advancing frame
Bounds on his eye diſtinct. With ſharpen'd ken
Its courſe he watches, and in awful thought (hear,
That Power invokes, whoſe voice the wild winds
Whoſe nod the ſurge reveres, to look from heaven,
And ſave, who elſe muſt periſh, wretched men,
In this dark hour, amid the dread abyſs,
With fears amaz'd, by horrors compaſs'd round.
But O ill-omen'd, death-devoted heads!
For death beſtrides the billow; nor your own,
Nor others' offer'd vows can ſtay the flight
Of inſtant fate. And lo! his ſecret ſeat,
Where never ſun-beam glimmer'd, deep amidſt
A cavern's jaws voraginous and vaſt,
The ſtormy Genius of the deep forſakes:
And o'er the waves, that roar beneath his frown,
Aſcending baleful, bids the tempeſt ſpread,
Turbid and terrible, with hail and rain,
Its blackeſt pinion, pour its loudening blaſts
In whirlwind forth, and from their loweſt depth
Upturn the world of waters. Round and round
The tortur'd ſhip, at his imperious call,

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In whirlwind forth, and from their loweſt depth
Upturn the world of waters. Round and round
The tortur'd ſhip, at his imperious call,

Is wheel'd in dizzy whirl: her guiding helm
Breaks ſhort; her maſts in craſhing ruin fall;
And each rent ſail flies looſe in diſtant air.
Now, fearful moment! o'er the foundering hull,
Half ocean heav'd, in one broad billowy curve,
Steep from the clouds with horrid ſhade impends—
Ah! ſave them, heaven! it burſts in deluge down
With boundleſs undulation. Shore and ſky
Rebellow to the roar. At once engulph'd,
Veſſel and crew beneath its torrent ſweep
Are ſunk, to riſe no more. Aurelius wept:
The tear unbidden dew'd his hoary cheeck.
He turn'd his ſtep; he fled the fatal ſcene,
And brooding, in ſad ſilence, o'er the ſight
To him alone diſclos'd, his wounded heart
Pour'd out to heaven in ſighs: thy will be done,
Not mine, ſupreme Diſpoſer of Events;
But death demands a tear, and man muſt feel
For human woes: the reſt ſubmiſſion checks.

Not diſtant far, where this receding bay
Looks northward on the pole, a rocky arch *
Expands its ſelf-pois'd concave; as the gate,
Ample and broad and pillar'd maſſy-proof,
Of ſome unfolding temple. On its height
Is heard the tread of daily-climbing flocks,
That, o'er the green roof ſpred, their fragrant food
Untended crop. As thro' this cavern'd path,
Involv'd in penſive thought Aurelius paſt,
Struck with ſad echoes from the ſounding vault
Remurmur'd ſhrill, he ſtop'd, he rais'd his head;
And ſaw th' aſſembled natives in a ring,
With wonder and with pity bending o'er
A ſhipwreck'd man. All-motionleſs on earth

He

* See Martin's voyage to St. Kilda, p. 20.

He lay. The living luſtre from his eye,
The vermil hue extinguiſh'd from his cheek:
And in their place, on each chill feature ſpred,
The ſhadowy cloud and ghaſtlineſs of death
With pale ſuffuſion ſat. So looks the moon,
So faintly wan, thro' hovering miſts at eve,
Grey autumn's train. Faſt from his hairs diſtill'd
The briny wave: and cloſe within his graſp
Was clench'd a broken oar, as one who long
Had ſtem'd the flood with agonizing breaſt,
And ſtruggled ſtrong for life. Of youthful prime
He ſeem'd, and built by nature's nobleſt hand;
Where bold proportion, and where ſoftening grace
Mix'd in each limb, and harmoniz'd his frame.

Aurelius, from the breathleſs clay, his eye
To heaven imploring rais'd then, for he knew
That life, within her central cell retir'd,
May lurk unſeen, diminiſh'd but not quench'd,
He bid tranſport it ſpeedy thro' the vale,
To his poor cell that lonely ſtood and low,
Safe from the north beneath a ſloping hill:
An antique frame, orbicular, and rais'd
On columns rude; its roof with reverend moſs
Light-ſhaded o'er; its front in ivy hid,
That mantling crept aloft. With pious hand
They chaf'd his frozen limbs, and fum'd
The vapory air with aromatic ſmells:
Then, drops a ſovereign efficacy, drawn
From mountain plants, within his lips infus'd.
Slow, from the mortal tranſe, as men from dreams
Of direful viſion, ſhuddering he awakes:
While life, to ſcarce-felt motion, faintly lifts
His fluttering pulſe; and gradual o'er his cheek
The roſy current wins its refluent way.
Recovering to new pain, his eyes he turn'd

Severe on heaven, on the ſurrounding hills
With twilight dim, and on the croud unknown
Diſſolv'd in tears around: then clos'd again,
As loathing light and life. At length, in ſounds
Broken and eager, from his heaving breaſt
Diſtraction ſpoke—Down, down with every ſail.
Mercy, ſweet heaven - Ha! now whole ocean ſweeps
In tempeſt o'er our heads— My ſoul's laſt hope!
We will not part - Help! help! yon wave, behold!
That ſwells betwixt, has borne her from my ſight.
O for a ſun to light this black abyſs!
Gone - loſt - for ever loſt! He ceas'd. Amaze
And trembling on the pale aſſiſtants fell:
Whom now, with greeting and the words of peace,
Aurelius bid depart. A pauſe enſu'd,
Mute, mournful, ſolemn. On the ſtranger's face
Obſervant, anxious, hung his fix'd regard:
Watchful his ear, each murmur, every breath,
Attentive ſeiz'd; now eager to begin
Conſoling ſpeech; now doubtful to invade
The ſacred ſilence due to grief ſupreme.
Then thus at laſt. O from devouring ſeas
By miracle eſcap'd! if, with thy life,
Thy ſenſe return'd can yet diſcern the Hand,
All - wonderful, that thro' yon raging ſea,
Yon whirling waſte of tempeſt, led thee ſafe;
That Hand divine with grateful awe confeſs,
With proſtrate thanks adore. When thou, alas!
Waſt number'd with the dead, and clos'd within
Th' unfathom'd gulph; when human hope was fled,
And human help in vain— th' almighty Voice,
Then bade Deſtruction ſpare, and bade the Deep
Yield up its prey: that by his mercy ſav'd,
That mercy, thy fair life's remaining race,
A monument of wonder as of love,
May juſtify; to all the ſons of men,

Thy

Thy brethren, ever preſent in their need.
Such praiſe delights him moſt—
He hears me not.
Some ſecret anguiſh, ſome tranſcendent woe
Sits heavy on his heart, and from his eyes,
Thro' the clos'd lids, now rolls in bitter ſtream—

Yet, ſpeak thy ſoul, afflicted as thou art!
For know, by mournful privilege 'tis mine,
Myſelf moſt wretched and in ſorrow's ways
Severely train'd, to ſhare in every pang
The wretched feel; to ſoothe the ſad of heart;
To number tear for tear; and groan for groan,
With every ſon and daugther of diſtreſs.
Speak then, and give thy laboring boſom vent:
My pity is, my friendſhip ſhall be, thine;
To calm thy pain, and guide thy virtue back,
Thro' reaſon's paths, to happineſs and heaven.

The Hermit thus: and after ſome ſad pauſe
Of muſing wonder, thus the Man unknown.

What have I heard?— On this untravel'd ſhore,
Nature's laſt limit, hem'd with oceans round
Howling and harbourleſs, beyond all faith,
A comforter to find! whoſe language wears
The garb of civil life; a friend, whoſe breaſt
The gracious meltings of ſweet pity move—
Amazement all! my grief to ſilence charm'd
Is loſt in wonder— But, thou good Unknown,
If woes, for ever wedded to deſpair,
That wiſh no cure, are thine, behold in me
A meet companion; one whom earth and heaven
Combine to curſe; whom never future morn
Shall light to joy, nor evening with repoſe
Deſcending ſhade — O ſon of this wild world!
From ſocial converſe tho' for ever barr'd,

Tho' chill'd with endleſs winter from the pole,
Yet warm'd by goodneſs, form'd to tender ſenſe
Of human woes, beyond what milder climes,
By fairer ſuns attemper'd, courtly boaſt;
O ſay, did e'er thy breaſt, in youthful life,
Touch'd by a beam from Beauty all-divine,
Did e'er thy boſom her ſweet influence own,
In pleaſing tumult pour'd thro' every vein,
And panting at the heart, when firſt our eye
Receives impreſſion! Then, as paſſion grew,
Did heaven conſenting to thy wiſh indulge
That bliſs no wealth can bribe, no power beſtow,
That bliſs of angels, love by love repaid?
Heart ſtreaming full to heart in mutual flow
Of faith and friendſhip, tenderneſs and truth—
If theſe thy fate diſtinguiſh'd, thou wilt then,
My joys conceiving, image my deſpair,
How total! how extreme! For this, all this,
Late my fair fortune, wreck'd on yonder flood
Lies loſt and bury'd there — O awful heaven!
Who to the wind and to the whelming wave
Her blameleſs head devoted, thou alone
Can'ſt tell what I have loſt— O ill-ſtarr'd Maid!
O moſt undone Amyntor!— Sighs and tears,
And heart heav'd groans, at this, his voice ſuppreſs'd:
The reſt was agony and dumb deſpair.
Now, o'er their heads damp night her ſtormy gloom
Spred, ere the glimmering twilight was expir'd,
With huge and heavy horror cloſing round
In doubling clouds on clouds. The mournful ſcene,
The moving tale, Aurelius deeply felt:
And thus reply'd, as one in nature ſkill'd,
With ſoft aſſenting ſorrow in his look,
And words to ſoothe, not combat hopeleſs love.
Amyntor, by that heaven who ſees thy tears!
By faith and friendſhip's ſympathy divine!

Could

Could I the ſorrows heal I more than ſhare,
This boſom, truſt me, ſhould from thine transfer
Its ſharpeſt grief. Such grief, alas! how juſt?
How long in ſilent anguiſh to deſcend,
When Reaſon and when Fondneſs o'er the tomb
Are fellow-mourners? He, who can reſign,
Has never lov'd: and wert thou to the ſenſe,
The ſacred feeling of a loſs like thine,
Cold and inſenſible, thy breaſt were then
No manſion for humanity, or thought
Of noble aim. Their dwelling is with love,
And tender pity; whoſe kind tear adorns
The clouded cheek, and ſanctifies the ſoul
They ſoften, not ſubdue. We both will mix,
For her thy virtue lov'd, thy truth laments,
Our ſocial ſighs: and ſtill, as morn unveils
The brightening hill, or evening's miſty ſhade
Its brow obſcures, her gracefulneſs of form,
Her mind all-lovely, each ennobling each,
Shall be our frequent theme. Then ſhalt thou hear
From me, in ſad return, a tale of woes,
So terrible—**Amyntor**, thy pain'd heart,
Amid its own, will ſhudder at the ills
That mine has bled with— But behold! the dark,
And drowſy hour ſteals faſt upon our talk.
Here break we off: and thou, ſad mourner, try
Thy weary limbs, thy wounded mind, to balm
With timely ſleep. Each gracious Wing from (heaven
Of thoſe that miniſter to erring man,
Near-hovering, huſh thy paſſions into calm;
Serene thy ſlumbers with preſented ſcenes
Of brighteſt viſion; whiſper to thy heart
That holy peace which goodneſs ever ſhares;
And to us both be friendly as we need.

End of the Firſt Canto.

AMYNTOR
AND
THEODORA:
OR,
THE HERMIT.

CANTO II.

Now midnight roſe, and o'er the general ſcene,
Air, ocean, earth, drew broad her blackeſt veil,
Vapor and cloud. Around th' unſleeping Iſle,
Yet howl'd the whirlwind, yet the billow groan'd;
And, in mix'd horror, to Amyntor's ear
Borne thro' the gloom, his ſhrinking ſenſe appall'd.
Shook by each blaſt, and ſwept by every wave,
Again pale Memory labors in the ſtorm:
Again from her is torn, whom more than life
His fondneſs lov'd. And now, another ſhower
Of ſorrow, o'er the dear unhappy Maid,
Effuſive ſtream'd; till late, thro' every power
The ſoul ſubdu'd ſunk ſad to ſlow repoſe:
And all the darkening ſcenes, by dim degrees,
Were quench'd in total night. A pauſe from pain
Not long to laſt: for Fancy, oft awake
While Reaſon ſleeps, from her illuſive cell
Call'd up wild ſhapes of viſionary fear:
Of viſionary bliſs, the hour of reſt
To mock with mimic ſhews. And lo! the deeps

In

In airy tumult ſwell. Beneath a hill
Amyntor heaves of overwhelming ſeas;
Or rides, with dizzy dread, from cloud to cloud,
The billow's back. Anon, the ſhadowy world
Shifts to ſome boundleſs continent unknown;
Where ſolitary, o'er the ſtarleſs void, (length,
Dumb ſilence broods. Thro' heaths of dreary
Slow on he drags his ſtaggering ſtep infirm
With breathleſs toil; hears torrent floods afar
Roar thro' the wild; and, plung'd in central caves,
Falls headlong many a fathom into night.
Yet there, at once, in all her living charms,
And brightening with their glow the brown abyſs,
Roſe Theodora. Smiling, in her eye
Sat, without cloud, the ſoft-conſenting ſoul,
That, guilt unknowing, had no wiſh to hide.
A ſpring of ſudden myrtles flowering round
Their walk embower'd; while nightingales beneath
Sung ſpouſals, as along th' enamel'd turf
They ſeem'd to fly, and interchang'd their ſouls,
Melting in mutual ſoftneſs. Thrice his arms
The Fair encircled: thrice ſhe fled his graſp,
And fading into darkneſs mix'd with air—
O turn! O ſtay thy flight!—ſo loud he cry'd,
Sleep and its train of humid vapors fled.
He groan'd, he gaz'd around: his inward ſenſe
Yet glowing with the viſion's vivid beam,
Still, on his eye, the hovering ſhadow blaz'd;
Her voice ſtill murmur'd in his tinkling ear;
Grateful deception! till returning thought
Left broad awake, amid th' incumbent lour
Of mute and mournful night, again he felt
His grief inflam'd throb freſh in every vein.
To frenzy ſtung, upſtarting from his couch,
The vale, the ſhore with darkling ſtep he roam'd,
Like ſome drear ſpectre from the grave unbound:

Then, ſcaling yonder cliff, prone o'er its brow
He hung, in act to plunge amid the flood
Scarce from that height diſcern'd. Nor reaſon's voice,
Nor ow'd ſubmiſſion to the will of heaven,
Reſtrains him; but, as paſſion whirls his thought,
Fond expectation, that perchance eſcap'd,
Tho' paſſing all belief, the frailer ſkiff,
To which himſelf had borne th'unhappy Fair,
May yet be ſeen. Around, o'er ſea and ſhore,
He roll'd his ardent eye; but nought around
On land or wave within his ken appears,
Nor ſkiff, nor floating corſe, on which to ſhed
The laſt ſad tear, and lay the covering mold!
Tho' now, wide open'd by the wakeful hours
Heaven's orient gate, forth on her progreſs comes
Aurora ſmiling, and her purple lamp
Lifts high o'er earth and ſea: while, all-unveil'd,
The vaſt horizon on Amyntor's eye
Pours full its ſcenes of wonder, wildly great,
Magnificently various. From this ſteep,
Diffus'd immenſe in rowling proſpect lay
The northern deep. Amidſt, from ſpace to ſpace,
Her numerous iſles, rich gems of Albion's crown,
As ſlow th' aſcending miſts diſperſe in air,
Shoot gradual from her boſom: and beyond,
Like diſtant clouds blue-floating on the verge
Of evening ſkies, break forth the dawning hills;
A thouſand landſcapes! barren ſome and bare,
Rock pil'd on rock amazing up to heaven,
Of horrid grandeur: ſome with ſounding aſh,
Or oak broad-ſhadowing, or the ſpiry growth
Of waving pine high-plum'd, and all beheld
More lovely in the ſun's adorning beam;
Who now, fair-riſing o'er yon eaſtern cliff,
The vernal verdure tinctures gay with gold.

Mean

Mean while Aurelius, wak'd from ſweet repoſe,
Repoſe that Temperance ſheds in timely dews
On all who live to her, his mournful Gueſt
Came forth to hail, as hoſpitable rights
And virtue's rule enjoin: but firſt to Him,
Spring of all charity, who gave the heart
With kindly ſenſe to glow, his matin-ſong,
Superior duty, thus the ſage addreſt.

Fountain of light! from whom yon orient ſun
Firſt drew his ſplendor, Source of life and love!
Whoſe ſmile now wakes o'er earth's rekindling face
The boundleſs bluſh of ſpring; O Firſt and Beſt!
Thy eſſence, tho' from human ſight and ſearch,
Tho' from the climb of all created thought,
Ineffably remov'd; yet man himſelf,
Thy loweſt child of reaſon, man may read
Unbounded power, intelligence ſupreme,
The maker's hand, on all his works impreſt,
In characters coëval with the ſun,
And with the ſun to laſt; from world to world,
From age to age, in every clime, diſclos'd,
Sole revelation thro' all time the ſame.
Hail univerſal Goodneſs! with full ſtream
For ever flowing from beneath the throne
Thro' earth, air, ſea, to all things that have life:
From all that live on earth, in air and ſea,
The great community of nature's ſons,
To thee, firſt Father, ceaſeleſs praiſe aſcend!
And in the reverent hymn my grateful voice
Be duly heard, among thy works not leaſt,
Nor loweſt; with intelligence inform'd,
To know thee and adore; with free-will crown'd,
Where virtue leads to follow and be bleſt.
O whether by thy prime decree ordain'd

To days of future life; or whether now
The mortal hour is inſtant, ſtill vouchſafe,
Parent and friend, to guide me blameleſs on
Thro' this dark ſcene of error and of ill,
Thy truth to light me, and thy peace to chear.
All elſe, of me unaſk'd, thy will ſupreme
With-hold or grant: and let that will be done.

This from the ſoul in ſilence breath'd ſincere,
The hill's ſteep ſide with firm elaſtic ſtep
He lightly ſcal'd: ſuch health the frugal board,
The morn's freſh breath that exerciſe reſpires
In mountain-walks, and conſcience free from blame,
Our life's beſt cordial, can thro' age prolong.
There, loſt in thought, and ſelf-abandon'd lay
The man unknown; nor heard approach his hoſt,
Nor rais'd his drooping head. Aurelius mov'd
By ſoft compaſſion, which the ſavage ſcene,
Shut up and barr'd amid ſurrounding ſeas
From human commerce, quicken'd into ſenſe
Of ſharper ſorrow, thus apart began.

O ſight, that from the eye of wealth or pride,
Even in their hour of vaineſt thought, might draw
A feeling tear! Whom yeſterday beheld
By love and fortune crown'd, of all poſſeſt
That Fancy, trans'd in faireſt viſion, dreams;
Now loſt to all, each hope that ſoftens life,
Each bliſs that chears; there, on the damp earth ſpred,
Beneath a heaven unknown, behold him now!
And let the gay, the fortunate, the great,
The proud be taught, what now the wretched feel,
The happy have to fear. O man forlorn,
Too plain I read thy heart, by fondneſs drawn
To this ſad ſcene, to ſights that but inflame
Its tender anguiſh —

Hear me, heaven! exclaim'd

The

The frantic Mourner, could that anguiſh riſe
To madneſs and to mortal agony
I yet would bleſs my fate; by one kind pang,
From what I feel, the keener pangs of thought,
For ever freed. To me the ſun is loſt:
To me the future flight of days and years
Is darkneſs, is deſpair — But who complains
Forgets that he can die. O fainted maid!
For ſuch in heaven thou art, if from thy ſeat
Of holy reſt, beyond theſe changeful ſkies,
If names on earth moſt ſacred once and dear,
A lover and a friend, if yet theſe names
Can wake thy pity, dart one guiding ray
To light me where, in cave or creek, are thrown
Thy lifeleſs limbs: that I—O grief ſupreme!
O fate remorſeleſs! was thy lover ſav'd
For ſuch a taſk? — that I thoſe dear remains,
With maiden-rites aborn'd, at laſt may lodge
Beneath the hallow'd vault; and weeping there,
O'er thy cold urn, await the hour to cloſe
Theſe eyes in peace, and mix this duſt with thine!

Such and ſo dire, reply'd the cordial Friend
In pity's look and language, ſuch, alas!
Were late my thoughts. Whate'er the human heart
Can moſt afflict, grief, agony, deſpair,
Have all been mine, and with alternate war
This boſom ravag'd. Hearken then, good Youth;
My ſtory mark, and from another's fate,
Pre-eminently wretched, learn thy own,
Sad at it ſeems, to ballance and to bear.

In me, a man behold, whoſe morn ſerene,
Whoſe noon of better life, with honor ſpent,
In virtuous purpoſe or in honeſt act,
Drew fair diſtinction on my public name,
From thoſe among mankind, the nobler few,

Whoſe

Whoſe praiſe is fame: but there, in that true ſource
Whence happineſs with pureſt ſtream deſcends,
In home-found peace and love, ſupremely bleſt!
Union of hearts, conſent of wedded wills,
By friendſhip knit, by mutual faith ſecur'd,
Our hopes and fears, our earth and heaven, the ſame!
At laſt, Amyntor, in my failing age,
Fallen from ſuch height, and with the felon herd,
Robbers and outlaws, number'd—thought that ſtill
Stings deep the heart and cloathes the cheek with
ſhame!
Then doom'd to feel what guilt alone ſhould fear,
The hand of public vengeance; arm'd by rage,
Not juſtice; rais'd to injure, not redreſs;
To rob, not guard; to ruin, not defend:
And all, O ſovereign Reaſon! all deriv'd,
From Power that claims thy warrant to do wrong!
A right divine to violate unblam'd
Each law, each rule, that, by Himſelf obſerv'd,
The God preſcribes, whoſe ſanction Kings pretend!

O Charles! O monarch! in long exile train'd,
Whole hopeleſs years, th' oppreſſor's hand to know
How hateful and how hard; thyſelf reliev'd,
Now hear thy people, groaning under wrongs
Of equal load, adjure thee by thoſe days
Of want and woe, of danger and deſpair,
As Heaven has thine, to pity their diſtreſs!

Yet, from the plain good meaning of my heart,
Be far th' unhallow'd licence of abuſe;
Be far the bitterneſs of faintly zeal,
That impious hid behind the patriot's name
Maſks hate and malice to the legal throne,
In Juſtice founded, circumſcrib'd by laws,
The prince to guard — but guard the people too:

Chief,

Chief, one prime good to guard inviolate,
Soul of all worth, and ſum of human bliſs,
Fair Freedom, birth right of all thinking kinds,
Reaſon's great charter, from no king deriv'd,
By none to be reclaim'd, man's right divine,
Which God, who gave, indelible pronounc'd.

But if, diſclaiming this his heaven-own'd right,
This firſt beſt tenure by which monarchs rule;
If, meant the bleſſing, he becomes the bane,
The wolf, not ſhepherd, of his ſubject-flock,
To grind and tear, not ſhelter and protect,
Wide-waſting where he reigns—to ſuch a prince,
Allegiance kept were treaſon to mankind;
And loyalty, revolt from virtue's law.
For ſay, Amyntor, does juſt heaven enjoin
That we ſhould homage hell? or bend the knee
To earthquake, or volcano, when they rage,
Rend earth's firm frame, and in one boundleſs grave
Engulph their thouſands? Yet, O grief to tell!
Yet ſuch, of late, o'er this devoted land,
Was public rule. Our ſervile ſtripes and chains,
Our ſighs and groans reſounding from the ſteep
Of wintry hill, or waſte untravel'd heath,
Laſt refuge of our wretchedneſs, not guilt,
Proclaim'd it loud to heaven: the arm of Power
Extended fatal, but to cruſh the head
It ought to ſcreen, or with a parent's love
Reclaim from error; not with deadly hate,
The tyrant's law, exterminate who err.

In this wide ruin were my fortunes ſunk:
My ſelf, as one contagious to his kind,
Whom nature, whom the ſocial life renounc'd,
Unſummon'd, unimpleaded, was to death,
To ſhameful death adjudg'd; againſt my head

The

The price of blood proclaim'd, and at my heels
Let looſe the murderous cry of human hounds,
And this blind fury of commiſſion'd rage,
Of party-vengeance, to a fatal Foe,
Known and abhorr'd for deeds of direſt name,
Was given in charge: a Foe, whom blood-ſtain'd zeal
For what (O hear it not, all-righteous heaven!
Leſt thy rous'd thunder burſt) for what was deem'd
Religion's cauſe, had ſavag'd to a brute,
More deadly fell than hunger ever ſtung
To prowl in wood or wild. His band he arm'd,
Sons of perdition, miſcreants with all guilt
Familiar, and in each dire art of death
Train'd ruthleſs up. As tygers on their prey,
On my defenceleſs lands thoſe fiercer beaſts
Devouring fell: nor that ſequeſter'd ſhade,
That ſweet receſs, where love and virtue long
In happy league had dwelt, which war itſelf
Beheld with reverence, could their fury ſcape;
Deſpoil'd, defac'd, and wrapt in waſteful flames:
For flame and rapine their conſuming march,
From hill to vale, by daily ruin mark'd.
So, borne by winds along, in baleful cloud,
Embody'd locuſts from the wing deſcend
On herb, fruit, flower, and kill the ripening year:
While, waſte behind, Deſtruction on their track
And ghaſtly Famine wait. My wife and child
He drag'd, the ruffian drag'd — O heaven! do I,
A man, ſurvive to tell it? at the hour
Sacred to reſt, amid the ſighs and tears
Of all who ſaw and curs'd his coward-rage,
He forc'd unpitying from their midnight-bed,
By menace, or by torture, from their fears
My laſt retreat to learn; and ſtill detains
Beneath his roof accurſt. That beſt of wives!
Emilia! and our only pledge of love,

My

My blooming Theodora! — Manhood there,
And nature bleed — Ah! let not buſy thought
Search thither, but avoid the fatal coaſt:
Diſcovery, there, once more my peace of mind
Might wreck; once more to deſperation ſink
My hopes in heaven. He ſaid: but O ſad Muſe!
Can all thy moving energy, of power
To ſhake the heart, to freeze th' arreſted blood,
With words that weep, and ſtrains that agonize;
Can all this mournful magic of thy voice
Tell what Amyntor feels? O heaven, art thou —
What have I heard? — Aurelius! art thou He? —
Confuſion! horror! — that moſt wrong'd of men!
And O moſt wretched too! alas, no more,
No more a father — On that fatal flood,
Thy Theodora — At theſe words he fell:
A deadly cold ran freezing thro' his veins:
And life was on the wing her loath'd abode
For ever to forſake. As on his way
The traveller, from heaven by lightning ſtruck,
Is fix'd at once immoveable; his eye
With terror glaring wild; his ſtiffening limbs
In ſudden marble bound: ſo ſtood, ſo look'd
The heart-ſmote parent at this tale of death,
Half-utter'd, yet too plain. No ſigh to riſe,
No tear had force to flow; his ſenſes all,
Thro' all their powers, ſuſpended, and ſubdu'd
To chill amazement. Silence for a ſpace —
Such diſmal ſilence ſaddens earth and ſky
Ere firſt the thunder breaks — on either ſide
Fill'd up this interval ſevere. At laſt,
As from ſome viſion that to frenzy fires
The ſleeper's brain, Amyntor waking wild,
A ponyard, hid beneath his various robe,
Drew furious forth — Me, me, he cry'd, on me
Let all thy wrongs be viſited; and thus

My

My horrors end—then madly would have plung'd
The weapon's hoſtile point.— His lifted arm,
Aurelius, tho' with deep diſmay and dread
And anguiſh ſhook, yet his ſuperior ſoul
Collecting, and reſuming all himſelf,
Seiz'd ſudden: then peruſing with ſtrict eye,
And beating heart, Amyntor's blooming form;
Nor from his air or feature gathering aught
To wake remembrance, thus at length beſpoke.

—O dire attempt! Whoe'er thou art, yet ſtay
Thy hand ſelf-violent nor thus to guilt,
If guilt is thine, accumulating add
A crime that nature ſhrinks from, and to which
Heaven has indulg'd no mercy. Sovereign Judge!
Shall man firſt violate the law divine,
That plac'd him here dependent on thy nod,
Reſign'd, unmurmuring, to await his hour
Of fair diſmiſſion hence; ſhall man do this,
Then dare thy preſence, ruſh into thy ſight,
Red with the ſin, and recent from the ſtain
Of unrepented blood? Call home thy ſenſe;
Know what thou art, and own his hand moſt juſt,
Rewarding or afflicting—But ſay on,
My ſoul, yet trembling at thy frantic deed,
Recals thy words, recals their dire import:
They urge me on; they bid me aſk no more—
What would I aſk? My Theodora's fate,
Ah me! is known too plain. Have I then ſinn'd,
Good heaven! beyond all grace— But ſhall I blame
His rage of grief, and in myſelf admit
Its wild exceſs? Heaven gave her to my wiſh;
That gift Heaven has reſum'd: righteous in both;
For both his Providence be ever bleſt!

By

By ſhame repreſs'd, with riſing wonder fill'd,
Amyntor, ſlow-recovering into thought,
Submiſſive on his knee, the good man's hand
Graſp'd cloſe, and bore with ardor to his lips.
His eye, where fear, confuſion, reverence ſpoke,
Thro' ſwelling tears, what language cannot tell,
Now roſe to meet, now ſhun'd the Hermit's glance
Shot awful at him: till, the various ſwell
Of paſſion ebbing, thus he faltering ſpoke:

What haſt thou done? why ſav'd a wretch unknown?
Whom knowing even thy goodneſs muſt abhor.
Miſtaken man! the honor of thy name,
Thy love, truth, duty, all muſt be my foes.
I am — Aurelius! turn that look aſide,
That brow of terror, while this wretch can ſay,
Abhorent ſay, he is — Forgive me, heaven!
Forgive me, virtue! if I would renounce
Whom nature bids me reverence — by her bond
Rolando's ſon: by your more ſacred ties,
As to his crimes, an alien to his blood;
For crimes like his —
Rolando's ſon? Juſt heaven!
Ha! here? and in my power? A war of thoughts,
All-terrible ariſing, ſhakes my frame
With doubtful conflict. By one ſtroke to reach
The Father's heart, tho' ſeas are ſpred between,
Were great revenge! — Away: revenge? on whom?
Alas! on my own ſoul; by rage betray'd
Even to the crime my reaſon moſt condemns
In him who ruin'd me. Deep-mov'd he ſpoke;
And his own ponyard o'er the proſtrate youth
Suſpended held. But as, the welcome blow,
With arms diſplay'd, Amyntor ſeem'd to court,
Behold, in ſudden confluence gathering round
The Natives ſtood; whom kindneſs hither drew,

The Man unknown, with each relieving aid
Of love and care, as ancient rites ordain,
To ſuccour and to ſerve. Before them came
Montano, venerable ſage, whoſe head
The hand of time with twenty winters' ſnow
Had ſhower'd; and to whoſe intellectual eye
Futurity, behind her cloudy veil,
Stands in fair light diſclos'd Him, after pauſe,
Aurelius drew apart, and in his care
Amyntor plac'd; to lodge him and ſecure;
To ſave him from himſelf, as one, with grief
Tempeſtuous, and with rage, diſtemper'd deep.
This done, nor waiting for reply, alone
He ſought the vale, and his calm cottage gain'd.

End of the Second Canto.

AMYNTOR
AND
THEODORA:
OR,
THE HERMIT.

CANTO III.

Where Kilda's ſouthern hills their ſummit lift
With triple fork to heaven, the mounted ſun
Full, from the midmoſt, ſhot in dazzling ſtream
His noon-tide ray. And now, in lowing train,
Were ſeen ſlow-pacing weſtward o'er the vale
The milky mothers, foot purſuing foot,
And nodding as they move, their oozy meal,
The bitter healthful herbage of the ſhore,
Around its rocks to graze: for, ſtrange to tell!*

* The cows often feed on the alga marina: and they can diſtinguiſh exactly the tide of ebb from the tide of flood; tho', at the ſame time, they are not within view of the ſhore. When the tide has ebbed about two hours, then they ſteer their courſe directly to the neareſt ſhore, in their uſual order, one after another. I had occaſion to make this obſervation thirteen times in one week. Martin's Weſtern Iſles of Scotland, p. 156.

The hour of ebb, tho' ever varying found,
As yon pale planet wheels from day to day
Her courſe inconſtant, their ſure inſtinct feels,
Intelligent of times; by heaven's own hand,
To all its creatures equal in its care,
Unerring mov'd. Theſe ſigns obſerv'd, that guide
To labor and repoſe a ſimple race,
Theſe native ſigns to due repaſt at noon,
Frugal and plain, had warn'd the temperate iſle:
All but Aurelius. He, unhappy man,
By nature's voice ſolicited in vain,
Nor hour obſerv'd, nor due repaſt partook.
The Child no more! the Mother's fate untold!
Both in black proſpect riſing to his eye —
'Twas anguiſh there; 'twas here diſtracting doubt!
Yet, after long and painful conflict borne,
Where nature, reaſon, oft the doubtful ſcale
Inclin'd alternate, ſummoning each aid
That virtue lends, and o'er each thought infirm
Superior riſing, in the might of Him,
Who ſtrength from weakneſs, as from darkneſs light,
Omnipotent can draw; again reſign'd,
Again he ſacrific'd, to heaven's high will,
Each ſoothing weakneſs of a parent's breaſt;
The ſigh ſoft memory prompts; the tender tear,
That, ſtreaming o'er an object lov'd and loſt,
With mournful magic tortures and delights,
Relieve us, while its ſweet oppreſſion loads,
And, by admitting, blunts the ſting of woe.

As Reaſon thus the mental ſtorm ſeren'd,
And thro' the darkneſs ſhot her ſun-bright ray
That ſtrengthens while it chears; behold from far
Amyntor ſlow-approaching! On his front,
O'er each ſunk feature ſorrow had diffus'd
Attraction, ſweetly ſad. His noble port,

Majeſtic

Majeſtic in diſtreſs, Aurelius mark'd;
And, unreſiſting, felt his boſom flow
With ſocial ſoftneſs. Strait, before the door
Of his moſs-ſilver'd cell, they ſat them down
In counterview: and thus the Youth began.

With patient ear, with calm attention, mark
Amyntor's ſtory: then, as Juſtice ſees,
On either hand, her equal balance weigh,
Abſolve him or condemn — But O! may I,
A father's name, when truth forbids to praiſe,
Unblam'd prouounce? that name to every ſon
By heaven made ſacred; and by nature's hand,
With honor, duty, love, her triple pale,
Fenc'd ſtrongly round, to bar the rude approach
Of each irreverent thought. — Theſe eyes, alas!
The curs'd effects of ſanguinary zeal
Too near beheld: its madneſs how extreme;
How blind its fury, by the prompting prieſt,
Each tyrant's ready inſtrument of ill,
Train'd on to holy miſchief. Scene abhorr'd!
Fell cruelty let looſe in mercy's name:
Intolerance, while o'er the free-born mind
Her heavieſt chains were caſt, her iron-ſcourge
Severeſt hung, yet daring to appeal
That Power whoſe law is meekneſs; and, for deeds
That outrage heaven, belying heaven's command.

Flexile of will, misjudging tho' ſincere,
Rolando caught the ſpred infection, plung'd
Implicite into guilt, and headlong urg'd
His courſe unjuſt to violence and rage.
Unmanly rage! when nor the charm divine
Of Beauty, nor the Matron's ſacred age,
Secure from wrongs, could innocence ſecure,
Found reverence or diſtinction. Yet, ſuſtain'd

By conſcious worth within, the matchleſs Pair
Their threatening fate impriſonment and ſcorn
And death denounc'd unſhrinking, unſubdu'd
To murmur or complaint, ſuperior bore,
With patient hope, with fortitude reſign'd,
Not built on pride, not courting vain applauſe;
But calmly conſtant, without effort great,
What reaſon dictates, and what heaven approves.

But how proceed, Aurelius? in what ſounds
Of gracious cadence, of aſſuaſive power,
My further ſtory cloathe? O could I ſteal
From harmony her ſofteſt-warbled ſtrain
Of melting air! or zephir's vernal voice!
Or philomela's ſong, when love diſſolves
To liquid blandiſhment his evening lay,
All nature ſmiling round! then might I ſpeak;
Then might Amyntor, unoffending, tell,
How unperceiv'd and ſecret thro' his breaſt,
As morning riſes o'er the midnight-ſhade,
What firſt was ow'd humanity to both,
Aſſiſting piety and tender thought,
Grew ſwift and ſilent into love for one:
My ſole offence — if love can then offend,
When virtue lights and reverence guards its flame.

O Theodora! who thy world of charms,
That ſoul of ſweetneſs, that ſoft glow of youth,
Warm on thy cheek, and beaming from thine eye,
Unmov'd could ſee? that dignity of eaſe,
That grace of air, by happy nature thine!
For all in thee was native; from within
Spontaneous flowing, as ſome equal ſtream
From its unfailing ſource! and then too, ſeen
In milder lights; by ſorrow's ſhading hand
Touch'd into power more exquiſitely ſoft,

By

By tears adorn'd, intender'd by diſtreſs.
O ſweetneſs without name! when Love looks on
With Pity's melting eye, that to the ſoul
Endears, ennobles Her, whom fate afflicts,
Or fortune leaves unhappy! Paſſion then
Refines to virtue: then a purer train
Of heaven-inſpir'd emotions, undebas'd
By ſelf-regard, or thought of due return,
The breaſt expanding, all its powers exalt
To emulate what reaſon beſt conceives
Of love celeſtial; whoſe prevenient aid
Forbids approaching ill; or gracious draws,
When the lone heart with anguiſh inly bleeds,
From pain its ſting, its bitterneſs from woe!

By this plain courtſhip of the honeſt heart
To pity mov'd, at length my pleaded vows
The gentle Maid with unreluctant ear
Would oft admit; would oft endearing crown
With ſmiles of kind aſſent, with looks that ſpoke,
In bluſhing ſoftneſs, her chaſte boſom touch'd
To mutual love. O fortune's faireſt hour!
O ſeen but not enjoy'd, juſt hail'd and loſt
Its flattering brightneſs! Theodora's form,
Event unfear'd! had caught Rolando's eye:
And love, (if wild deſire, of fancy born,
By furious paſſions nurs'd, that ſacred name
Profanes not) love his ſtubborn breaſt diſſolv'd
To tranſient goodneſs. But my thought ſhrinks back,
Reluctant to proceed: and filial awe,
With pious hand, would o'er a parent's crime
The veil of ſilence and oblivious night
Permitted throw. His impious ſuit repell'd
Aw'd from her eye, and from her lip ſevere
Daſh'd with indignant ſcorn; each harbour'd thought

Of ſoft emotion or of ſocial ſenſe,
Love, pity, kindneſs, alien to a ſoul
That bigot-rage emboſoms, fled at once:
And all the ſavage reaſſum'd his breaſt.
'Tis juſt, he cry'd: who thus invites diſdain,
Deſerves repulſe; he who, by ſlave-like arts,
Would meanly ſteal what force may nobler take,
And, greatly daring, dignify the deed.
When next we meet, or mutual bluſh to ſpare,
Thine from diſſembling, from baſe flattery mine,
Shall be my care. This threat, by brutal ſcorn
Keen'd and embitter'd, terrible to both,
To one prov'd fatal. Silent-waſting grief,
The mortal worm that on Emilia's frame
Had prey'd unſeen, now deep thro' all her powers
Its poiſon ſpred, and kill'd their vital growth.
Sickening, ſhe ſunk beneath this double weight
Of ſhame and horror. — Dare I yet proceed?
Aurelius, O moſt injur'd of mankind!
Shall yet my tale, exáſperating, add
To woe, new anguiſh, and to grief, deſpair? —
She is no more —
O providence ſevere!
Aurelius ſmote his breaſt, and groaning cry'd;
But curb'd a ſecond groan, repell'd the voice
Of froward grief: and to the Will ſupreme
In juſtice awful, lowly bending his,
Nor ſigh, nor murmur, nor repining plaint,
By all the war of nature tho' aſſaïl'd,
Eſcap'd his lips. What! ſhall we from heaven's grace
With life receiving happineſs, our ſhare
Of ill refuſe? And are afflictions aught
But mercies in diſguiſe? th' alternate cup,
Medicinal tho' bitter, and prepar'd
By love's own hand for ſalutary ends.
But were they ills indeed; can fond complaint

Arreſt the wing of time? Can grief command
This noon-day ſun to roll his flaming orb
Back to yon eaſtern coaſt, and bring again
The hours of yeſterday? or from the womb
Of that unſounded deep the bury'd corſe
To light and life reſtore? Bleſt pair, farewel!
Yet, yet a few ſhort days of erring grief,
Of human fondneſs ſighing in the breaſt,
And ſorrow is no more. Now, gentle youth,
And let me call thee ſon (for O that name
Thy faith, thy friendſhip, thy true portion borne
Of pains for me, too ſadly have deſerv'd)
On with thy tale. 'Tis mine, when heaven afflicts,
To hearken and adore. The patient man
Thus ſpoke: Amyntor thus his ſtory clos'd.

As dumb with anguiſh, round the bed of death
Weeping we knelt, to mine ſhe faintly rais'd
Her cloſing eyes; then fixing, in cold gaze,
On Theodora's face — O ſave my child!
She ſaid: and, ſhrinking from her pillow, ſlept
Without a groan, a pang. In hallow'd earth
I ſaw her ſhrouded; bid eternal peace
Her ſhade receive, and, with the trueſt tears
Affection ever wept, her duſt bedew'd.

What then remain'd for honor or for love?
What, but that ſcene of violence to fly,
With guilt profan'd and terrible with death,
Rolando's fatal roof. Late at the hour,
When ſhade and ſilence o'er this nether orb
With drowſieſt influence reign, the waining moon
Aſcending mournful in the midnight-ſphere;
On that drear ſpot, within whoſe cavern'd womb
Emilia ſleeps, and by the turf that veils
Her honor'd clay, alone and kneeling there,

I found my Theodora! Thrill'd with awe,
With ſacred terror, which the time, the place
Pour'd on us, ſadly-ſolemn, I too bent
My trembling knee; and lock'd in her's my hand
Acroſs her parent's grave. By this dread ſcene!
By night's pale regent! by yon glorious train
Of ever-moving fires that round her burn!
By death's dark empire! by the ſheeted duſt
That once was man, now mould'ring here below!
But chief by her's, at whoſe nocturnal tomb,
Reverent we kneel! and by her nobler part,
Th' unbody'd ſpirit hovering near, perhaps,
As witneſs to our vows! nor time, nor chance,
Nor aught but death's inevitable hand,
Shall e'er divide our loves. — I led her thence:
To where, ſafe-ſtation'd in a ſecret bay,
Rough of deſcent, and brown with pendent pines
That murmur'd to the gale, our bark was moor'd.
We ſail'd — But, O my Father! can I ſpeak
What yet remains? yon ocean black with ſtorm!
Its uſeleſs ſails rent from the groaning pine!
The ſpeechleſs crew aghaſt! and that loſt Fair!
Still, ſtill I ſee her! feel her heart pant thick!
And hear her voice, in ardent vows to heaven
For me alone prefer'd; as on my arm,
Expiring, ſinking with her fears ſhe hung!
I kiſs'd her pale cold cheek: with tears adjur'd,
And won at laſt, with ſums of profer'd gold,
The boldeſt mariners, this precious charge
Inſtant to ſave; and, in the ſkiff ſecur'd
Their oars acroſs the foamy flood to ply
With unremitting arm. I then prepar'd
To follow her — That moment, from the deck,
A ſea ſwell'd o'er and plung'd me in the gulph.
Nor me alone: its broad and billowing ſweep
Muſt have involv'd her too. Myſterious heaven!

My

My fatal love on her devoted head
Drew down — it muſt be ſo! the judgment due
To me and mine: or was Amyntor ſav'd
For its whole quiver of remaining wrath?
For ſtorms more fierce? for pains of ſharper ſting?
And years of death to come? — Nor further voice,
Nor flowing tear his high-wrought grief ſupply'd:
With arms outſpred, with eyes in hopeleſs gaze
To heaven uplifted, motionleſs and mute
He ſtood, the mournful ſemblance of deſpair.

The lamp of day, tho' from mid-noon declin'd,
Still flaming with full ardor, ſhot on earth
Oppreſſive brightneſs round; till in ſoft ſteam,
From ocean's boſom his light vapors drawn,
With grateful intervention o'er the ſky
Their veil diffuſive ſpred; the ſcene abroad
Soft-ſhadowing, vale, and plain, and dazzling hill.
Aurelius, with his gueſt, the weſtern cliff
Aſcending ſlow, beneath its marble roof,
From whence in double ſtream a lucid ſource
Rowl'd ſounding forth, and where with dewy wing
Freſh breezes play'd, ſought refuge and repoſe,
Till cooler hours ariſe. The ſubject Iſle
Her village-capital, where health and peace
Are tutelary Gods; her ſmall domain
Of arable and paſture, vein'd with ſtreams
That branching bear refreſhful moiſture on
To field and mead; her ſtraw-roof'd temple rude,
Where piety, not pride, adoring kneels,
Lay full in view. From ſcene to ſcene around
Aurelius gaz'd; and, ſighing, thus began'

Not we alone; alas! in every clime,
The human race are ſons of ſorrow born.
Heirs of tranſmitted labour and diſeaſe,

Of

Of pain and grief, from ſire to ſon deriv'd,
All have their mournful portion; all muſt bear
Th'impos'd condition of their mortal ſtate,
Viciſſitude of ſuffering. Caſt thine eye
Where yonder vale, Amyntor, ſloping ſpreads
Full to the noon-tide beam its primroſe-lap,
From hence due eaſt. Amyntor look'd and ſaw,
Not without wonder at a ſight ſo ſtrange,
Where thrice three Females, earneſt each and arm'd
With rural inſtruments, the ſoil prepar'd
For future harveſt. Theſe the trenchant ſpade,
To turn the mold and break th' adheſive clods,
Employ'd aſſiduous. Thoſe, with equal pace
And arm alternate, ſtrew'd its freſh lap white
With fruitful Ceres: while, in train behind,
Three more th' incumbent harrow heavy on
O'erlabour'd drew, and clos'd the toilſome taſk.

Behold! Aurelius thus his ſpeech renew'd
From that ſoft ſex, too delicately fram'd
For toils like theſe, the taſk of rougher man,
What yet neceſſity demands ſevere.
Twelve ſuns have purpled theſe encircling hills
With orient beams, as many nights along
Their dewy ſummits drawn th' alternate veil
Of darkneſs, ſince, in unpropitious hour,
The Huſbands of thoſe widow'd Mates, who now
For both muſt labor, launch'd, in queſt of food,
Their iſland ſkiff adventurous on the deep.
Them, while the ſweeping net ſecure they plung'd
The finny race to ſnare, whoſe foodful ſhoals
Each creek and bay innumerable croud,
As annual on from ſhore to ſhore they move
In watery caravan; them, thus intent,
Dark from the ſouth a guſt of furious wing,
Upſpringing, drove to ſea: and left in tears

This little world of brothers and of friends!
But when, at evening-hour, disjointed planks,
Borne on the ſurging tide, and broken oars,
To ſight, with fatal certainty, reveal'd
The wreck before ſurmiz'd; one general groan,
To heaven aſcending, ſpoke the general breaſt
With ſharpeſt anguiſh pierc'd. Their ceaſeleſs plaint,
Thro' theſe hoarſe rocks, on this reſounding ſhore,
At morn was heard: at midnight too were ſeen,
Diſconſolate on each chill mountain's height,
The mourners ſpred, exploring land and ſea
With eager gaze—till from yon leſſer Iſle,
Yon round of moſs-clad hills, Borera nam'd—
Full north, behold! above the ſoaring lark,
Its dizzy cliffs aſpire, hung round and white
With curling miſts—at laſt from yon hoar hills,
Inflaming the brown air with ſudden blaze,
And ruddy undulation, thrice three fires,
Like meteors waving in a moonleſs ſky,
Our eyes, yet unbelieving, ſaw diſtinct,
Succeſſive kindled, and from night to night
Renew'd continuous. Joy, with wild exceſs,
Took her gay turn to reign; and nature now
From rapture wept: yet ever and anon
By ſad conjecture damp'd, and anxious thought
How from yon rocky priſon to releaſe
Whom the deep ſea immures (their only boat
Deſtroy'd) and whom th' inevitable ſiege
Of hunger muſt aſſault. But hope ſuſtains
The human heart: and now their faithful wives,
With love-taught ſkill and vigor not their own,
On yonder field th' autumnal year prepare.

Trembling, his neck with eager graſp entwin'd,
And murmur'd out his name: then ſunk again;
Then ſwoon'd upon his boſom, thro' exceſs
Of bliſs unhop'd, too mighty for her frame.
The roſe-bud thus, that to the beam ſerene
Of morning glad unfolds her tender charms,
Shrinks and expires beneath the noon-day blaze.

Moments of dread ſuſpenſe — but ſoon to ceaſe!
For now, while on her face theſe men unknown
The ſtream, with cool aſperſion, buſy caſt,
His eyes beheld, with wonder and amaze,
Beheld in them — his friends! th' adventurous few
Who bore her to the ſkiff! whoſe daring ſkill
Had ſav'd her from the deep! As, o'er her cheek,
Rekindling life, like morn, its light diffus'd
In dawning purple; from their lips he learn'd,
How to yon Iſle, yon round of moſs clad hills,
Borera nam'd, before the tempeſt borne,
Theſe Iſlanders, thrice three, then priſon'd there,
(So heaven ordain'd) with utmoſt peril run,
With toil invincible, from ſhelve and rock
Their boat preſerv'd, and to this happy coaſt
Its prow directed ſafe — He heard no more:
The reſt already known, his every ſenſe,
His full-collected ſoul, on her alone
Was fix'd, was hung enraptur'd, while theſe ſounds,
This voice, as of an angel, pierc'd his ear.

Amyntor! O my life's recover'd hope!
My ſoul's deſpair and rapture! — can this be?
Am I on earth? and do theſe arms indeed
Thy real form enfold? Thou dreadful deep!
Ye ſhores unknown! ye wild impending hills!
Dare I yet truſt my ſenſe? — O yes, 'tis he!
'Tis he himſelf! My eyes, my bounding heart

Con-

Confeſs their living lord! What ſhall I ſay?
How vent the boundleſs tranſport that expands
My laboring thought? th' unutterable bliſs,
Joy, wonder, gratitude, that pain to death
The breaſt they charm— Amyntor, O ſupport
This ſwimming brain: I would not now be torn
Again from life and thee; nor cauſe thy heart
A ſecond pang. At this, dilated high
The ſwell of joy, moſt fatal where its force
Is felt moſt exquiſite, a timely vent
Now found, and broke in tender dews away
Of heart-relieving tears. As o'er its charge,
With ſheltering wing, ſolicitouſly good,
The guardian-Genius hovers, ſo the youth,
On her lov'd face, aſſiduous and alarm'd,
In ſilent fondneſs dwelt: while all his ſoul,
With trembling tenderneſs of hope and fear
Pleaſingly pain'd, was all employ'd for her;
The rous'd emotions warring in her breaſt,
Attempering, to compoſe, and gradual fit
For further joy her ſoft impreſſive frame.
O happy! tho' as yet thou know'ſt not half
The bliſs that waits thee! but, thou gentleſt mind,
Whoſe ſigh is pity, and whoſe ſmile is love,
For all who joy or ſorrow, arm thy breaſt
With that beſt temperance, which from fond exceſs,
When rapture lifts to dangerous height its powers,
Reflective guards. Know then— and let calm thought
On wonder wait— ſafe refug'd in this Iſle,
Thy god-like father lives! and lo— but curb,
Repreſs the tranſport that o'erheaves thy heart;
'Tis he— look yonder— he, whoſe reverend ſteps
The mountain's ſide deſcend!— Abrupt from his
Her hand ſhe drew; and, as on wings upborne,
Shot o'er the ſpace between. He ſaw, he knew,
Aſtoniſh'd knew, before him, on her knee,

Amyntor, who the tale diſtreſsful heard *
With ſympathizing ſorrow, on himſelf,
On his ſeverer fate, now pondering deep,
Rapt by ſad thought the hill unheeding left;
And reach'd, with ſwerving ſtep, the diſtant ſtrand.
Above, around, in cloudy circles wheel'd,
Or ſailing level on the polar gale
That cool with evening roſe, a thouſand wings,
The ſummer-nations of theſe pregnant cliffs,
Play'd ſportive round, and to the ſun outſpred
Their various plumage; or in wild notes hail'd
His parent-beam that animates and chears
All living kinds. He, glorious from amidſt
A pomp of golden clouds, th' Atlantic flood
Beheld oblique, and o'er its azure breaſt
Wav'd one unbounded bluſh: a ſcene to ſtrike
Both ear and eye with wonder and delight!
But, loſt to outward ſenſe, Amyntor paſs'd
Regardleſs on, thro' other walks convey'd
Of baleful proſpect; which pale Fancy rais'd
Inceſſant to herſelf, and ſabled o'er
With darkeſt night, meet region for deſpair!
Till northward, where the rock its ſea-waſh'd baſe
Projects athwart and ſhuts the bounded ſcene,
Rounding its point, he rais'd his eyes and ſaw,
At diſtance ſaw, deſcending on the ſhore,
Forth from their anchor'd boat, of men unknown
A double band, who by their geſtures ſtrange
There fix'd him wondering: for at once they knelt
With hands upheld; at once, to heaven, as ſeemed,

One

* The author, who relates this ſtory, adds, that the produce of grain that ſeaſon was the moſt plentiful they had ſeen for many years before. Vide Martin's deſcript. of the Weſtern Iſles of Scotland. p. 286.

One general hymn pour'd forth of vocal praiſe.
Then, ſlowly riſing, forward mov'd their ſteps:
Slow as they mov'd, behold! amid the train,
On either ſide ſupported, onward came
Pale and of piteous look, a penſive Maid;
As one by waſting ſickneſs ſore aſſail'd,
Or plung'd in grief profound— Oh all ye powers!
Amyntor ſtartling cry'd, and ſhot his ſoul
In rapid glance before him on her face.
Illuſion! no— it cannot be. My blood
Runs chill: my feet are rooted here— and ſee!
To mock my hopes, it wears her gracious form.
The Spirits who this ocean waſte and wild
Still hover round, or walk theſe iſles unſeen,
Preſenting oft in pictur'd viſion ſtrange
The dead or abſent, have yon ſhape adorn'd,
So like my love, of unſubſtantial air,
Embod'yd, featur'd it with all her charms—
And lo! behold! its eyes are fix'd on mine
With gaze tranſported— Ha! ſhe faints, ſhe falls!
He ran, he flew: his claſping arms receiv'd
Her ſinking weight— O earth, and air, and ſea!
'Tis ſhe! 'tis Theodora! Power divine,
Whoſe goodneſs knows no bound, thy hand is here,
Omnipotent in mercy! As he ſpoke,
Adown his cheek, thro' ſhivering joy and doubt,
The tear faſt-falling ſtream'd. My love! my life!
Soul of my wiſhes! ſav'd beyond all faith!
Return to life and me. O fly, my friends,
Fly, and from yon tranſlucent fountain bring
The living ſtream. Thou dearer to my ſoul
Than all the ſumleſs wealth this ſea entombs,
My Theodora, yet awake: 'tis I,
'Tis poor Amyntor calls thee! At that name,
That potent name, her ſpirit from the verge
Of death recall'd, ſhe trembling rais'd her eyes;

Trembling,

Trembling, his neck with eager graſp entwin'd,
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My laboring thought? th' unutterable bliſs,
Joy, wonder, gratitude, that pain to death
The breaſt they charm— Amyntor, O ſupport
This ſwimming brain: I would not now be torn
Again from life and thee; nor cauſe thy heart
A ſecond pang. At this, dilated high
The ſwell of joy, moſt fatal where its force
Is felt moſt exquiſite, a timely vent
Now found, and broke in tender dews away
Of heart-relieving tears. As o'er its charge,
With ſheltering wing, ſolicitouſly good,
The guardian-Genius hovers, ſo the youth,
On her lov'd face, aſſiduous and alarm'd,
In ſilent fondneſs dwelt: while all his ſoul,
With trembling tenderneſs of hope and fear
Pleaſingly pain'd, was all employ'd for her;
The rous'd emotions warring in her breaſt,
Attempering, to compoſe, and gradual fit
For further joy her ſoft impreſſive frame.
O happy! tho' as yet thou know'ſt not half
The bliſs that waits thee! but, thou gentleſt mind,
Whoſe ſigh is pity, and whoſe ſmile is love,
For all who joy or ſorrow, arm thy breaſt
With that beſt temperance, which from fond exceſs,
When rapture lifts to dangerous height its powers,
Reflective guards. Know then— and let calm thought
On wonder wait— ſafe refug'd in this Iſle,
Thy god-like father lives! and lo— but curb,
Repreſs the tranſport that o'erheaves thy heart;
'Tis he— look yonder — he, whoſe reverend ſteps
The mountain's ſide deſcend!— Abrupt from his
Her hand ſhe drew; and, as on wings upborne,
Shot o'er the ſpace between. He ſaw, he knew,
Aſtoniſh'd knew, before him, on her knee,

His Theodora! To his arms he rais'd
The loſt lov'd fair, and in his boſom preſs'd.
My father!— O my child! at once they cry'd;
Nor more. The reſt ecſtatic ſilence ſpoke,
And nature from her inmoſt ſeat of ſenſe
Beyond all utterance mov'd. On this bleſt ſcene,
Where emulous in either boſom ſtrove
Adoring gratitude, earth, ocean, air,
Around with ſoftening aſpect ſeem'd to ſmile;
And heaven, approving, look'd delighted down.

Nor theirs alone this bliſsful hour: the joy,
With inſtant flow, from ſhore to ſhore along
Diffuſive ran; and all th' exulting iſle
About the new-arriv'd was pour'd abroad,
To hope long loſt, by miracle regain'd!
In each plain boſom love and nature wept:
While each a ſire, a huſband, or a friend,
Embracing held and kiſs'd.
Now, while the ſong,
The choral hymn, in wildly-warbled notes,
What nature dictates when the full heart prompts,
Beſt harmony, their grateful ſouls effus'd
Aloud to heaven; Montano, reverend Seer,
(Whoſe eye prophetic far thro' time's abyſs
Could ſhoot its beam, and there the births of fate,
Yet immature and in their cauſes hid,
Illumin'd ſee) a ſpace abſtracted ſtood:
His frame with ſhivery horror ſtirr'd, his eyes
From outward viſion held, and all the man
Entranc'd in wonder at th' unfolding ſcene,
On fluid air, as in a mirror, ſeen,
And glowing radiant to his mental ſight.

They fly! he cry'd, they melt in air away,
The clouds that long fair Albion's heaven o'ercaſt!

With

With tempeſt delug'd, or with flame devour'd
Her drooping plains: while dawning roſy round
A purer morning lights up all her ſkies!
He comes, behold! the great deliverer comes!
Immortal William, borne triumphant on,
From yonder orient, o'er propitious ſeas,
White with the ſails of his unnumber'd fleet,
A floating foreſt, ſtretch'd from ſhore to ſhore!
See! with ſpred wing Britannia's Genius flies,
Before his prow; commands the ſpeeding gales
To waft him on; and, o'er the Hero's head,
Inwreath'd with olive bears the lawrel-crown.
Bleſt emblem, peace with liberty reſtor'd!
And hark! from either ſtrand, which nations hide,
To welcome in true freedom's day renew'd
What thunders of acclaim! Aurelius, man
By heaven belov'd, thou too that ſacred ſun
Shalt live to hail; ſhalt warm thee in his ſhine!
I ſee thee on the flowery lap diffus'd
Of thy lov'd vale, amid a ſmiling race
From this bleſt Pair to ſpring: whom equal faith,
And equal fondneſs, in ſoft league ſhall hold
From youth to reverend age; the calmer hours
Of thy laſt day to ſweeten and adorn;
Thro' life thy comfort, and in death thy crown!

THE END.

THE

TRAVELLER;

OR, A

PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

BY

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

TO THE

REV. HENRY GOLDSMITH.

DEAR SIR,

I am ſenſible that the friendſhip between us can acquire no new force from the ceremonies of a Dedication; and perhaps it demands an excuſe thus to prefix your name to my attempts, which you decline giving with your own. But as a part of this Poem was formerly written to you from Switzerland, the whole can now, with propriety, be only ſcribed to you. It will alſo throw a light upon many parts of it, when the reader underſtands, that it is addreſſed to a man, who, deſpiſing Fame and Fortune, has retired early to happineſs and obſcurity, with an income of forty pounds a year.

I now perceive, my dear brother, the wiſdom of your humble choice. You have entered upon a ſacred office, where the harveſt is great, and the labourers are but few; while you have left the field of Ambition, where the labourers are many, and the harveſt not worth carrying away. But of all kinds of ambition, what from the refinement of the times, from differing ſyſtems of criticiſm, and from the diviſions of party, that which purſues poetical fame is the wildeſt.

Poetry makes a principal amuſement among unpoliſhed nations; but in a country verging to the extremes of refinement, Painting and Muſic come in for a ſhare. As theſe offer the feeble mind a leſs laborious entertainment, they at firſt rival Poetry, and at length ſupplant her; they engroſs all that favour once ſhewn to her, and though but younger ſiſters, ſeize upon the elder's birthright.

Yet, however this art may be neglected by the powerful, it is ſtill in greater danger from the miſtaken efforts of the learned to improve it. What criticiſms have we not heard of late in favour of blank verſe, and Pindaric odes, choruſſes, anapeſts and iambics, alliterative care and happy negligence! Every abſurdity has now a champion to defend it, and as he is generally much in the wrong, ſo he has always much to ſay; for error is ever talkative.

But there is an enemy to this art ſtill more dangerous, I mean Party. Party entirely diſtorts the judgment, and deſtroys the taſte. When the mind is once infected with this diſeaſe, it can only find pleaſure in what contributes to increaſe the diſtemper. Like the tyger that ſeldom deſiſts from purſuing man after having once preyed upon human fleſh, the reader, who has once gratified his appetite with calumny, makes, ever after, the moſt agreeable feaſt upon murdered reputation. Such readers generally admire ſome halfwitted thing, who wants to be thought a bold man, having loſt the character of a wiſe one. Him they dignify with the name of poet; his tawdry lampoons are called ſatires, his turbulence is ſaid to be force, and his phrenzy fire.

What reception a Poem may find, which has neither abuſe, party, nor blank verſe to ſupport it, I cannot tell, nor am I ſolicitous to know. My aims are right. Without eſpouſing the cauſe of any party, I have attempted to moderate the rage of all. I have endeavoured to ſhew, that there may be equal happineſs in ſtates, that are differently governed from our own; that every ſtate has a particular principle of happineſs, and that this principle in each may be carried to a miſchievous exceſs. There are few can judge, better than yourſelf, how far theſe poſitions are illuſtrated in this Poem.

I am, dear Sir,

Your moſt affectionate Brother,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE

TRAVELLER;

OR, A

PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, ſlow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Againſt the houſeleſs ſtranger ſhuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forſaken lyes,
A weary waſte expanding to the ſkies:
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to ſee,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns, with ceaſeleſs pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Eternal bleſſings crown my earlieſt friend,
And round his dwelling guardian ſaints attend;
Bleſt be that ſpot, where chearful gueſts retire
To pauſe from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Bleſt that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every ſtranger finds a ready chair;
Bleſt be thoſe feaſts with ſimple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around,
Laugh at the jeſts or pranks that never fail,
Or ſigh with pity at ſome mournful tale,
Or preſs the baſhful ſtranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But

But me, not deſtin'd ſuch delights to ſhare,
My prime of life in wand'ring ſpend and care,
Impell'd, with ſteps unceaſing, to purſue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and ſkies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverſe realms alone,
And find no ſpot of all the world my own.

Even now, where Alpine ſolitudes aſcend,
I ſit me down a penſive hour to ſpend;
And, plac'd on high above the ſtorm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear;
Lakes, foreſts, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the ſhepherd's humbler pride.

When thus Creation's charms around combine,
Amidſt the ſtore, ſhould thankleſs pride repine?
Say, ſhould the philoſophic mind diſdain
That good, which makes each humbler boſom vain?
Let ſchool-taught pride diſſemble all it can,
Theſe little things are great to little man;
And wiſer he, whoſe ſympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glitt'ring towns, with wealth and ſplendour crown'd,
Ye fields, where ſummer ſpreads profuſion round,
Ye lakes, whoſe veſſels catch the buſy gale,
Ye bending ſwains, that dreſs the flow'ry vale,
For me your tributary ſtores combine;
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.

As ſome lone miſer viſiting his ſtore,
Bends at his treaſure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his riſing raptures fill,
Yet ſtill he ſighs, for hoards are wanting ſtill:

Thus to my breaſt alternate paſſions riſe,
Pleas'd with each good that heaven to man ſupplies:
Yet oft a ſigh prevails, and ſorrows fall,
To ſee the hoard of human bliſs ſo ſmall;
And oft I wiſh, amidſt the ſcene, to find
Some ſpot to real happineſs conſign'd,
Where my worn ſoul, each wand'ring hope at reſt,
May gather bliſs to ſee my fellows bleſt.

But where to find that happieſt ſpot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The ſhudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happieſt ſpot his own,
Extols the treaſures of his ſtormy ſeas,
And his long nights of revelry and eaſe;
The naked negroe, panting at the line,
Boaſts of his golden ſands and palmy wine.
Baſks in the glare, or ſtems the tepid wave,
And thanks his Gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boaſt, where'er we roam,
His firſt, beſt country ever is, at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And eſtimate the bleſſings which they ſhare;
Tho' patriots flatter, ſtill ſhall wiſdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind,
As differen good, by Art or Nature given,
To different nations makes their bleſſings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliſs at labour's earneſt call;
With food as well the peaſant is ſupply'd
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's ſhelvy ſide;
And though the rocky creſted ſummits frown,
Theſe rocks, by cuſtom, turn to beds of down.
From Art more various are the bleſſings ſent;
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content.

Yet theſe each other's power ſo ſtrong conteſt,
That either ſeems deſtructive of the reſt.
Where wealth and freedom reign contentment fails,
And honour ſinks where commerce long prevails;
Hence every ſtate to one lov'd bleſſing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the favourite happineſs attends,
And ſpurns the plan that aims the other ends;
'Till, carried to exceſs in each domain,
This favourite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try theſe truths with cloſer eyes,
And trace them through the proſpect as it lies:
Here for a while my proper cares reſign'd,
Here let me ſit in ſorrow for mankind,
Like yon neglected ſhrub at random caſt,
That ſhades the ſteep, and ſighs at every blaſt.

Far to the right where Appenine aſcends,
Bright as the ſummer, Italy extends;
Its uplands ſloping deck the mountain's ſide,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft ſome temple's mould'ring tops between,
With venerable grandeur mark the ſcene.

Could Nature's bounty ſatisfy the breaſt,
The ſons of Italy were ſurely bleſt.
Whatever fruits in different climes were found,
That proudly riſe, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whoſe bright ſucceſſion decks the varied year;
Whatever ſweets ſalute the northern ſky
With vernal lives that bloſſom but to die;
Theſe here diſporting own the kindred ſoil,
Nor aſk luxuriance from the planter's toil:
While ſea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the ſmiling land.

But

But ſmall the bliſs that ſenſe alone beſtows,
And ſenſual bliſs is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man ſeems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contraſted faults through all his manners reign,
Though poor, luxurious, though ſubmiſſive, vain,
Though grave, yet trifling, zealous, yet untrue,
And ev'en in penance planning ſins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind:
For wealth was theirs, nor far remov'd the date,
When commerce proudly flouriſh'd through the ſtate;
At her command the palace learnt to riſe,
Again the long-fallen column ſought the ſkies;
The canvas glow'd beyond ev'n Nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form,
Till, more unſteady than the ſouthern gale,
Commerce on other ſhores diſplay'd her ſail;
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unman'd, and lords without a ſlave:
And late the nation found with fruitleſs ſkill
Its former ſtrength was but plethoric ill.

Yet, ſtill the loſs of wealth is here ſupplied
By arts, the ſplendid wrecks of former pride;
From theſe the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind
An eaſy compenſation ſeem to find.
Here may be ſeen, in bloodleſs pomp array'd,
The paſte-board triumph and the cavalcade,
Proceſſions form'd for piety and love,
A miſtreſs or a ſaint in every grove.
By ſports like theſe are all their cares beguil'd,
The ſports of children ſatisfy the child;
Each nobler aim repreſt by long controul,
Now ſinks at laſt, or feebly mans the ſoul;
While low delights, ſucceeding faſt behind,
In happier meanneſs occupy the mind:

As in thoſe domes, where Cæſars once bore ſway,
Defac'd by time and tottering in decay,
There in the ruin, heedleſs of the dead,
The ſhelter-ſeeking peaſant builds his ſhed,
And, wond'ring man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a ſmile.

My ſoul turn from them, turn we to ſurvey
Where rougher climes a nobler race diſplay,
Where the bleak Swiſs their ſtormy manſions tread,
And force a churliſh ſoil for ſcanty bread;
No product here the barren hills afford,
But Man and ſteel, the ſoldier and his ſword.
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter ling'ring chills the lap of May;
No Zephyr fondly ſues the mountain's breaſt,
But meteors glare, and ſtormy glooms inveſt.

Yet ſtill, even here, content can ſpread a charm,
Redreſs the clime, and all its rage diſarm.
Though poor the peaſant's hut, his feaſts though ſmall,
He ſees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
To ſhame the meanneſs of his humble ſhed;
No coſtly lord the ſumptuous banquet deal
To make him loath his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wiſh contracting, fits him to the ſoil.
Chearful at morn he wakes from ſhort repoſe,
Breaſts the keen air, and carrols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his venturous plow-ſhare to the ſteep;
Or ſeeks the den where ſnow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the ſtruggling ſavage into day.
At night returning, every labour ſped,
He ſits him down the monarch of a ſhed;

Smiles by his chearful fire, and round ſurveys
His childrens looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his lov'd partner, boaſtful of her hoard,
Diſſplays her cleanly platter on the board:
And haply too ſome pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot paſſion on his heart,
And even thoſe ills, that round his manſion riſe,
Enhance the bliſs his ſcanty fund ſupplies.
Dear is that ſhed to which his ſoul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the ſtorms;
And as a child, when ſcaring ſounds moleſt,
Clings cloſe and cloſer to the mother's breaſt,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren ſtates aſſign'd,
Their wants but few, their wiſhes all confin'd.
Yet let them only ſhare the praiſes due,
If few their wants, their pleaſures are but few;
For every want that ſtimulates the breaſt,
Becomes a ſource of pleaſure when redreſt.
Whence from ſuch lands each pleaſing ſcience flies,
That firſt excites deſire, and then ſupplies;
Unknown to them, when ſenſual pleaſures cloy,
To fill the languid pauſe with finer joy;
Unknown thoſe powers that raiſe the ſoul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a ſmould'ring fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by ſtrong deſire;
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
On ſome high feſtival of once a year,
In wild exceſs the vulgar breaſt takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliſs expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarſely flow:
Their morals, like their pleaſures, are but low:
For, as refinement ſtops from ſire to ſon
Unalter'd, unimprov'd the manners run,
And love's and friendſhip's finely pointed dart
Falls blunted from each indurated heart.
Some ſterner virtues o'er the mountain's breaſt
May ſit, like falcons cowring on the neſt;
But all the gentler morals, ſuch as play
Through life's more cultur'd walks, and charm
the way,
Theſe far diſpers'd, on timorous pinions fly,
To ſport and flutter in a kinder ſky.

To kinder ſkies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn; and France diſplays her bright domain.
Gay ſprightly land of mirth and ſocial eaſe,
Pleas'd with thyſelf, whom all the world can pleaſe,
How often have I led thy ſportive choir,
With tuneleſs pipe, beſide the murmuring Loire?
Where ſhading elms along the margin grew,
And freſhen'd from the wave the Zephyr flew;
And haply, though my harſh touch faltering ſtill,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's ſkill;
Yet would the village praiſe my wonderous pow'r,
And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour.
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandſire, ſkill'd in geſtic lore,
Has friſk'd beneath the burthen of threeſcore.

So bleſt a life theſe thoughtleſs realms diſplay,
Thus idly buſy rolls their world away:
Theirs are thoſe arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the ſocial temper here.
Honour, that praiſe which real merit gains,
Or even imaginary worth obtains,

Here

Here paſſes current; paid from hand to hand,
It ſhifts in ſplendid traffic round the land:
From courts, to camps, to cottages it ſtrays;
And all are taught an avarice of praiſe;
They pleaſe, are pleas'd, they give to get eſteem,
Till, ſeeming bleſt, they grow to what they ſeem.

But while this ſofter art their bliſs ſupplies,
It gives their follies alſo room to riſe;
For praiſe too dearly lov'd, or warmly ſought,
Enfeebles all internal ſtrength of thought.
And the weak ſoul, within itſelf unbleſt,
Leans for all pleaſure on another's breaſt.
Hence oſtentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praiſe which fools impart;
Here vanity aſſumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frize with copper lace,
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boaſt one ſplendid banquet once a year;
The mind ſtill turns where ſhifting faſhion draws,
Nor weighs the ſolid worth of ſelf-applauſe.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Emboſom'd in the deep where Holland lies,
Methinks her patient ſons before me ſtand,
Where the broad ocean leans againſt the land,
And, ſedulous to ſtop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward methinks, and diligently ſlow
The firm connected bulwark ſeems to grow.
Spreads its long arms amidſt the watry roar,
Scoops out an empire, and uſurps the ſhore.
While the pent ocean riſing o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him ſmile;
The ſlow canal, the yellow bloſſom'd vale,
The willow tufted bank, the gliding ſail,

The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation reſcu'd from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-ſubjected ſoil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Induſtrious habits in each boſom reign,
And induſtry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that ſprings,
With all thoſe ills ſuperfluous treaſure brings,
Are here diſplay'd. Their much lov'd wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
But view them cloſer, craft and fraud appear,
Even liberty itſelf is barter'd here.
At gold's ſuperior charms all freedom flies,
The needy ſell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants, and a den of ſlaves,
Here wretches ſeek diſhonourable graves,
And calmly bent, to ſervitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that ſlumber in the ſtorm.

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic ſires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breaſt, and freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the ſons of Britain now!

Fir'd at the ſound my genius ſpreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the weſtern ſpring;
Where lawns extend that ſcorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter ſtreams than fam'd Hydaſpis glide.
There all around the gentleſt breezes ſtray,
There gentle muſic melts on every ſpray;
Creation's mildeſt charms are there combin'd.
Extremes are only in the maſter's mind!
Stern o'er each boſom reaſon holds her ſtate,
With daring aims irregularly great,

Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by,
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd, fresh from Nature's hand;
Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
True to imagin'd right, above controul,
While even the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here,
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;
Too blest indeed, were such without alloy,
But foster'd even by Freedom ills annoy:
That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;
Here by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd.
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Repress ambition struggles round her shore,
Till over-wrought, the general system feels
Its motions stopt, or phrenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
Till time may come, when stript of all her charms,
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms;
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for fame;
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.

Yet

Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I ſtate,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great;
Ye powers of truth that bid my ſoul aſpire,
Far from my boſom drive the low deſire;
And thou fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry ſteel;
Thou tranſitory flower, alike undone
By proud contempt, or favour's foſtering ſun,
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
I only would repreſs them to ſecure:
For juſt experience tells; in every ſoil,
That thoſe who think muſt govern thoſe that toil;
And all that freedom's higheſt aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
Hence, ſhould one order diſproportion'd grow,
Its double weight muſt ruin all below.

O then how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aſpires!
Calm is my ſoul, nor apt to riſe in arms,
Except when faſt approaching danger warms:
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to ſtretch their own,
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themſelves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal ſtatutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes, where ſavage nations roam,
Pillag'd from ſlaves to purchaſe ſlaves at home;
Fear, pity, juſtice, indignation ſtart,
Tear off reſerve, and bare my ſwelling heart;
'Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curſe with me that baleful hour
When firſt ambition ſtruck at regal power;

And thus polluting honour in its ſource,
Gave wealth to ſway the mind with double force.
Have we not ſeen, round Britain's peopled ſhore,
Her uſeful ſons exchang'd for uſeleſs ore?
Seen all her triumphs but deſtruction haſte,
Like flaring tapers brightening as they waſte;
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead ſtern depopulation in her train,
And over fields where ſcatter'd hamlets roſe,
In barren ſolitary pomp repoſe?
Have we not ſeen at pleaſure's lordly call,
The ſmiling long-frequented village fall;
Beheld the duteous ſon, the ſire decay'd,
The modeſt matron, and the bluſhing maid,
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverſe climes beyond the weſtern main;
Where wild Oſwego ſpreads her ſwamps around,
And Niagara ſtuns with thund'ring ſound?

Even now, perhaps, as there ſome pilgrim ſtrays,
Through tangled foreſts, and through dangerous ways;
Where beaſts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murderous aim;
There, while above the giddy tempeſt flies,
And all around diſtreſsful yells ariſe,
The penſive exile, bending with his woe,
To ſtop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Caſts a long look where England's glories ſhine,
And bids his boſom ſympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary ſearch to find
That bliſs which only centers in the mind:
Why have I ſtray'd, from pleaſure and repoſe,
To ſeek a good each government beſtows?

In

In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws reſtrain,
How ſmall of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cauſe or cure,
Still to ourſelves in every place conſign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find:
With ſecret courſe, which no loud ſtorms annoy,
Glides the ſmooth current of domeſtic joy.
The lifted ax, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of ſteel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reaſon, faith, and conſcience, all our own.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

By the Same.

TO

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

DEAR SIR,

I Can have no expectations in an addreſs of this kind, either to add to your reputation, or to eſtabliſh my own. You can gain nothing from my admiration, as I am ignorant of that art in which you are ſaid to excel; and I may loſe much by the ſeverity of your judgment, as few have a juſter taſte in poetry than you. Setting intereſt therefore aſide, to which I never paid much attention, I muſt be indulged at preſent in following my affections. The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, becauſe I loved him better than moſt other men. He is ſince dead. Permit me to inſcribe this Poem to you.

How far you may be pleaſed with the verſification and mere mechanical parts of this attempt, I don't pretend to enquire; but I know you will object (and indeed ſeveral of our beſt and wiſeſt friends concur in the opinion) that the depopulation it deplores is no where to be ſeen, and the diſorders it laments are only to be found in the poet's own imagination. To this I can ſcarce make any other anſwer than that I ſincerely believe what I have written; that I have taken all poſſible pains, in my country excurſions, for theſe four or five

years

years paſt, to be certain of what I alledge; and that all my views and enquiries have led me to believe thoſe miſeries real, which I here attempt to diſplay. But this is not the place to enter into an enquiry, whether the country be depopulating, or not; the diſcuſſion would take up much room, and I ſhould prove myſelf, at beſt, an indifferent politician, to tire the reader with a long preface, when I want his unfatigued attention to a long poem.

In regretting the depopulation of the country, I inveigh againſt the encreaſe of our luxuries; and here alſo I expect the ſhout of modern politicians againſt me. For twenty or thirty years paſt, it has been the faſhion to conſider luxury as one of the greateſt national advantages; and all the wiſdom of antiquity in that particular, as erroneous. Still however, I muſt remain a profeſſed ancient on that head, and continue to think thoſe luxuries prejudicial to ſtates, by which ſo many vices are introduced, and ſo many kingdoms have been undone. Indeed ſo much has been poured out of late on the other ſide of the queſtion, that, merely for the ſake of novelty and variety, one would ſometimes wiſh to be in the right.

I am,

Dear Sir,

Your ſincere friend,

and ardent admirer,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE

DESERTED VILLAGE.

Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheared the labouring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed,
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene;
How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighbouring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made;
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And slights of art and feasts of strength went round;
And still as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown
By holding out to tire each other down;

The

The ſwains miſtruſtleſs of his ſmutted face,
While ſecret laughter tittered round the place;
The baſhful virgins' ſide-long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would thoſe looks reprove:
Theſe were thy charms, ſweet village; ſports like
theſe,
With ſweet ſucceſſion, taught even toil to pleaſe;
Theſe round thy bowers their chearful influence ſhed,
Theſe were thy charms— But all theſe charms are
fled.

Sweet ſmiling village, loveliеſt of the lawn,
Thy ſports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidſt thy bowers the tyrant's hand is ſeen,
And, deſolation ſaddens all thy green:
One only maſter graſps the whole domain,
And half a tillage ſtints thy ſmiling plain;
No more thy glaſſy brook reflects the day,
But choaked with ſedges, works its weedy way.
Along thy glades, a ſolitary gueſt,
The hollow ſounding bittern guards its neſt;
Amidſt thy deſert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bowers, in ſhapeleſs ruin all,
And the long graſs o'ertops the mouldering wall,
And trembling, ſhrinking from the ſpoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to haſtening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes and lords may flouriſh, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peaſantry, their country's pride,
When once deſtroyed, can never be ſupplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man;

For him light labour ſpread her wholeſome ſtore,
Juſt gave what life required, but gave no more:
His beſt companions, innocence and health;
And his beſt riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered; trade's unfeeling train
Uſurp the land and diſpoſſeſs the ſwain;
Along the lawn, where ſcattered hamlets roſe,
Unwieldy wealth, and cumbrous pomp repoſe;
And every want to opulence allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Theſe gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Thoſe calm deſires that aſked but little room,
Thoſe healthful ſports that graced the peaceful ſcene,
Lived in each look, and brightened all the green;
Theſe far departing ſeek a kinder ſhore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the bliſsful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confeſs the tyrant's power.
Here as I take my ſolitary rounds,
Amidſt thy tangling walks, and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapſed, return to view
Where once the cottage ſtood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her buſy train,
Swells at my breaſt, and turns the paſt to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my grief—and God has given my ſhare—
I ſtill had hopes my lateſt hours to crown,
Amidſt theſe humble bowers to lay me down;
To huſband out life's taper at the cloſe,
And keep the flame from waſting by repoſe.
I ſtill had hopes, for pride attends us ſtill,
Amidſt the ſwains to ſhew my book-learned ſkill,
Around my fire an evening groupe to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I ſaw;

And,

And, as an hare whom hounds and horns purſue,
Pants to the place from whence at firſt ſhe flew,
I ſtill had hopes, my long vexations paſt,
Here to return—and die at home at laſt.

O bleſt retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care that never muſt be mine,
How happy he who crowns in ſhades like theſe,
A youth of labour with an age of eaſe;
Who quits a world where ſtrong temptations try,
And, ſince 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly.
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
No ſurly porter ſtands in guilty ſtate
To ſpurn imploring famine from the gate,
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Bends to the grave with unperceived decay,
While reſignation gently ſlopes the way;
And all his proſpects brightening to the laſt,
His Heaven commences ere the world be paſt!

Sweet was the ſound when oft at evening's cloſe,
Up yonder hill the village murmur roſe;
There as I paſt with careleſs ſteps and ſlow,
The mingling notes came ſoftened from below;
The ſwain reſponſive as the milk-maid ſung,
The ſober herd that lowed to meet their young,
The noiſy geeſe that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children juſt let looſe from ſchool,
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whiſpering wind,
And the loud laugh that ſpoke the vacant mind,
Theſe all in ſweet confuſion ſought the ſhade,
And filled each pauſe the nightingale had made.

But

But now the ſounds of population fail,
No chearful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No buſy ſteps the graſs-grown foot-way tread,
For all the bloomy fluſh of life is fled.
All but yon widowed, ſolitary thing
That feebly bends beſide the plaſhy ſpring;
She, wretched matron, forced, in age, for bread,
To ſtrip the brook with mantling creſſes ſpread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To ſeek her nightly ſhed, and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmleſs train,
The ſad hiſtorian of the penſive plain.

Near yonder copſe, where once the garden ſmil'd,
And ſtill where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn ſhrubs the place diſcloſe,
The village preacher's modeſt manſion roſe.
A man he was, to all the country dear,
And paſſing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wiſhed to change his place;
Unpractiſed he to fawn, or ſeek for power,
By doctrines faſhioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More ſkilled to raiſe the wretched than to riſe.
His houſe was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long remembered beggar was his gueſt,
Whoſe beard deſcending ſwept his aged breaſt;
The ruined ſpendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken ſoldier, kindly bade to ſtay,
Sate by his fire, and talked the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of ſorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and ſhewed how fields were won.

Pleaſed

Pleaſed with his gueſts, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careleſs their merits, or their faults to ſcan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings leaned to virtue's ſide;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt, for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new fledged offspring to the ſkies;
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beſide the bed where parting life was layed,
And ſorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns diſmayed,
The reverend champion ſtood. At his controul,
Deſpair and anguiſh fled the ſtruggling ſoul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raiſe,
And his laſt faultering accents whiſpered praiſe.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double ſway,
And fools, who came to ſcoff, remained to pray.
The ſervice paſt, around the pious man,
With ſteady zeal each honeſt ruſtic ran;
Even children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to ſhare the good man's ſmile.
His ready ſmile a parent's warmth expreſt,
Their welfare pleaſed him, and their cares diſtreſt;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his ſerious thoughts had reſt in Heaven.
As ſome tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the ſtorm,
Tho' round its breaſt the rolling clouds are ſpread,
Eternal ſunſhine ſettles on its head.

Beſide yon ſtraggling fence that ſkirts the way,
With bloſſomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noiſy manſion, ſkill'd to rule,
The village maſter taught his little ſchool;
A man ſevere he was, and ſtern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's diſaſters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the buſy whiſper circling round,
Conveyed the diſmal tidings when he frowned;
Yet he was kind, or if ſevere in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too;
Lands he could meaſure, terms and tides preſage,
And even the ſtory ran that he could gauge.
In arguing too, the parſon owned his ſkill;
For even tho' vanquiſhed, he could argue ſtill;
While words of learned length, and thundering ſound,
Amazed the gazing ruſtics ranged around;
And ſtill they gazed, and ſtill the wonder grew,
That one ſmall head could carry all he knew.

But paſt is all his fame. The very ſpot
Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the ſign-poſt caught the paſſing eye,
Low lies that houſe where nut-brown draughts inſpired,
Where grey-beard mirth and ſmiling toil retired,
Where village ſtateſmen talked with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly ſtoops to trace
The parlour ſplendours of that feſtive place;

The

The white-waſhed wall, the nicely ſanded floor,
The varniſhed clock that clicked behind the door;
The cheſt contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a cheſt of drawers by day;
The pictures placed for ornament and uſe,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of gooſe;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aſpen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay,
While broken tea-cups, wiſely kept for ſhew,
Ranged o'er the chimney, gliſtened in a row.

Vain tranſitory ſplendours! Could not all
Reprieve the tottering manſion from its fall!
Obſcure it ſinks; nor ſhall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
Thither no more the peaſant ſhall repair
To ſweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the wood-man's ballad ſhall prevail;
No more the ſmith his duſky brow ſhall clear,
Relax his ponderous ſtrength, and lean to hear;
The hoſt himſelf no longer ſhall be found
Careful to ſee the mantling bliſs go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be preſt,
Shall kiſs the cup to paſs it to the reſt.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud diſdain,
Theſe ſimple bleſſings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloſs of art;
Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play,
The ſoul adopts, and owns their firſt born ſway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmoleſted, unconfin'd.
But the long pomp, the midnight maſquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed,

In theſe, ere trifles half their wiſh obtain,
The toiling pleaſure ſickens into pain;
And, even while faſhion's brighteſt arts decoy,
The heart diſtruſting aſks, if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye ſtateſmen, who ſurvey
The rich man's joys encreaſe, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits ſtand
Between a ſplendid and an happy land.
Proud ſwells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And ſhouting Folly hails them from her ſhore;
Hoards, even beyond the miſer's wiſh abound;
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our uſeful products ſtill the ſame.
Not ſo the loſs. The man of wealth and pride,
Takes up a ſpace that many poor ſupplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended hounds,
Space for his horſes, equipage, and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in ſilken ſloth,
Has robbed the neighbouring fields of half their growth;
His ſeat, where ſolitary ſports are ſeen,
Indignant ſpurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world ſupplies.
While thus the land adorned for pleaſure, all
In barren ſplendour feebly waits the fall.

As ſome fair female unadorned and plain,
Secure to pleaſe while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrowed charm that dreſs ſupplies,
Nor ſhares with art the triumph of her eyes.
But when thoſe charms are paſt, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,

She

She then ſhines forth, ſolicitous to bleſs,
In all the glaring impotence of dreſs.
Thus fares the land, by luxury betrayed;
In nature's ſimpleſt charms at firſt arrayed;
But verging to decline, its ſplendours riſe,
Its viſtas ſtrike, its palaces ſurpriſe;
While ſcourged by famine from the ſmiling land,
The mournful peaſant leads his humble band;
And while he ſinks without one arm to ſave,
The country blooms— a garden, and a grave.
Where then, ah where, ſhall poverty reſide,
To ſcape the preſſure of contiguous pride?
If to ſome common's fenceleſs limits ſtrayed,
He driwes his flock to pick the ſcanty blade,
Thoſe fenceleſs fields the ſons of wealth divide,
And even the bare-worn common is denied.
If to the city ſped — What waits him there?
To ſee profuſion that he muſt not ſhare;
To ſee ten thouſand baneful arts combin'd
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To ſee thoſe joys the ſons of pleaſure know,
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artiſt plies the ſickly trade;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps diſplay,
There the black gibbet glooms beſide the way.
The dome where Pleaſure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly deckt, admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing ſquare,
The rattling chariots claſh, the torches glare.
Sure ſcenes like theſe no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure theſe denote one univerſal joy!
Are theſe thy ſerious thoughts? — Ah, turn thine eyes
Where the poor houſeleſs ſhivering female lies.

In theſe, ere trifles half their wiſh obtain,
The toiling pleaſure ſickens into pain;
And, even while faſhion's brighteſt arts decoy,
The heart diſtruſting aſks, if this be joy.

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Proud ſwells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And ſhouting Folly hails them from her ſhore;
Hoards, even beyond the miſer's wiſh abound;
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our uſeful products ſtill the ſame.
Not ſo the loſs. The man of wealth and pride,
Takes up a ſpace that many poor ſupplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended hounds,
Space for his horſes, equipage, and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in ſilken ſloth,
Has robbed the neighbouring fields of half their growth;
His ſeat, where ſolitary ſports are ſeen,
Indignant ſpurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world ſupplies.
While thus the land adorned for pleaſure, all
In barren ſplendour feebly waits the fall.

As ſome fair female unadorned and plain,
Secure to pleaſe while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrowed charm that dreſs ſupplies,
Nor ſhares with art the triumph of her eyes.
But when thoſe charms are paſt, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,

She

She then ſhines forth, ſolicitous to bleſs,
In all the glaring impotence of dreſs.
Thus fares the land, by luxury betrayed;
In nature's ſimpleſt charms at firſt arrayed;
But verging to decline, its ſplendours riſe,
Its viſtas ſtrike, its palaces ſurpriſe;
While ſcourged by famine from the ſmiling land,
The mournful peaſant leads his humble band;
And while he ſinks without one arm to ſave,
The country blooms— a garden, and a grave.
Where then, ah where, ſhall poverty reſide,
To ſcape the preſſure of contiguous pride?
If to ſome common's fenceleſs limits ſtrayed,
He driwes his flock to pick the ſcanty blade,
Thoſe fenceleſs fields the ſons of wealth divide,
And even the bare-worn common is denied.
If to the city ſped — What waits him there?
To ſee profuſion that he muſt not ſhare;
To ſee ten thouſand baneful arts combin'd
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To ſee thoſe joys the ſons of pleaſure know,
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artiſt plies the ſickly trade;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps
diſplay,
There the black gibbet glooms beſide the way.
The dome where Pleaſure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly deckt, admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing ſquare,
The rattling chariots claſh, the torches glare.
Sure ſcenes like theſe no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure theſe denote one univerſal joy!
Are theſe thy ſerious thoughts? — Ah, turn thine
eyes
Where the poor houſeleſs ſhivering female lies.

She once, perhaps, in village plenty bleſt,
Has wept at tales of innocence diſtreſt;
Her modeſt looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primroſe peeps beneath the thorn;
Now loſt to all; her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door ſhe lays her head,
And pinch'd with cold, and ſhrinking of the ſhower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckleſs hour
When idly firſt, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.
Do thine, ſweet Auburn, thine, the loveliеſt train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they aſk a little bread!
Ah, no. To diſtant climes, a dreary ſcene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting ſteps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid ſhore;
Thoſe blazing ſuns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely ſhed intolerable day;
Thoſe matted woods where birds forget to ſing,
But ſilent bats in drowſy cluſters cling, (ed,
Thoſe poiſonous fields with rank luxuriance crown-
Where the dark ſcorpion gathers death around;
Where at each ſtep the ſtranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful ſnake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapleſs prey,
And ſavage men, more murderous ſtill than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landſcape with the ſkies.
Far different theſe from every former ſcene,
The cooling brook, the graſſy veſted green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only ſheltered thefts of harmleſs love.

Good Heaven! what ſorrows gloom'd that parting day,
That called them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleaſure paſt,
Hung round their bowers, and fondly looked their laſt,
And took a long farewell, and wiſhed in vain
For ſeats like theſe beyond the weſtern main;
And ſhuddering ſtill to face the diſtant deep,
Returned and wept, and ſtill returned to weep.
The good old ſire, the firſt prepared to go
To new found worlds, and wept for others woe.
But for himſelf, in conſcious virtue brave,
He only wiſhed for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpleſs years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother ſpoke her woes,
And bleſt the cot where every pleaſure roſe;
And kiſt her thoughtleſs babes with many a tear,
And claſpt them cloſe in ſorrow doubly dear;
Whilſt her fond huſband ſtrove to lend relief
In all the ſilent manlineſs of grief.

O luxury! Thou curſt by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchanged are things like theſe for thee!
How do thy potions, with inſidious joy,
Diffuſe their pleaſures only to deſtroy!
Kingdoms, by thee, to ſickly greatneſs grown,
Boaſt of a florid vigour not their own;
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated maſs of rank unwieldy woe;
Till ſapped their ſtrength, and every part unſound,
Down, down they ſink, and ſpread a ruin round.

Even now the devaſtation is begun,
And half the buſineſs of deſtruction done;

Even now, methinks, as pondering here I ſtand,
I ſee the rural virtues leave the land:
Down where yon anchoring veſſel ſpreads the ſail,
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Paſs from the ſhore, and darken all the ſtrand.
Contented toil, and hoſpitable care,
And kind connubial tenderneſs, are there;
And piety, with wiſhes placed above,
And ſteady loyalty, and faithful love:
And thou, ſweet Poetry, thou lovelieſt maid,
Still firſt to fly where ſenſual joys invade;
Unfit in theſe degenerate times of ſhame,
To catch the heart, or ſtrike for honeſt fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My ſhame in crowds, my ſolitary pride;
Thou ſource of all my bliſs, and all my woe,
That found'ſt me poor at firſt, and keep'ſt me ſo;
Thou guide by which the nobler arts excell,
Thou nurſe of every virtue, fare thee well.
Farewell, and O where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's ſide,
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in ſnow,
Still let thy voice prevailing over time,
Redreſs the rigours of the inclement clime;
Aid ſlighted truth, with thy perſuaſive ſtrain;
Teach erring man to ſpurn the rage of gain;
Teach him that ſtates of native ſtrength poſſeſt,
Tho' very poor, may ſtill be very bleſt;
That trade's proud empire haſtes to ſwift decay,
As ocean ſweeps the labour'd mole away;
While ſelf-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks reſiſt the billows and the ſky.

THE

THE
HERMIT.

By Th. Parnell.

Far in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a rev'rend Hermit grew;
The moſs his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the cryſtal well:
Remote from men, with God he paſs'd the days,
Pray'r all his bus'neſs, all his pleaſure praiſe.

A life ſo ſacred, ſuch ſerene repoſe
Seem'd Heav'n itſelf, till one ſuggeſtion roſe;
That Vice ſhould triumph, Virtue Vice obey,
This ſprung ſome doubt of Providence's ſway:
His hopes no more a certain proſpect boaſt,
And all the tenour of his ſoul is loſt:
So when a ſmooth expanſe receives impreſt
Calm Nature's image on its wat'ry breaſt,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And ſkies beneath with anſw'ring colours glow:
But if a ſtone the gentle ſea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every ſide,
And glimmering fragments of a broken ſun,
Banks, trees and ſkies, in thick diſorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by ſight,
To find if books, or ſwains, report it right,
(For yet by ſwains alone the world he knew,
Whoſe feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)

He quits his cell; the Pilgrim-ſtaff he bore,
And fix'd the ſcallop in his hat before;
Then with the ſun a riſing journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was waſted in the pathleſs graſs,
And long and loneſome was the wild to paſs;
But when the ſouthern ſun had warm'd the day,
A youth came poſting o'er a croſſing way!
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And ſoft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.
Then near approaching, Father, hail! he cry'd,
And hail, my Son, the rev'rend Sire reply'd;
Words follow'd words, from queſtion anſwer flow'd,
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road;
'Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus ſtands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy claſps an elm around.

Now ſunk the ſun; the cloſing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with ſober grey;
Nature in ſilence bid the world repoſe;
When near the road a ſtately palace roſe:
There by the moon thro' ranks of trees they paſs,
Whoſe verdure crown'd their ſloping ſides of graſs.
It chanc'd the noble maſter of the dome,
Still made his houſe the wand'ring ſtranger's home:
Yet ſtill the kindneſs, from a thirſt of praiſe,
Prov'd the vain flouriſh of expenſive eaſe.
The pair arrive; the liv'ry'd ſervants wait:
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate,
The table groans with coſtly piles of food,
And all is more than hoſpitably good.
Then led to reſt, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep ſunk in ſleep, and ſilk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play:
Freſh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And ſhake the neighb'ring wood to baniſh ſleep.
Up riſe the gueſts, obedient to the call:
And early banquet deck'd the ſplendid hall;
Rich luſcious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind maſter forc'd the gueſts to taſte.
Then pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go;
And, but the landlord, none had cauſe of wo;
His cup was vaniſh'd; for in ſecret guiſe
The younger gueſt purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.

As one who ſpies a ſerpent in his way,
Gliſt'ning and baſking in the ſummer ray,
Diſorder'd ſtops to ſhun the danger near,
Then walks with faintneſs on, and looks with fear;
So ſeem'd the Sire; when far upon the road,
The ſhining ſpoil his wiley partner ſhew'd.
He ſtopp'd with ſilence, walk'd with trembling heart,
And much he wiſh'd, but durſt not aſk to part:
Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
That gen'rous actions meet a baſe reward.

While thus they paſs, the ſun his glory ſhrouds,
The changing ſkies hang out their ſable clouds;
A ſound in air preſag'd approaching rain,
And beaſts to covert ſcud acroſs the plain.
Warn'd by the ſigns, the wand'ring pair retreat,
To ſeek for ſhelter at a neighb'ring ſeat.
'Twas built with turrets on a riſing ground,
And ſtrong, and large, and unimprov'd around;
It's owner's temper tim'rous and ſevere,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a deſert there.

As near the miſer's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce riſing guſts with ſudden fury blew;

The nimble light'ning mix'd with ſhow'rs began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunders ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At lenght ſome pity warm'd the maſter's breaſt,
('Twas then his threſhold firſt receiv'd a gueſt)
Slow creeking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the ſhiv'ring pair;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And Nature's fervour thro' their limbs recalls:
Bread of the coarſeſt ſort, with eager wine,
(Each hardly granted) ſerv'd them both to dine;
And when the tempeſt firſt appear'd to ceaſe,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With ſtill remark the pond'ring Hermit view'd,
In one ſo rich a life ſo poor and rude;
And why ſhould ſuch, within himſelf he cry'd,
Lock the loſt wealth a thouſand want beſide?
But what new marks of wonder ſoon took place,
In ev'ry ſettling feature of his face;
When from his veſt the young companion bore
That cup, the gen'rous landlord own'd before,
And paid profuſely with the precious bowl
The ſtinted kindneſs of this churliſh ſoul.

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
The ſun emerging opes an azure ſky;
A freſher green the ſmelling leaves diſplay,
And glitt'ring as they tremble, chear the day:
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad maſter bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the Pilgrim's boſom
wrought
With all the travel of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cauſe appear,
'Twas there a vice, and ſeem'd a madneſs here:

De-

Deteſting that, and pitying this he goes,
Loſt and confounded with the various ſhows.

Now night's dim ſhades again involve the ſky,
Again the wand'rers want a place to ly.
Again they ſearch, and find a lodging nigh.
The ſoil improv'd around, the manſion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
It ſeem'd to ſpeak its maſter's turn of mind,
Content, and not to praiſe, but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bleſs the manſion, and the maſter greet:
Their greeting fair, beſtow'd with modeſt guiſe,
The courteous maſter hears, and thus replies:

Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all I yield a part;
From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and ſober, more than coſtly cheer.
He ſpoke, and bid the welcome table ſpread,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave houſhold round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and cloſe the hours with pray'r.

At length the world renew'd by calm repoſe
Was ſtrong for toil, the dappled morn aroſe;
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the clos'd cradle where an infant ſlept,
And writh'd his neck: the Landlord's little pride,
O ſtrange return! grew black, and gaſp'd and dy'd.
Horror of horrors! what! his only ſon!
How look'd our Hermit when the fact was done;
Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in ſunder part,
And breathe blue fire, cou'd more aſſault his heart.

Confus'd, and ſtruck with ſilence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling fails to fly with ſpeed.
His ſteps the youth purſues: the country lay
Perplex'd with roads, a ſervant ſhow'd the way:
A river croſs'd the path; the paſſage o'er
Was nice to find; the ſervant trod before;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge ſupply'd,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The youth, who ſeem'd to watch a time to ſin,
Approach'd the careleſs guide, and thruſt him in;
Plunging he falls, and riſing lifts his head,
Then flaſhing turns, and ſinks among the dead.

Wild ſparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He burſts the bands of fear, and madly cries:
Deteſted wretch— But ſcarce his ſpeech began,
When the ſtrange partner ſeem'd no longer man:
His youthful face grew more ſerenely ſweet;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points inveſt his hair;
Celeſtial odours breathe thro' purpled air;
And wings, whoſe colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes diſplay,
The form ethereal burſt upon his ſight,
And moves in all the majeſty of light.

Tho' loud at firſt the pilgrim's paſſion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wiſt not what to do;
Surprize in ſecret chains his words ſuſpends,
And in a calm his ſettling temper ends.
But ſilence here the beauteous angel broke,
(The voice of muſic raviſh'd as he ſpoke:)

Thy pray'r, thy praiſe, thy life to vice unknown,
In ſweet memorial riſe before the throne:
Theſe charms, ſucceſs in our bright region find,
And force an angel down to calm thy mind;

For

For this, commiſſion'd, I forſook the ſky,
Nay, ceaſe to kneel — thy fellow-ſervant I.

Then know the truth of government divine
And let the ſcruples be no longer thine:

The Maker juſtly claims that world he made,
In this the right of providence is laid;
Its ſacred majeſty thro' all depends
On uſing ſecond means to work his ends:
'Tis thus, withdrawn in ſtate from human eye,
The pow'r exerts his attributes on high,
Your actions uſes, nor controuls your will,
And bids the doubting ſons of men be ſtill.

What ſtrange events can ſtrike with more ſurprize,
Than thoſe which lately ſtruck thy wond'ring eyes?
Yet taught by theſe, confeſs th' Almighty juſt,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to truſt!

The great, vain man, who far'd on coſtly food,
Whoſe life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his iv'ry ſtands with goblets ſhine,
And forc'd his gueſts to morning draughts of wine,
Has, with the cup, the graceleſs cuſtom loſt,
And ſtill he welcomes, but with leſs of coſt.

The mean, ſuſpicious wretch, whoſe bolted door,
Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wand'ring poor;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That Heav'n can bleſs, if mortals will be kind.
Conſcious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compaſſion touch his grateful ſoul.
Thus artiſts melt the ſullen oar of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And looſe from droſs, the ſilver runs below.

Long

Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God;
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And meaſur'd back his ſteps to earth again.
To what exceſſes had his dotage run?
But God, to ſave the father, took the ſon.
To all but thee, in fits he ſeem'd to go,
(And 'twas my miniſtry to deal the blow)
The poor fond parent, humbled in the duſt,
Now owns in tears the puniſhment was juſt.

But now had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had that falſe ſervant ſped in ſafety back;
This night his treaſur'd heaps he meant to ſteal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!
Thus Heav'n inſtructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, reſign, and ſin no more.

On ſounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The ſage ſtood wond'ring as the Seraph flew.
Thus look'd Eliſha when to mount on high,
His maſter took the chariot of the ſky;
The fiery pomp aſcending left to view;
The prophet gaz'd, and wiſh'd to follow too.

The bending hermit here a pray'r begun,
Lord! as in Heav'n, on earth thy will be done.
Then gladly turning, ſought his ancient place,
And paſs'd a life of piety and peace.

THE END.

THE

SEASONS.

BY

JAMES THOMSON.

SPRING.

The

ARGUMENT.

The ſubject propoſed. Inſcribed to the Counteſs of HARTFORD. The Seaſon is deſcribed as it affects the various parts of Nature, aſcending from the lower to the higher; with digreſſions ariſing from the ſubject. Its influence on inanimate Matter, on Vegetables, on brute Animals, and laſt on Man; concluding with a diſſuaſive from the wild and irregular paſſion of Love, oppoſed to that of a pure and happy kind.

SPRING.

Come, gentle Spring, ethereal Mildneſs, come,
And from the boſom of yon dropping cloud,
While muſic wakes around, veil'd in a ſhower
Of ſhadowing roſes, on our plains deſcend.

O Hartford, fitted or to ſhine in courts
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
With innocence and meditation join'd
In ſoft aſſemblage, liſten to my ſong,
Which thy own Seaſon paints; when Nature all
Is blooming and benevolent, like thee.

And ſee where ſurly Winter paſſes off,
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blaſts:
His blaſts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The ſhatter'd foreſt, and the ravag'd vale;
While ſofter gales ſucceed, at whoſe kind touch,
Diſſolving ſnows in livid torrents loſt,
The mountains lift their green heads to the ſky.

As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
And Winter oft at eve reſumes the breeze,
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving fleets
Deform the day delightleſs: ſo that ſcarce
The bittern knows his time, with bill ingulpht
To ſhake the ſounding marſh; or from the ſhore
The plovers when to ſcatter o'er the heath,
And ſing their wild notes to the liſtening waſte.

At laſt from Aries rolls the bounteous ſun,
And the bright Bull receives him. Then no more
Th' expanſive atmoſphere is cramp'd with cold;
But, full of life and vivifying ſoul,
Lifts the light clouds ſublime, and ſpreads them thin,
Fleecy and white, o'er all-ſurrounding heaven.

Forth fly the tepid airs; and unconfin'd,
Unbinding earth, the moving ſoftneſs ſtrays.
Joyous, th' impatient huſbandman perceives
Relenting Nature, and his luſty ſteers
Drives from their ſtalls, to where the well-us'd plough
Lies in the furrow, looſened from the froſt.
There, unrefuſing to the harneſs'd yoke
They lend their ſhoulder, and begin their toil,
Chear'd by the ſimple ſong and ſoaring lark.
Meanwhile incumbent o'er the ſhining ſhare
The maſter leans, removes th' obſtructing clay,
Winds the whole work, and ſidelong lays the glebe.

White thro' the neighbouring fields the ſower ſtalks,
With meaſur'd ſtep; and liberal throws the grain
Into the faithful boſom of the ground:
The harrow follows harſh, and ſhuts the ſcene.

Be gracious, Heaven! for now laborious Man
Has done his part. Ye foſtering breezes, blow!

Ye

Ye ſoftening dews, ye tender ſhowers, deſcend!
And temper all, thou world reviving ſun,
Into the perfect year! Nor ye who live
In luxury and eaſe, in pomp and pride,
Think theſe loſt themes unworthy of your ear:
Such themes as theſe the rural Maro ſung
To wide-imperial Rome, in the full height
Of elegance and taſte, by Greece refin'd
In antient times, the ſacred plough employ'd
The kings, and awful fathers of mankind:
And ſome, with whom compar'd your inſect-tribes
Are but the beings of a ſummer's day,
Have held the ſcale of empire, rul'd the ſtorm
Of mighty war; then, with victorious hand,
Diſdaining little delicacies, ſeiz'd
The plough, and greatly independent ſcorn'd
All the vile ſtores corruption can beſtow.

Ye generous Britons, venerate the plough;
And o'er your hills, and long withdrawing vales,
Let Autumn ſpread his treaſures to the ſun,
Luxuriant and unbounded: as the ſea,
Far thro' his azure turbulent domain,
Your empire owns, and from a thouſand ſhores
Wafts all the pomp of life into your ports;
So with ſuperior boon may your rich ſoil,
Exuberant, Nature's better bleſſings pour
O'er every land, the naked nations cloathe,
And be th' exhauſtleſs granary of a world!

Nor only thro' the lenient air this change,
Delicious, breathes; the penetrative ſun,
His force deep-darting to the dark retreat
Of vegetation, ſets the ſteaming Power
At large, to wander o'er the vernant earth,
In various hues; but chiefly thee, gay Green!

Thou ſmiling Nature's univerſal robe!
United light and ſhade! where the ſight dwells
With growing ſtrength, and ever-new delight.

From the moiſt meadow to the withered hill,
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,
And ſwells, and deepens, to the cheriſh'd eye.
The hawthorn whitens; and the juicy groves
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
Till the whole leafy foreſt ſtands diſplay'd,
In full luxuriance to the ſighing gales;
Where the deer ruſtle thro' the twining brake,
And the birds ſing conceal'd. At once, array'd
In all the colours of the flufhing year,
By Nature's ſwift and ſecret-working hand,
The garden glows, and fills the liberal air
With laviſh fragrance; while the promis'd fruit
Lies yet a little embryo, unperceiv'd
Within its crimſon folds. Now from the town
Buried in ſmoke, and ſleep, and noiſom damps,
Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields, (drops
Where freſhneſs breathes, and daſh the trembling
From the bent buſh, as thro' the verdant maze
Of ſweet-briar hedges I purſue my walk;
Or taſte the ſmell of dairy; or aſcend
Some eminence, Auguſta, in thy plains,
And ſee the country, far diffus'd around,
One boundleſs bluſh, one white-empurpled ſhower
Of mingled bloſſoms; where the raptur'd eye
Hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath
The fair profuſion, yellow Autumn ſpies.

If, bruſh'd from Ruſſian wilds, a cutting gale
Riſe not, and ſcatter from his humid wings
The clammy mildew; or, dry-blowing, breathe
Untimely froſt; before whoſe baleful blaſt

The

The full-blown ſpring thro'all her foliage ſhrinks,
Joyleſs and dead, a wide dejected waſte.
For oft, engender'd by the hazy north,
Myriads on myriads, inſect-armies waft
Keen in the priſon'd breeze; and waſteful eat,
Thro' buds and bark, into the blackened core,
Their eager way. A feeble race! yet oft
The ſacred ſons of vengeance; on whoſe courſe
Corroſive famine waits, and kills the year.
To check this plague the ſkilful farmer chaff,
And blazing ſtraw, before his orchard burns;
Till, all involv'd in ſmoke, the latent foe
From every cranny ſuffocated falls:
Or ſcatters o'er the blooms the pungent duſt
Of pepper, fatal to the froſty tribe:
Or, when th' envenom'd leaf begins to curl,
With ſprinkled water drowns them in their neſt;
Nor, while they pick them up with buſy bill,
The little trooping birds unwiſely ſcares.

Be patient, ſwains; theſe cruel-ſeeming winds
Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep, repreſs'd,
Thoſe deepening clouds on clouds, ſurcharg'd with rain,
That o'er the vaſt Atlantic hither borne,
In endleſs train, would quench the ſummer-blaze,
And, chearleſs, drown the crude unripened year.

The north-eaſt ſpends his rage; he now ſhut up
Within his iron cave, th' effuſive ſouth
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven
Breathes the big clouds with vernal ſhowers diſtent.
At firſt a duſky wreath they ſeem to riſe,
Scarce ſtaining ether; but by ſwift degrees,
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour fails
Along the loaded ſky, and mingling deep
Sits on th' horizon round a ſettled gloom:

Not ſuch as wintry-ſtorms on mortals ſhed,
Oppreſſing life; but lively, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope and every joy.
The wiſh of Nature. Gradual ſinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm; that not a breath
Is heard to quiver thro' the cloſing woods,
Or ruſtling turn the many-twinkling leaves
Of aſpin tall. Th' uncurling floods, diffus'd
In glaſſy breadth, ſeem thro' deluſive lapſe
Forgetful of their courſe. 'Tis ſilence all,
And pleaſing expectation. Herds and flocks
Drop the dry ſprig, and mute imploring eye
The falling verdure. Huſh'd in ſhort ſuſpenſe,
The plumy people ſtreak their wings with oil,
To throw the lucid moiſture trikling off;
And wait th' approaching ſign to ſtrike, at once,
Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales,
And foreſts ſeem, impatient, to demand
The promis'd ſweetneſs. Man ſuperior walks
Amid the glad creation, muſing praiſe,
And looking lively gratitude. At laſt,
The clouds conſign their treaſures to the fields;
And, ſoftly ſhaking on the dimpled pool
Preluſive drops, let all their moiſture flow,
In large effuſion, o'er th' freſhened world.
The ſtealing ſhower is ſcarce to patter heard,
By ſuch as wander thro' the foreſt walks,
Beneath th' umbrageous multitude of leaves.
But who can hold the ſhade, while Heaven deſcends
In univerſal bounty, ſhedding herbs,
And fruits, and flowers, on Nature's ample lap?
Swift fancy fir'd anticipates their growth?
And, while the milky nutriment diſtils,
Beholds the kindling country colour round.

Thus

Thus all day long the full-diſtended clouds
Indulge their genial ſtores, and well-ſhower'd earth
Is deep enrich'd with vegetable life;
Till, in the weſtern ſky, the downward ſun
Looks out, effulgent, from amid the fluſh
Of broken clouds, gay ſhifting to his beam.
The rapid radiance inſtantaneous ſtrikes
Th' illumin'd mountain, thro' the foreſt ſtreams,
Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow miſt,
Far ſmoaking o'er th' interminable plain,
In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
Moiſt, bright, and green, the landſkip laughs around.
Full ſwell the woods; their every muſic wakes,
Mix'd in wild concert with the warbling brooks
Increas'd, the diſtant bleatings of the hills,
And hollow lows reſponſive from the vales,
Whence blending all the ſweetened zephyr ſprings.
Mean time refracted from yon eaſtern cloud,
Beſtriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
Shoots up immenſe; and every hue unfolds,
In fair proportion running from the red,
To where the violet fades into the ſky.
Here, awful Newton, the diſſolving clouds
Form, fronting on the ſun, thy ſhowery priſm;
And to the ſage-inſtructed eye unfold
The various twine of light, by thee diſclos'd
From the white mingling maze. Not ſo the ſwain;
He wondering views the bright enchantment bend,
Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs
To catch the falling glory; but amaz'd
Beholds th' amuſive arch before him fly,
Then vaniſh quite away. Still night ſucceeds,
A ſoftened ſhade, and ſaturated earth
Awaits the morning-beam, to give to light,
Rais'd thro' ten thouſand differend plaſtic tubes,
The balmy treaſures of the former day.

Then ſpring the living herbs, profuſely wild,
O'er all the deep green earth, beyond the power
Of botaniſt to number up their tribes:
Whether he ſteals along the lonely dale,
In ſilent ſearch; or thro' the foreſt, rank
With what the dull incurious weeds account,
Burſts his blind way; or climbs the mountain-rock,
Fir'd by the nodding verdure of its brow.
With ſuch a liberal hand has Nature flung
Their ſeeds abroad, blown them about in winds,
Innumerous mix'd them with the nurſing mold,
The moiſtening current, and prolific rain.

But who their virtues can declare? who pierce,
With viſion pure, into theſe ſecret ſtores
Of health, and life, and joy? the food of Man,
While yet he liv'd in innocence, and told
A length of golden years; unfleſh'd in blood,
A ſtranger to the ſavage arts of life,
Death, rapine, carnage, ſurfeit, and diſeaſe,
The lord, and not the tyrant, of the world.

The firſt freſh dawn then wak'd the gladdend race
Of uncorrupted Man, nor bluſh'd to ſee
The ſluggard ſleep beneath its ſacred beam:
For their light ſlumbers gently fum'd away;
And up they roſe as vigorous as the ſun,
Or to the culture of the willing glebe,
Or to the chearful tendance of the flock.
Meantime the ſong went round; and dance and ſport,
Wiſdom and friendly talk, ſucceſſive ſtole
Their hours away: while in the roſy vale
Love breath'd his infant ſighs, from anguiſh free,
And full replete with bliſs; ſave the ſweet pain,
That, inly thrilling, but exalts it more.
Nor yet injurious act, nor ſurly deed,

Was known among thoſe happy ſons of Heaven;
For reaſon and benevolence were law.
Harmonious Nature too look'd ſmiling on.
Clear ſhone the ſkies, cool'd with eternal gales,
And balmy ſpirit all. The youthful ſun
Shot his beſt rays, and ſtill the gracious clouds
Drop'd fatneſs down; as o'er the ſwelling mead,
The herds and flocks, commixing, play'd ſecure.
This when, emergent from the gloomy wood,
The glaring lion ſaw, his horrid heart
Was meekened, and he join'd his ſullen joy.
For muſic held the whole in perfect peace:
Soft ſigh'd the flute; the tender voice was heard,
Warbling the varied heart; the woodlands round
Apply'd their quire; and winds and waters flow'd
In conſonance. Such were thoſe prime of days.

But now thoſe white unblemiſh'd minutes, whence
The fabling poets took their golden age,
Are found no more amid theſe iron times,
Theſe dregs of life! Now the diſtemper'd mind
Has loſt that concord of harmonious powers,
Which forms the ſoul of happineſs; and all
Is off the poiſe within: the paſſions all
Have burſt their bounds; and reaſon half extinct,
Or impotent, or elſe approving, ſees
The foul diſorder. Senſeleſs, and deform'd,
Convulſive anger ſtorms at large; or pale,
And ſilent, ſettles into fell revenge.
Baſe envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.
Deſponding fear, of feeble fancies full,
Weak and unmanly, looſens every power.
Even love itſelf is bitterneſs of ſoul,
A penſive anguiſh pining at the heart;
Or, ſunk to ſordid intereſt, feels no more

Confus'd, and ſtruck with ſilence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling fails to fly with ſpeed.
His ſteps the youth purſues: the country lay
Perplex'd with roads, a ſervant ſhow'd the way:
A river croſs'd the path; the paſſage o'er
Was nice to find; the ſervant trod before;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge ſupply'd,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The youth, who ſeem'd to watch a time to ſin,
Approach'd the careleſs guide, and thruſt him in;
Plunging he falls, and riſing lifts his head,
Then flaſhing turns, and ſinks among the dead.

Wild ſparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He burſts the bands of fear, and madly cries:
Deteſted wretch— But ſcarce his ſpeech began,
When the ſtrange partner ſeem'd no longer man:
His youthful face grew more ſerenely ſweet;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points inveſt his hair;
Celeſtial odours breathe thro' purpled air;
And wings, whoſe colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes diſplay,
The form ethereal burſt upon his ſight,
And moves in all the majeſty of light.

Tho' loud at firſt the pilgrim's paſſion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wiſt not what to do;
Surprize in ſecret chains his words ſuſpends,
And in a calm his ſettling temper ends.
But ſilence here the beauteous angel broke,
(The voice of muſic raviſh'd as he ſpoke:)

Thy pray'r, thy praiſe, thy life to vice unknown,
In ſweet memorial riſe before the throne:
Theſe charms, ſucceſs in our bright region find,
And force an angel down to calm thy mind;

For

For this, commiſſion'd, I forſook the ſky,
Nay, ceaſe to kneel — thy fellow-ſervant I.

Then know the truth of government divine
And let the ſcruples be no longer thine:

The Maker juſtly claims that world he made,
In this the right of providence is laid;
Its ſacred majeſty thro' all depends
On uſing ſecond means to work his ends:
'Tis thus, withdrawn in ſtate from human eye,
The pow'r exerts his attributes on high,
Your actions uſes, nor controuls your will,
And bids the doubting ſons of men be ſtill.

What ſtrange events can ſtrike with more ſurprize,
Than thoſe which lately ſtruck thy wond'ring eyes?
Yet taught by theſe, confeſs th' Almighty juſt,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to truſt!

The great, vain man, who far'd on coſtly food,
Whoſe life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his iv'ry ſtands with goblets ſhine,
And forc'd his gueſts to morning draughts of wine,
Has, with the cup, the graceleſs cuſtom loſt,
And ſtill he welcomes, but with leſs of coſt.

The mean, ſuſpicious wretch, whoſe bolted door,
Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wand'ring poor;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That Heav'n can bleſs, if mortals will be kind.
Conſcious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compaſſion touch his grateful ſoul.
Thus artiſts melt the ſullen oar of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And looſe from droſs, the ſilver runs below.

Long

Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God;
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And meaſur'd back his ſteps to earth again.
To what exceſſes had his dotage run?
But God, to ſave the father, took the ſon.
To all but thee, in fits he ſeem'd to go,
(And 'twas my miniſtry to deal the blow)
The poor fond parent, humbled in the duſt,
Now owns in tears the puniſhment was juſt.

But now had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had that falſe ſervant ſped in ſafety back;
This night his treaſur'd heaps he meant to ſteal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!
Thus Heav'n inſtructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, reſign, and ſin no more.

On ſounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The ſage ſtood wond'ring as the Seraph flew.
Thus look'd Eliſha when to mount on high,
His maſter took the chariot of the ſky;
The fiery pomp aſcending left to view;
The prophet gaz'd, and wiſh'd to follow too.

The bending hermit here a pray'r begun,
Lord! as in Heav'n, on earth thy will be done.
Then gladly turning, ſought his ancient place,
And paſs'd a life of piety and peace.

THE END.

THE

THE

SEASONS.

BY

JAMES THOMSON.

SPRING.

The

ARGUMENT.

The ſubject propoſed. Inſcribed to the Counteſs of HARTFORD. The Seaſon is deſcribed as it affects the various parts of Nature, aſcending from the lower to the higher; with digreſſions ariſing from the ſubject. Its influence on inanimate Matter, on Vegetables, on brute Animals, and laſt on Man; concluding with a diſſuaſive from the wild and irregular paſſion of Love, oppoſed to that of a pure and happy kind.

SPRING.

Come, gentle Spring, ethereal Mildneſs, come,
And from the boſom of yon dropping cloud,
While muſic wakes around, veil'd in a ſhower
Of ſhadowing roſes, on our plains deſcend.

O Hartford, fitted or to ſhine in courts
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
With innocence and meditation join'd
In ſoft aſſemblage, liſten to my ſong,
Which thy own Seaſon paints; when Nature all
Is blooming and benevolent, like thee.

And ſee where ſurly Winter paſſes off,
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blaſts:
His blaſts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The ſhatter'd foreſt, and the ravag'd vale;
While ſofter gales ſucceed, at whoſe kind touch,
Diſſolving ſnows in livid torrents loſt,
The mountains lift their green heads to the ſky.

As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
And Winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving fleets
Deform the day delightless: so that scarce
The bittern knows his time, with bill ingulpht
To shake the sounding marsh; or from the shore
The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,
And sing their wild notes to the listening waste.

At last from Aries rolls the bounteous sun,
And the bright Bull receives him. Then no more
Th' expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold;
But, full of life and vivifying soul,
Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin,
Fleecy and white, o'er all-surrounding heaven.

Forth fly the tepid airs; and unconfin'd,
Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.
Joyous, th' impatient husbandman perceives
Relenting Nature, and his lusty steers
Drives from their stalls, to where the well-us'd plough
Lies in the furrow, loosened from the frost.
There, unrefusing to the harness'd yoke
They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,
Chear'd by the simple song and soaring lark.
Meanwhile incumbent o'er the shining share
The master leans, removes th' obstructing clay,
Winds the whole work, and sidelong lays the glebe.

White thro' the neighbouring fields the sower stalks,
With measur'd step; and liberal throws the grain
Into the faithful bosom of the ground:
The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.

Be gracious, Heaven! for now laborious Man
Has done his part. Ye fostering breezes, blow!

Ye

Ye ſoftening dews, ye tender ſhowers, deſcend!
And temper all, thou world reviving ſun,
Into the perfect year! Nor ye who live
In luxury and eaſe, in pomp and pride,
Think theſe loſt themes unworthy of your ear:
Such themes as theſe the rural Maro ſung
To wide-imperial Rome, in the full height
Of elegance and taſte, by Greece refin'd
In antient times, the ſacred plough employ'd
The kings, and awful fathers of mankind:
And ſome, with whom compar'd your inſect-tribes
Are but the beings of a ſummer's day,
Have held the ſcale of empire, rul'd the ſtorm
Of mighty war; then, with victorious hand,
Diſdaining little delicacies, ſeiz'd
The plough, and greatly independent ſcorn'd
All the vile ſtores corruption can beſtow.

Ye generous Britons, venerate the plough;
And o'er your hills, and long withdrawing vales,
Let Autumn ſpread his treaſures to the ſun,
Luxuriant and unbounded: as the ſea,
Far thro' his azure turbulent domain,
Your empire owns, and from a thouſand ſhores
Wafts all the pomp of life into your ports;
So with ſuperior boon may your rich ſoil,
Exuberant, Nature's better bleſſings pour
O'er every land, the naked nations cloathe,
And be th' exhauſtleſs granary of a world!

Nor only thro' the lenient air this change,
Delicious, breathes; the penetrative ſun,
His force deep-darting to the dark retreat
Of vegetation, ſets the ſteaming Power
At large, to wander o'er the vernant earth,
In various hues; but chiefly thee, gay Green!

Thou ſmiling Nature's univerſal robe!
United light and ſhade! where the ſight dwells
With growing ſtrength, and ever-new delight.

From the moiſt meadow to the withered hill,
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,
And ſwells, and deepens, to the cheriſh'd eye.
The hawthorn whitens; and the juicy groves
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
Till the whole leafy foreſt ſtands diſplay'd,
In full luxuriance to the ſighing gales;
Where the deer ruſtle thro' the twining brake,
And the birds ſing conceal'd. At once, array'd
In all the colours of the flufhing year,
By Nature's ſwift and ſecret-working hand,
The garden glows, and fills the liberal air
With laviſh fragrance; while the promis'd fruit
Lies yet a little embryo, unperceiv'd
Within its crimſon folds. Now from the town
Buried in ſmoke, and ſleep, and noiſom damps,
Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields, (drops
Where freſhneſs breathes, and daſh the trembling
From the bent buſh, as thro' the verdant maze
Of ſweet-briar hedges I purſue my walk;
Or taſte the ſmell of dairy; or aſcend
Some eminence, Auguſta, in thy plains,
And ſee the country, far diffus'd around,
One boundleſs bluſh, one white-empurpled ſhower
Of mingled bloſſoms; where the raptur'd eye
Hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath
The fair profuſion, yellow Autumn ſpies.

If, bruſh'd from Ruſſian wilds, a cutting gale
Riſe not, and ſcatter from his humid wings
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The full-blown ſpring thro'all her foliage ſhrinks,
Joyleſs and dead, a wide dejected waſte.
For oft, engender'd by the hazy north,
Myriads on myriads, inſect-armies waft
Keen in the priſon'd breeze; and waſteful eat,
Thro' buds and bark, into the blackened core,
Their eager way. A feeble race! yet oft
The ſacred ſons of vengeance; on whoſe courſe
Corroſive famine waits, and kills the year.
To check this plague the ſkilful farmer chaff,
And blazing ſtraw, before his orchard burns;
Till, all involv'd in ſmoke, the latent foe
From every cranny ſuffocated falls:
Or ſcatters o'er the blooms the pungent duſt
Of pepper, fatal to the froſty tribe:
Or, when th' envenom'd leaf begins to curl,
With ſprinkled water drowns them in their neſt;
Nor, while they pick them up with buſy bill,
The little trooping birds unwiſely ſcares.

Be patient, ſwains; theſe cruel-ſeeming winds
Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep, repreſs'd,
Thoſe deepening clouds on clouds, ſurcharg'd with rain,
That o'er the vaſt Atlantic hither borne,
In endleſs train, would quench the ſummer-blaze,
And, chearleſs, drown the crude unripened year.

The north-eaſt ſpends his rage; he now ſhut up
Within his iron cave, th' effuſive ſouth
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven
Breathes the big clouds with vernal ſhowers diſtent.
At firſt a duſky wreath they ſeem to riſe,
Scarce ſtaining ether; but by ſwift degrees,
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour ſails
Along the loaded ſky, and mingling deep
Sits on th' horizon round a ſettled gloom:

Not ſuch as wintry-ſtorms on mortals ſhed,
Oppreſſing life; but lively, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope and every joy.
The wiſh of Nature. Gradual ſinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm; that not a breath
Is heard to quiver thro' the cloſing woods,
Or ruſtling turn the many-twinkling leaves
Of aſpin tall. Th' uncurling floods, diffus'd
In glaſſy breadth, ſeem thro' deluſive lapſe
Forgetful of their courſe. 'Tis ſilence all,
And pleaſing expectation. Herds and flocks
Drop the dry ſprig, and mute imploring eye
The falling verdure. Huſh'd in ſhort ſuſpenſe,
The plumy people ſtreak their wings with oil,
To throw the lucid moiſture trikling off;
And wait th' approaching ſign to ſtrike, at once,
Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales,
And foreſts ſeem, impatient, to demand
The promis'd ſweetneſs. Man ſuperior walks
Amid the glad creation, muſing praiſe,
And looking lively gratitude. At laſt,
The clouds conſign their treaſures to the fields;
And, ſoftly ſhaking on the dimpled pool
Preluſive drops, let all their moiſture flow,
In large effuſion, o'er th' freſhened world.
The ſtealing ſhower is ſcarce to patter heard,
By ſuch as wander thro' the foreſt walks,
Beneath th' umbrageous multitude of leaves.
But who can hold the ſhade, while Heaven deſcends
In univerſal bounty, ſhedding herbs,
And fruits, and flowers, on Nature's ample lap?
Swift fancy fir'd anticipates their growth?
And, while the milky nutriment diſtils,
Beholds the kindling country colour round.

Thus

Thus all day long the full-diſtended clouds
Indulge their genial ſtores, and well-ſhower'd earth
Is deep enrich'd with vegetable life;
Till, in the weſtern ſky, the downward ſun
Looks out, effulgent, from amid the fluſh
Of broken clouds, gay ſhifting to his beam.
The rapid radiance inſtantaneous ſtrikes
Th' illumin'd mountain, thro' the foreſt ſtreams,
Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow miſt,
Far ſmoaking o'er th' interminable plain,
In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
Moiſt, bright, and green, the landſkip laughs around.
Full ſwell the woods; their every muſic wakes,
Mix'd in wild concert with the warbling brooks
Increas'd, the diſtant bleatings of the hills,
And hollow lows reſponſive from the vales,
Whence blending all the ſweetened zephyr ſprings.
Mean time refracted from yon eaſtern cloud,
Beſtriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
Shoots up immenſe; and every hue unfolds,
In fair proportion running from the red,
To where the violet fades into the ſky.
Here, awful Newton, the diſſolving clouds
Form, fronting on the ſun, thy ſhowery priſm;
And to the ſage-inſtructed eye unfold
The various twine of light, by thee diſclos'd
From the white mingling maze. Not ſo the ſwain;
He wondering views the bright enchantment bend,
Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs
To catch the falling glory; but amaz'd
Beholds th' amuſive arch before him fly,
Then vaniſh quite away. Still night ſucceeds,
A ſoftened ſhade, and ſaturated earth
Awaits the morning-beam, to give to light,
Rais'd thro' ten thouſand differend plaſtic tubes,
The balmy treaſures of the former day.

Then ſpring the living herbs, profuſely wild,
O'er all the deep green earth, beyond the power
Of botaniſt to number up their tribes:
Whether he ſteals along the lonely dale,
In ſilent ſearch; or thro' the foreſt, rank
With what the dull incurious weeds account,
Burſts his blind way; or climbs the mountain-rock,
Fir'd by the nodding verdure of its brow.
With ſuch a liberal hand has Nature flung
Their ſeeds abroad, blown them about in winds,
Innumerous mix'd them with the nurſing mold,
The moiſtening current, and prolific rain.

But who their virtues can declare? who pierce,
With viſion pure, into theſe ſecret ſtores
Of health, and life, and joy? the food of Man,
While yet he liv'd in innocence, and told
A length of golden years; unfleſh'd in blood,
A ſtranger to the ſavage arts of life,
Death, rapine, carnage, ſurfeit, and diſeaſe,
The lord, and not the tyrant, of the world.

The firſt freſh dawn then wak'd the gladdend race
Of uncorrupted Man, nor bluſh'd to ſee
The ſluggard ſleep beneath its ſacred beam:
For their light ſlumbers gently fum'd away;
And up they roſe as vigorous as the ſun,
Or to the culture of the willing glebe,
Or to the chearful tendance of the flock.
Meantime the ſong went round; and dance and ſport,
Wiſdom and friendly talk, ſucceſſive ſtole
Their hours away: while in the roſy vale
Love breath'd his infant ſighs, from anguiſh free,
And full replete with bliſs; ſave the ſweet pain,
That, inly thrilling, but exalts it more.
Nor yet injurious act, nor ſurly deed,

Was known among thoſe happy ſons of Heaven;
For reaſon and benevolence were law.
Harmonious Nature too look'd ſmiling on.
Clear ſhone the ſkies, cool'd with eternal gales,
And balmy ſpirit all. The youthful ſun
Shot his beſt rays, and ſtill the gracious clouds
Drop'd fatneſs down; as o'er the ſwelling mead,
The herds and flocks, commixing, play'd ſecure.
This when, emergent from the gloomy wood,
The glaring lion ſaw, his horrid heart
Was meekened, and he join'd his ſullen joy.
For muſic held the whole in perfect peace:
Soft ſigh'd the flute; the tender voice was heard,
Warbling the varied heart; the woodlands round
Apply'd their quire; and winds and waters flow'd
In conſonance. Such were thoſe prime of days.

But now thoſe white unblemiſh'd minutes, whence
The fabling poets took their golden age,
Are found no more amid theſe iron times,
Theſe dregs of life! Now the diſtemper'd mind
Has loſt that concord of harmonious powers,
Which forms the ſoul of happineſs; and all
Is off the poiſe within: the paſſions all
Have burſt their bounds; and reaſon half extinct,
Or impotent, or elſe approving, ſees
The foul diſorder. Senſeleſs, and deform'd,
Convulſive anger ſtorms at large; or pale,
And ſilent, ſettles into fell revenge.
Baſe envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.
Deſponding fear, of feeble fancies full,
Weak and unmanly, looſens every power.
Even love itſelf is bitterneſs of ſoul,
A penſive anguiſh pining at the heart;
Or, ſunk to ſordid intereſt, feels no more

That noble wiſh, that never cloy'd deſire,
Which, ſelfiſh joy diſdaining, ſeeks alone
To bleſs the dearer object of its flame.
Hope ſickens with extravagance; and grief,
Of life impatient, into madneſs ſwells;
Or in dead ſilence waſtes the weeping hours.
Theſe, and a thouſand mix'd emotions more,
From ever-changing views of good and ill,
Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind
With endleſs ſtorm: whence, deeply rankling, grows
The partial thought, a liſtleſs unconcern,
Cold, and averting from our neighbour's good;
Then dark diſguſt, and hatred, winding wiles,
Coward deceit, and ruffian violence:
At laſt, extinct each ſocial feeling, fell
And joyleſs inhumanity pervades
And petrefies the heart. Nature diſturb'd
Is deem'd, vindictive, to have chang'd her courſe.

Hence, in old duſky time, a deluge came:
When the deep-cleft diſparting orb, that arch'd
The central waters round, impetuous ruſh'd,
With univerſal burſt, into the gulph,
And o'er the high pil'd hills of fractur'd earth
Wide daſh'd the waves, in undulation vaſt;
Till, from the center to the ſtreaming clouds,
A ſhoreleſs ocean tumbled round the globe.

The Seaſons ſince have, with ſeverer ſway,
Oppreſs'd a broken world: the Winter keen
Shook forth his waſte of ſnows; and Summer ſhot
His peſtilential heats. Great Spring, before,
Green'd all the year; and fruits and bloſſoms bluſh'd,
In ſocial ſweetneſs, on the ſelf-ſame bough.
Pure was the temperate air; an even calm
Perpetual reign'd, ſave what the zephyrs bland

Breath'd

Breath'd o'er the blue expanſe: for then nor ſtorms
Were taught to blow, nor hurricanes to rage;
Sound ſlept the waters; no ſulphureous glooms
Swell'd in the ſky, and ſent the lightning forth;
While ſickly damps, and cold autumnal fogs,
Hung not, relaxing, on the ſpring of life.
But now, of turbid elements the ſport,
From clear to cloudy toſt, from hot to cold,
And dry to moiſt, with inward-eating change,
Our drooping days are dwindled down to nought.
Their period finiſh'd ere 'tis well begun.

And yet the wholeſome herb neglected dies;
Tho' with the pure exhilarating ſoul
Of nutriment and health, and vital powers,
Beyond the ſearch of art, 'tis copious bleſt.
For, with hot ravin fir'd, enſanguin'd Man
Is now become the lion of the plain,
And worſe. The wolf, who from the nightly fold
Fierce drags the bleating prey, ne'er drunk her milk,
Nor wore her warming fleece: nor has the ſteer,
At whoſe ſtrong cheſt the deadly tyger hangs,
E'er plow'd for him. They too are temper'd high,
With hunger ſtung and wild neceſſity,
Nor lodges pity in their ſhaggy breaſt.
But Man, whom Nature form'd of milder clay,
With every kind emotion in his heart,
And taught alone to weep; while from her lap
She pours ten thouſand delicacies, herbs,
And fruits, as numerous as the drops of rain
Or beams that gave them birth: ſhall he, fair form!
Who wears ſweet ſmiles, and looks erect on Heaven,
E'er ſtoop to mingle with the prowling herd,
And dip his tongue in gore? The beaſt of prey,
Blood-ſtain'd, deſerves to bleed: but you, ye flocks,
What have you done; ye peaceful people, what,

To

To merit death? you, who have given us milk
In luſcious ſtreams, and lent us your own coat
Againſt the winter's cold? And the plain ox,
That harmleſs, honeſt, guileleſs animal,
In what has he offended? he, whoſe toil,
Patient and ever ready, clothes the land
With all the pomp of harveſt; ſhall he bleed,
And ſtruggling groan beneath the cruel hands
Even of the clown he feeds? and that, perhaps,
To ſwell the riot of th' autumnal feaſt,
Won by his labour? Thus the feeling heart
Would tenderly ſuggeſt: but 'tis enough,
In this late age, adventurous, to have touch'd
Light on the numbers of the Samian ſage,
High Heaven forbids the bold preſumptuous ſtrain,
Whoſe wiſeſt will has fix'd us in a ſtate
That muſt not yet to pure perfection riſe,
Beſides, who know, how rais'd to higher life,
From ſtage to ſtage, the vital ſcale aſcends?

Now when the firſt foul torrent of the brooks,
Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away;
And, whitening, down their moſſy-tinctur'd ſtream
Deſcends the billowy foam: now is the time,
While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile,
To tempt the trout. The well-diſſembled fly,
The rod fine-tapering with elaſtic ſpring,
Snatch'd from the hoary ſteed the floating line,
And all thy ſlender watry ſtores prepare.
But let not on thy hook the tortur'd worm,
Convulſive, twiſt in agonizing folds;
Which, by rapacious hunger ſwallow'd deep,
Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breaſt
Of the weak helpleſs uncomplaining wretch,
Harſh pain and horror to the tender hand.

When

When with his lively ray the potent ſun
Has pierc'd the ſtreams, and rous'd the finny race,
Then, iſſuing chearful, to thy ſport repair;
Chief ſhould the weſtern breezes curling play,
And light o'er ether bear the ſhadowy clouds.
High to their fount, this day, amid the hills,
And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brooks;
The next, purſue their rocky channel'd maze,
Down to the river, in whoſe ample wave
Their little naiads love to ſport at large.
Juſt in the dubious point, where with the pool
Is mix'd the trembling ſtream, or where it boils
Around the ſtone, or from the hollow'd bank
Reverted plays in undulating flow,
There throw, nice-judging, the deluſive fly;
And as you lead it round in artful curve,
With eye attentive mark the ſpringing game.
Strait as above the ſurface of the flood
They wanton riſe, or urg'd by hunger leap,
Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook:
Some lightly toſſing to the graſſy bank,
And to the ſhelving ſhore ſlow-dragging ſome,
With various hand proportion'd to their force.
If yet too young, and eaſily deceiv'd,
A worthleſs prey ſcarce bends your pliant rod,
Him, piteous of his youth and the ſhort ſpace
He has enjoy'd the vital light of Heaven,
Soft diſengage, and back into the ſtream
The ſpeckled captive throw. But ſhould you lure
From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots
Of pendant trees, the monarch of the brook,
Behoves you then to ply your fineſt art.
Long time he, following cautious, ſcans the fly;
And oft attempts to ſeize it, but as oft
The dimpled water ſpeaks his jealous fear.
At laſt, while haply o'er the ſhaded ſun

Paſſes a cloud, he deſperate takes the death,
With ſullen plunge. At once he darts along,
Deep ſtruck, and runs out all the lengthen'd line;
Then ſeeks the fartheſt ooze, the ſheltering weed,
The cavern'd bank, his old ſecure abode;
And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,
That feels him ſtill, yet to his furious courſe
Gives way, you, now retiring, following now
Acroſs the ſtream, exhauſt his idle rage:
Till floating broad upon his breathleſs ſide,
And to his fate abandon'd, to the ſhore
You gayly drag your unreſiſting prize.

Thus paſs the temperate hours: but when the ſun
Shakes from his noon-day throne the ſcattering clouds
Even ſhooting liſtleſs languor thro' the deeps;
Then ſeek the bank where flowering elders croud,
Where ſcatter'd wild the lily of the vale
Its balmy eſſence breathes, where cowſlips hang
The dewy head, where purple violets lurk,
With all the lowly children of the ſhade:
Or lie reclin'd beneath yon ſpreading aſh,
Hung o'er the ſteep; whence, borne on liquid wing,
The ſounding culver ſhoots; or where the hawk,
High, in the beetling cliff, his airy builds.
There let the claſſic page thy fancy lead
Thro' rural ſcenes; ſuch as the Mantuan ſwain
Paints in the matchleſs harmony of ſong.
Or catch thy ſelf the landſkip, gliding ſwift
Athwart imagination's vivid eye:
Or by the vocal woods and waters lull'd,
And loſt in lonely muſing, in a dream,
Confus'd, of careleſs ſolitude, where mix
Ten thouſand wandering images of things,
Soothe every guſt of paſſion into peace;

All

All but the ſwellings of the ſoften'd heart,
That waken, not diſturb, the tranquil mind.

Behold yon breathing proſpect bids the Muſe
Throw all her beauty forth. But who can paint
Like Nature? Can imagination boaſt,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?
Or can it mix them with that matchleſs ſkill,
And loſe them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows? If fancy then
Unequal fails beneath the pleaſing taſk,
Ah what ſhall language do? ah where find words
Ting'd with ſo many colours; and whoſe power,
To life approaching, may perfume my lays
With that fine oil, thoſe aromatic gales,
That inexhauſtive flow continual round?

Yet, tho' ſucceſsleſs, will the toil delight.
Come then, ye virgins and ye youths, whoſe hearts
Have felt the raptures of refining love;
And thou, Amanda, come, pride of my ſong!
Form'd by the Graces, lovelineſs itſelf!
Come with thoſe downcaſt eyes, ſedate and ſweet,
Theſe looks demure, that deeply pierce the ſoul,
Where, with the light of thoughtful reaſon mix'd,
Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart:
Oh come! and while the roſy footed May
Steals bluſhing on, together let us tread
The morning-dews, and gather in their prime
Freſh-blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair,
And thy lov'd boſom that improves their ſweets.

See, where the winding vale its laviſh ſtores,
Irriguous, ſpreads. See, how the lily drinks
The latent rill, ſcarce oozing thro' the graſs,
Of growth luxuriant; or the humid bank,

In

In fair profuſion, decks. Long let us walk,
Where the breeze blows from yon extended field
Of bloſſom'd beans. Arabia cannot boaſt
A fuller gale of joy, than, liberal, thence
Breathes thro' the ſenſe, and takes the raviſh'd ſoul.
Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot,
Full of freſh verdure, and unnumber'd flowers,
The negligence of Nature, wide, and wild;
Where, undiſguis'd by mimic Art, ſhe ſpreads
Unbounded beauty to the roving eye
Here their delicious taſk the fervent bees,
In ſwarming millions, tend: around, athwart,
Thro' the ſoft air, the buſy nations fly,
Cling to the bud, and, with inſerted tube,
Suck its pure eſſence, its ethereal ſoul:
And oft, with bolder wing, they ſoaring dare
The purple heath, or where the wild thyme grows,
And yellow load them with the luſcious ſpoil.

At length the finiſh'd garden to the view
Its viſtas opens, and its alleys green.
Snatch'd thro' the verdant maze, the hurried eye
Diſtracted wanders; now the bowery walk
Of covert cloſe, where ſcarce a ſpeck of day
Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted ſweeps:
Now meets the bending ſky; the river now
Dimpling along, the breezy-ruffled lake,
The foreſt darkening round, the glittering ſpire,
Th' ethereal mountain, and the diſtant main
But why ſo far excurſive? when at hand,
Along theſe bluſhing borders, bright with dew,
And in yon mingled wilderneſs of flowers,
Fair-handed Spring unboſoms every grace;
Throws out the ſnow-drop, and the crocus firſt;
The daiſy, primroſe, violet darkly blue,
And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes;

The yellow wall-flower, ſtain'd with iron brown;
And laviſh ſtock that ſcents the garden round.
From the ſoft wing of vernal breezes ſhed,
Anemonies; auriculas, enrich'd
With ſhining meal o'er all their velvet leaves;
And full ranunculas, of glowing red.
Then comes the tulip race, where Beauty plays
Her idle freaks; from family diffus'd
To family, as flies the father-duſt,
The varied colours run; and, while they break
On the charm'd eye, th' exulting floriſt marks,
With ſecret pride, the wonders of his hand.
No gradual bloom is wanting; from the bud
Firſt-born of Spring, to Summer's muſky tribes:
Nor hyacinths, of pureſt virgin white,
Low-bent, and bluſhing inward; nor jonquils,
Of potent fragrance; nor Narciſſus fair,
As o'er the fabled fountain hanging ſtill;
Nor broad carnations; nor gay-ſpotted pinks;
Nor, ſhower'd from every buſh, the damaſk-roſe.
Infinite numbers, delicacies, ſmells,
With hues on hues expreſſion cannot paint,
The breath of Nature, and her endleſs bloom.

Hail, Source of Being! Univerſal Soul
Of Heaven and earth! Eſſential Preſence, hail!
To Thee I bend the knee; to Thee my thoughts,
Continual, climb; who, with a maſter-hand,
Haſt the great whole into perfection touch'd.
By Thee the various vegetative tribes,
Wrapt in a filmy net, and clad with leaves,
Draw the live ether, and imbibe the dew:
By Thee diſpos'd into congenial ſoils,
Stands each attractive plant, and ſucks, and ſwells
The juicy tide; a twining maſs of tubes.
At Thy command the vernal ſun awakes

The torpid ſap, detruded to the root
By wintry winds; that now in fluent dance,
And lively fermentation, mounting, ſpreads
All this innumerous-colour'd ſcene of things.

As riſing from the vegetable world
My theme aſcends, with equal wing aſcend,
My panting Muſe; and hark, how loud the woods
Invite you forth in all your gayeſt trim.
Lend me your ſong, ye nightingales! oh pour
The mazy-running ſoul of melody
Into my varied verſe! while I deduce,
From the firſt note the hollow cuckoo ſings,
The ſymphony of Spring, and touch a theme
Unknown to fame, the Paſſion of the groves.

When firſt the ſoul of love is ſent abroad,
Warm thro' the vital air, and on the heart
Harmonious ſeizes, the gay troops begin,
In gallant thought, to plume the painted wing;
And try again the long-forgotten ſtrain,
At firſt faint-warbled. But no ſooner grows
The ſoft infuſion prevalent, and wide,
Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows
In muſic unconfin'd. Up-ſprings the lark,
Shrill voic'd, and loud, the meſſenger of morn;
Ere yet the ſhadows fly, he mounted ſings
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copſe
Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and buſh
Bending with dewy moiſture, o'er the heads
Of the coy quiriſters that lodge within,
Are prodigal of harmony. The thruſh
And wood-lark, o'er the kind-contending throng
Superior heard, run thro' the ſweeteſt length
Of notes; when liſtening Philomela deigns

To let them joy, and purpoſes, in thought
Elate, to make her night excel their day.
The black bird whiſtles from the thorny brake;
The mellow bullfinch anſwers from the grove:
Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
Pour'd out profuſely ſilent. Join'd to theſe
Innumerous ſongſters, in the freſhening ſhade
Of new-ſprung leaves, their modulations mix
Melliſluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,
And each harſh pipe, diſcordant heard alone,
Aid the full concert: while the ſtock-dove breathes
A melancholy murmur thro' the whole.

'Tis love creates their melody, and all
This waſte of muſic is the voice of love;
That even to birds, and beaſts, the tender arts
Of pleaſing teaches. Hence the gloſſy kind
Try every winning way inventive love
Can dictate, and in courtſhip to their mates
Pour forth their little ſouls. Firſt, wide around
With diſtant awe, in airy rings they rove,
Endeavouring by a thouſand tricks to catch
The cunning, conſcious, half averted glance
Of their regardleſs charmer. Should ſhe ſeem
Softening the leaſt approvance to beſtow,
Their colours burniſh, and by hope inſpir'd,
They briſk advance; then, on a ſudden ſtruck,
Retire diſorder'd; then again approach;
In fond rotation ſpread the ſpotted wing,
And ſhiver every feather with deſire.

Connubial leagues agreed, to the deep woods
They haſte away, all as their fancy leads,
Pleaſure, or food, or ſecret ſafety prompts;
That Nature's great command may be obey'd:
Nor all the ſweet ſenſations they perceive

Indulg'd in vain. Some to the holly-hedge
Neſtling repair, and to the thicket ſome;
Some to the rude protection of the thorn
Commit their feeble offspring: The cleft tree
Offers its kind concealment to a few,
Their food its inſects, and its moſs their neſts.
Others apart far in the graſſy dale,
Or roughening waſte, their humble texture weave.
But moſt in woodland ſolitudes delight,
In unfrequented glooms, or ſhaggy banks,
Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
Whoſe murmurs ſoothe them all the live-long day,
When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots
Of hazel, pendant o'er the plaintive ſtream,
They frame the firſt foundation of their domes;
Dry ſprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought
But reſtleſs hurry thro' the buſy air,
Beat by unnumber'd wings. The ſwallow ſweeps
The ſlimy pool, to build his hanging houſe
Intent. And often, from the careleſs back
Of herds and flocks, a thouſand tugging bills
Pluck hair and wool; and oft, when unobſerv'd,
Steal from the barn a ſtraw: till ſoft and warm,
Clean, and compleate, their habitation grows.

As thus the patient dam aſſiduous ſits,
Not to be tempted from her tender taſk,
Or by ſharp hunger, or by ſmooth delight,
Tho' the whole looſened Spring around her blows,
Her ſympathizing lover takes his ſtand
High on th' opponent bank, and ceaſeleſs ſings
The tedious time away; or elſe ſupplies
Her place a moment, while ſhe ſudden flits
To pick the ſcanty meal. Th' appointed time

With

With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young,
Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,
Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,
A helpleſs family, demanding food
With conſtant clamour: O what paſſions then,
What melting ſentiments of kindly care,
On the new parents ſeize! Away they fly
Affectionate, and undeſiring bear
The moſt delicious morſel to their young;
Which equally diſtributed, again
The ſearch begins. Even ſo a gentle pair,
By fortune ſunk, but form'd of generous mold,
And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breaſt,
In ſome lone cott amid the diſtant woods,
Suſtain'd alone by providential Heaven,
Oft, as they weeping eye their infant train,
Check their own appetites, and give them all.

Nor toil alone they ſcorn: exalting love,
By the great Father of the Spring inſpir'd,
Gives inſtant courage to the fearful race,
And to the ſimple art. With ſtealthy wing,
Should ſome rude foot their woody haunts moleſt,
Amid a neighbouring buſh they ſilent drop,
And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive
Th' unfeeling ſchool-boy. Hence, around the head
Of wandering ſwain, the white-wing'd plover wheels
Her ſounding flight, and then directly on
In long excurſion ſkims the level lawn,
To tempt him from her neſt. The wild-duck, hence,
O'er the rough moſs, and o'er the trackleſs waſte
The heath-hen flutters, (pious fraud!) to lead
The hot purſuing ſpaniel far aſtray.

Be not the Muſe aſham'd, here to bemoan
Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant Man

Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
From liberty confin'd, and boundleſs air.
Dull are the pretty ſlaves, their plumage dull,
Ragged, and all its brightening luſtre loſt;
Nor is that ſprightly wildneſs in their notes,
Which cleer and vigorous, warbles from the beech.
Oh then, ye friends of love and love-taught ſong.
Spare the ſoft tribes, this barbarous art forbear;
If on your boſom innocence can win,
Muſic engage, or piety perſuade!

But let not chief the nightingale lament
Her ruin'd care, too delicately fram'd
To brook the harſh confinement of the cage.
Oft when, returning with her loaded bill,
Th' aſtoniſh'd mother finds a vacant neſt,
By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns
Robb'd, to the ground the vain proviſion falls;
Her pinions ruffle, and low-drooping ſcarce
Can bear the mourner to the poplar ſhade;
Where, all abandon'd to deſpair, ſhe ſings
Her ſorrows thro' the night; and, on the bough,
Sole-ſitting, ſtill at every dying fall
Takes up again her lamentable ſtrain
Of winding woe; till wide around the woods
Sigh to her ſong, and with her wail reſound.

But now the feather'd youth their former bounds,
Ardent, diſdain; and, weighing oft their wings,
Demand the free poſſeſſion of the ſky:
This one glad office more, and then diſſolves
Parental love at once, now needleſs grown,
Unlaviſh Wiſdom never works in vain.
'Tis on ſome evening, ſunny, grateful, mild,
When nought but balm is breathing thro' the woods,

With

With yellow luſtre bright, that the new tribes
Viſit the ſpacious heavens, and look abroad
On Nature's common, far as they can ſee,
Or wing, their range and paſture. O'er the boughs
Dancing about, ſtill at the giddy verge
Their reſolution fails; their pinions ſtill,
In looſe libration ſtretch'd, to truſt the void
Trembling refuſe: till down before them fly
The parent guides, and chide, exhort, command
Or puſh them off. The ſurging air receives
The plumy burden; and their ſelf-taught wings
Winnow the waving element. On ground
Alighted, bolder up again they lead,
Farther and farther on, the lengthening flight;
Till vaniſh'd every fear, and every power
Rouz'd into life and action, light in air
Th' acquitted parents ſee their ſoaring race,
And once rejoicing never know them more.

High from the ſummit of a craggy cliff,
Hung o'er the deep, ſuch as amazing frowns
On utmoſt * Kilda's ſhore, whoſe lonely race
Reſign the ſetting ſun to Indian worlds,
The royal eagle draws his vigorous young,
Strong pounc'd and ardent with paternal fire.
Now fit to raiſe a kingdom of their own,
He drives them from his fort, the towering ſeat,
For ages, of his empire; which, in peace,
Unſtain'd he holds, while many a league to ſea
He wings his courſe, and preys in diſtant iſles.
Should I my ſteps turn to the rural ſeat,
Whoſe lofty elms, and venerable oaks,
Invite the rook, who high amid the boughs,

* The fartheſt of the weſtern iſlands in Scotland.

In early Spring, his airy city builds,
And ceaſeleſs caws amuſive; there, well-pleas'd,
I might the various polity ſurvey
Of the mixt houſhold kind. The careful hen
Calls all her chirping family around,
Fed and defended by the fearleſs cock;
Whoſe breaſt with ardour flames, as on he walks,
Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond,
The finely-checker'd duck, before her train,
Rows garrulous. The ſtately ſailing ſwan
Gives out his ſnowy plumage to the gale;
And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet
Bears forward fierce, and guards his oſier-isle,
Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,
Lord-threatning, reddens; while the peacock ſpreads
His every-colour'd glory to the ſun,
And ſwims in radiant majeſty along
O'er the whole homely ſcene, the cooing dove
Flies thick in amorous chace, and wanton rolls
The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck.

While thus the gentle tenants of the ſhade
Indulge their purer loves, the rougher world
Of brutes, below, ruſh furious into flame,
And fierce deſire. Thro' all his luſty veins
The bull, deep-ſcorch'd, the raging paſſion feels.
Of paſture ſick, and negligent of food,
Scarce ſeen, he wades among the yellow broom,
While o'er his ample ſides the rambling ſprays
Luxuriant ſhoot; or thro' the mazy wood
Dejected wanders, nor th' inticing bud
Crops, tho' it preſſes on his careleſs ſenſe.
And oft, in jealous madning fancy wrapt,
He ſeeks the fight; and, idly-butting, feigns
His rival gor'd in every knotty trunk.
Him ſhould he meet, the bellowing war begins:

Their eyes flash fury: to the hollow'd earth,
Whence the sand flies, they mutter bloody deeds,
And groaning deep, th' impetuous battle mix:
While the fair heifer, balmy-breathing, near,
Stands kindling up their rage. The trembling steed,
With this hot impulse seiz'd in every nerve,
Nor hears the rein, nor heeds the sounding thong:
Blows are not felt; but tossing high his head,
And by the well known joy to distant plains
Attracted strong, all wild he bursts away;
O'er rocks, and woods, and craggy mountains flies;
And, neighing, on the aërial summit takes
Th' exciting gale; then' steep descending, cleaves
The headlong torrents foaming down the hills,
Even where the madness of the straiten'd stream
Turns in black eddies round: such is the force
With which his frantic heart and sinews swell.

Nor undelighted by the boundless Spring
Are the broad monsters of the foaming deep:
From the deep ooze and gelid cavern rous'd,
They flounce and tumble in unwieldy joy.
Dire were the strain, and dissonant, to sing
The cruel raptures of the savage kind:
How by this flame their native wrath sublim'd,
They roam, amid the fury of their heart,
The far resounding waste in fiercer bands,
And growl their horrid loves. But this the theme
I sing, enraptur'd, to the British Fair,
Forbids, and leads me to the mountain-brow,
Where sits the shepherd on the grassy turf,
Inhaling, healthful, the descending sun.
Around him feeds his many-bleating flock,
Of various cadence; and his sportive lambs,
This way and that convolv'd, in friskful glee,

Their frolicks play. And now the ſprightly race
Invites them forth; when ſwift, the ſignal given,
They ſtart away, and ſweep the maſſy mound
That runs around the hill; the rampart once
Of iron war, in ancient barbarous times,
When diſunited Britain ever bled,
Loſt in eternal broil: ere yet ſhe grew
To this deep-laid indiſſoluble ſtate,
Where Wealth and Commerce lift the golden head;
And o'er our labours, Liberty and Law,
Impartial, watch; the wonder of a world!

What is this mighty Breath, ye curious, ſay,
That, in a powerful language, felt not heard,
Inſtructs the fowls of heaven; and thro' their breaſt
Theſe arts of love diffuſes? What, but God?
Inſpiring God! who boundleſs Spirit all,
And unremitting Energy, pervades,
Adjuſts, and agitates the whole.
He ceaſeleſs works alone; and yet alone
Seems not to work: with ſuch perfection fram'd
Is this complex ſtupendous ſcheme of things.
But, tho' conceal'd, to every purer eye
Th' informing Author in his works appears:
Chief, lovely Spring, in thee, and thy ſoft ſcenes,
The Smiling God is ſeen; while water, earth,
And air atteſt his bounty; which exalts
The brute-creation to this finer thought,
And annual melts their undeſigning hearts
Profuſely thus in tenderneſs and joy.

Still let my ſong a nobler note aſſume,
And ſing th' infuſive force of Spring on Man;
When heaven and earth, as if contending, vye
To raiſe his being, and ſerene his ſoul.
Can he forbear to join the general ſmile

Of

Of Nature? Can fierce paſſions vex his breaſt,
While every gale is peace, and every grove
Is melody? Hence! from the bounteous walks
Of flowing Spring, ye ſordid ſons of earth,
Hard, and unfeeling of another's woe;
Or only laviſh to yourſelves; away!
But come, ye generous minds, in whoſe wide thought,
Of all his works, creative Bounty burns
With warmeſt beam; and on your open front
And liberal eye, ſits, from his dark retreat
Inviting modeſt Want. Nor, till invok'd
Can reſtleſs goodneſs wait; your active ſearch
Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplor'd;
Like ſilent-working Heaven, ſurprizing oft
The lonely heart with unexpected good.
For you the roving ſpirit of the wind
Blows Spring abroad; for you the teeming clouds
Deſcend in gladſome plenty o'er the world;
And the ſun ſheds his kindeſt rays for you,
Ye flower of human race!— In theſe green days,
Reviving Sickneſs lifts her languid head;
Life flows afreſh; and young-ey'd Health exalts
The whole creation round. Contentment walks
The ſunny glade, and feels an inward bliſs
Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings
To purchaſe. Pure ſerenity apace
Induces thought, and contemplation ſtill.
By ſwift degrees the love of Nature works,
And warms the boſom; till at laſt ſublim'd
To rapture, and enthuſiaſtic heat,
We feel the preſent Deity, and taſte
The joy of God to ſee a happy world!

Theſe are the ſacred feelings of thy heart,
Thy heart inform'd by reaſon's purer ray,

O Lyttelton, the friend! thy paſſions thus
And meditations vary, as at large,
Courting the Muſe, thro' Hagley-Park thou ſtrayeſt;
Thy Britiſh Tempe! There along the dale,
With woods o'er-hung, and ſhagg'd with moſſy rocks,
Whence on each hand the guſhing waters play,
And down the rough caſcade white-daſhing fall,
Or gleam in lengthened viſta thro' the trees,
You ſilent ſteal; or ſit beneath the ſhade
Of ſolemn oaks, that tuft the ſwelling mounts
Thrown graceful round by Nature's careleſs hand,
And penſive liſten to the various voice
Of rural peace: the herds, the flocks, the birds,
The hollow-whiſpering breeze, the plaint of rills,
That, purling down amid the twiſted roots
Which creep around, their dewy murmurs ſhake
On the ſooth'd ear. From theſe abſtracted oft,
You wander thro' the philoſophic world;
Where in bright train continual wonders riſe,
Or to the curious or the pious eye.
And oft, conducted by hiſtoric truth,
You tread the long extent of backward time:
Planning, with warm benevolence of mind,
And honeſt zeal unwarp'd by party-rage,
Britannia's weal; how from the venal gulph
To raiſe her virtue, and her arts revive.
Or, turning thence thy view, theſe graver thoughts
The Muſes charm: while, with ſure taſte refin'd,
You draw th' inſpiring breath of ancient ſong;
Till nobly riſes, emulous, thy own;
Perhaps thy lov'd Lucinda ſhares thy walk,
With ſoul to thine attun'd. Then Nature all
Wears to the lover's eye a look of love;
And all the tumult of a guilty world,
Toſt by ungenerous paſſions, ſinks away.

The tender heart is animated peace;
And as it pours its copious treaſures forth,
In varied converſe, ſoftening every theme,
You, frequent-pauſing, turn, and from her eyes,
Where meekened ſenſe, and amiable grace,
And lively ſweetneſs dwell, enraptur'd, drink
That nameleſs ſpirit of ethereal joy,
Inimitable happineſs! which love,
Alone, beſtows, and on a favour'd few.
Meantime you gain the height, from whoſe fair brow
The burſting proſpect ſpreads immenſe around:
And ſnatch'd o'er hill and dale, and wood and lawn,
And verdant field, and darkening heath between,
And villages emboſom'd ſoft in trees,
And ſpiry towns by ſurging columns mark'd
Of houſhold ſmoak, your eye excurſive roams:
Wide-ſtretching from the Hall, in whoſe kind haunt
The Hoſpitable Genius lingers ſtill,
To where the broken landſkip, by degrees,
Aſcending, roughens into rigid hills;
O'er which the Cambrian mountains, like far clouds
That ſkirt the blue horizon, duſky riſe.

Fluſh'd by the ſpirit of the genial year,
Now from the virgin's cheek a freſher bloom
Shoots, leſs and leſs, the live carnation round;
Her lips bluſh deeper ſweets; ſhe breathes of youth
The ſhining moiſture ſwells into her eyes,
In brighter flow; her wiſhing boſom heaves,
With palpitations wild; kind tumults ſeize
Her veins, and all her yielding ſoul is love.
From the keen gaze her lover turns away,
Full of the dear exſtatic power, and ſick
With ſighing languiſhment. Ah then, ye fair!
Be greatly cautious of your ſliding hearts:

Dare

Dare not th'infectious ſigh; the pleading look,
Down-caſt, and low, in meek ſubmiſſion dreſt,
But full of guile. Let not the fervent tongue,
Prompt to deceive, with adulation ſmooth,
Gain on your purpos'd will. Nor in the bower,
Where woodbines flaunt, and roſes ſhed a couch,
While Evening draws her crimſon curtains round,
Truſt your ſoft minutes with betraying Man.

And let th' aſpiring youth beware of love,
Of the ſmooth glance beware; for 'tis too late,
When on his heart the torrent-ſoftneſs pours.
Then wiſdom proſtrate lies, and fading fame
Diſſolves in air away; while the fond ſoul,
Wrapt in gay viſions of unreal bliſs,
Still paint th' illuſive form; the kindling grace;
Th' inticing ſmile; the modeſt-ſeeming eye,
Beneath whoſe beauteous beams, belying heaven,
Lurk ſearchleſs cunning, cruelty, and death:
And ſtill, falſe-warbling in his cheated ear,
Her ſyren voice, enchanting, draws him on
To guileful ſhores, and meads of fatal joy.

Even preſent, in the very lap of love
Inglorious laid, while muſic flows around,
Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours;
Amid the roſes fierce Repentance rears
Her ſnaky creſt: a quick-returning pang
Shoots thro' the conſcious heart; where honour ſtill,
And great deſign, againſt th' oppreſſive load
Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave.

But abſent, what fantaſtic woes, arrous'd,
Rage in each thought, by reſtleſs muſing fed,
Chill the warm cheek, and blaſt the bloom of life?

Neg-

Neglected fortune flies; and sliding swift,
Prone into ruin, fall his scorn'd affairs.
'Tis nought but gloom around: The darken'd sun
Loses his light. The rosy-bosom'd Spring
To weeping Fancy pines; and yon bright arch,
Contracted, bends into a dusky vault.
All Nature fades extinct; and she alone
Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every thought,
Fills every sense, and pants in every vein.
Books are but formal dulness, tedious friends;
And sad amid the social band he sits,
Lonely, and unattentive. From the tongue
Th' unfinish'd period falls: while, borne away
On swelling thought, his wafted spirit flies
To the vain bosom of his distant fair;
And leaves the semblance of a lover, fix'd
In melancholy site, with head declin'd,
And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he starts
Shook from his tender trance, and restless runs
To glimmering shades, and sympathetic glooms;
Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling stream,
Romantic, hangs; there thro' the pensive dusk
Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation lost,
Indulging all to love: or on the bank
Thrown, amid drooping lilies, swells the breeze
With sighs unceasing, and the brook with tears.
Thus in soft anguish he consumes the day,
Nor quits his deep retirement, till the Moon
Peeps thro' the chambers of the fleecy east,
Enlightened by degrees, and in her train
Leads on the gentle hours; then forth he walks,
Beneath the trembling languish of her beam,
With softened soul, and wooes the bird of eve
To mingle woes with his: or, while the world
And all the sons of Care lie hush'd in sleep,

As-

Associates with the midnight shadows drear;
And, sighing to the lonely taper, pours
His idly-tortur'd heart into the page,
Meant for the moving messenger of love;
Where rapture burns on rapture, every line
With rising frenzy fir'd. But if on bed
Delirious flung, sleep from his pillow flies.
All night he tosses, nor the balmy power
In any posture finds; till the grey morn
Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch,
Exanimate by love: and then perhaps
Exhausted Nature sinks a while to rest,
Still interrupted by distracted dreams,
That o'er the sick imagination rise,
And in black colours paint the mimic scene.
Oft with th' enchantress of his soul he talks;
Sometimes in crouds distress'd; or if retir'd
To secret-winding flower-enwoven bowers,
Far from the dull impertinence of Man,
Just as he, credulous, his endless cares
Begins to lose in blind oblivious love,
Snatch'd from her yielded hand, he knows not how,
Thro' forests huge, and long untravel'd heaths
With desolation brown, he wanders waste,
In night and tempest wrapt; or shrinks aghast,
Back, from the bending precipice; or wades
The turbid stream below, and strives to reach
The farther shore; where succourless, and sad,
She with extended arms his aid implores;
But strives in vain: borne by th' outrageous flood
To distance down, he rides the ridgy wave,
Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy sinks.

These are the charming agonies of love,
Whose misery delights. But thro' the heart

Should

Should jealouſy its venom once diffuſe,
'Tis then delightful miſery no more,
But agony unmix'd, inceſſant gall,
Corroding every thought, and blaſting all
Love's paradiſe. Ye fairy proſpects, then,
Ye beds of roſes, and ye bowers of joy,
Farewel! Ye gleamings of departed peace,
Shine out your laſt! the yellow-tinging plague
Internal viſion taints, and in a night
Of livid gloom imagination wraps.
Ah then! inſtead of love-enlivened cheeks,
Of ſunny features, and of ardent eyes
With flowing rapture bright, dark looks ſucceed!
Suffus'd, and glaring with untender fire;
A clouded aſpect, and a burning cheek,
Where the whole poiſon'd ſoul, malignant, ſits,
And frightens love away. Ten thouſand fears
Invented wild, ten thouſand frantic views
Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms
For which he melts in fondneſs, eat him up
With fervent anguish, and conſuming rage.
In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,
Deceitful pride, and reſolution frail,
Giving falſe peace a moment. Fancy pours,
Afresh, her beauties on his buſy thought,
Her firſt endearments, twining round the ſoul,
With all the witchcraft of enſnaring love.
Straight the fierce ſtorm involves his mind anew,
Flames thro' the nerves, and boils along the veins;
While anxious doubt diſtracts the tortur'd heart:
For even the ſad aſſurance of his fears
Were peace to what he feels. Thus the warm youth,
Whom love deludes into his thorny wilds,
Thro' flowery-tempting paths, or leads a life
Of fevered rapture, or of cruel care;

His brighteſt aims extinguish'd all, and all
His lively moments running down to waſte.

But happy they! the happieſt of their kind!
Whom gentler ſtars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
'Tis not the coarſer tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itſelf,
Attuning all their paſſions into love,
Where friendship full-exerts her ſofteſt power,
Perfect eſteem enliven'd by deſire
Ineffable, and ſympathy of ſoul,
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
With boundleſs confidence: for nought but love
Can anſwer love, and render bliſs ſecure.
Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
To bleſs himſelf, from ſordid parents buys
The loathing virgin, in eternal care,
Well-merited, conſume his nights and days:
Let barbarous nations, whoſe inhuman love
Is wild deſire, fierce as the ſuns they feel;
Let eaſtern tyrants, from the light of Heaven
Seclude their boſom-slaves, meanly poſſeſs'd
Of a meer, lifeleſs, violated form:
While thoſe whom love cements in holy faith,
And equal tranſport free as Nature live,
Diſdaining fear. What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleaſure, and its nonſenſe all!
Who in each other claſp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish;
Something than beauty dearer, should they look
Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face;
Truth, goodneſs, honour, harmony, and love,
The richeſt bounty of indulgent Heaven.
Meantime a ſmiling offspring riſes round,

And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
The human bloſſom blows; and every day,
Soft as it rolls along, ſhews ſome new charm,
The father's luſtre, and the mother's bloom.
Then infant reaſon grows apace, and calls
For the kind hand of an aſſiduous care.
Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to ſhoot,
To pour the fresh inſtruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enlivening ſpirit, and to fix
The generous purpoſe in the glowing breaſt.
Oh ſpeak the joy! ye whom the ſudden tear
Surprizes often, while you look around,
And nothing ſtrikes your eye but ſights of bliſs,
All various Nature preſſing on the heart:
An elegant ſufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendſhip, books,
Ease and alternate labour, uſeful life,
Progreſſive virtue, and approving Heaven.
Theſe are the matchleſs joys of virtuous love;
And thus their moments fly. The Seaſons thus,
As ceaſeleſs round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy; and conſenting Spring
Sheds her own roſy garland on their heads:
'Till evening comes at laſt, ſerene and mild;
When after the long vernal day of life,
Enamour'd more, as more remembrance ſwells
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they ſink in ſocial ſleep,
Together freed, their gentle ſpirits fly
To ſcenes where love and bliſs immortal reign.

SUMMER.

THE ARGUMENT.

The ſubject propoſed. Invocation. Addreſs to Mr DODINGTON. An introductory reflection on the motion of the heavenly bodies; whence the ſucceſſion of the ſeaſons. As the face of Nature in this ſeaſon is almoſt uniform, the progreſs of the poem is a deſcription of a ſummer's day. The dawn. Sun-riſing. Hymn to the ſun. Forenoon. Summer inſects deſcribed. Hay-making. Sheepshearing. Noon-day. A woodland retreat. Groupe of herds and flocks. A ſolemn grove. How it affects a contemplative mind. A cataract, and rude ſcene. View of Summer in the torrid zone. Storm of thunder and lightning. A tale. The ſtorm over, a ſerene afternoon. Bathing. Hour of walking. Tranſition to the proſpect of a rich well-cultivated country; which introduces a panegyric on GREAT BRITAIN. Sun-ſet Evening. Night. Summer meteors. A comet. The whole concluding with the praiſe of philoſophy.

SUMMER.

From brightening fields of ether fair disclos'd,
Child of the Sun, refulgent Summer comes,
In pride of youth, and felt thro' Nature' depth:
He comes attended by the ſultry hours,
And ever-fanning breezes, on his way,
While, from his ardent look, the turning Spring
Averts her bluſhful face; and earth, and ſkies,
All-ſmiling, to his hot dominion leaves.

Hence, let me haſte into the mid-wood ſhade,
Where ſcarce a ſun beam wanders tho' the gloom,
And on the dark-green graſs, beſide the brink
Of haunted ſtream, that by the roots of oak
Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,
And ſing the glories of the circling year.

Come, Inſpiration! from thy hermit-ſeat,
By mortal ſeldom found: may Fancy dare,
From thy fix'd ſerious eye, and raptur'd glance
Shot on ſurrounding Heaven, to ſteal one look
Creative of the Poet, every power
Exalting to an ecſtaſy of ſoul.

And thou, my youthful Muſe's early friend,
In whom the human graces all unite:
Pure light of mind, and tenderneſs of heart;
Genius, and wiſdom; the gay ſocial ſenſe,
By decency chaſtis'd, goodneſs and wit,
In ſeldom-meeting harmony combin'd,
Unblemish'd honour, and an active zeal
For Britain's glory, Liberty, and Man:

O Dodington! attend my rural ſong,
Stoop to my theme, inſpirit every line,
And teach me to deſerve thy juſt applauſe.

With what an awful world-revolving power
Were firſt th' unwieldy planets launch'd along
Th' illimitable void! Thus to remain,
Amid the flux of many thouſand years,
That oft has ſwept the toiling race of Men,
And all their labour'd monuments away,
Firm, unremitting, matchleſs, in their courſe;
To the kind-temper'd change of night and day,
And of the ſeaſons ever ſtealing round,
Minutely faithful: Such Th' All-Perfect Hand!
That pois'd, impells, and rules the ſteady whole.

When now no more th'alternate Twins are fir'd,
And Cancer reddens with the ſolar blaze,
Short is the doubtful empire of the night;
And ſoon, obſervant of approaching day,
The meek-ey'd Morn appears, mother of dews,
At firſt faint-gleaming in the dappled eaſt:
'Till far o'er ether ſpreads the widening glow,
And, from before the luſtre of her face,
White break the clouds away. With quicken'd ſtep,
Brown Night retires: Young Day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny proſpect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain's miſty top
Swell on the ſight, and brighten with the dawn.
Blue, thro' the dusk, the ſmoaking currents ſhine;
And from the bladed field the fearful hare
Limps, aukward: while along the foreſt-glade
The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze
At early paſſenger. Muſic awakes
The native voice of undiſſembled joy;
And thick around the woodland hymns ariſe.

Rous'd

Rous'd by the cock the ſoon clad shepherd leaves
His moſſy cottage, where with Peace he dwells;
And from the crouded fold, in order, drives
His flock, to taſte the verdure of the morn.

Falsely luxurious, will not Man awake;
And, ſpringing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the ſilent hour,
To meditation due and ſacred ſong?
For is there aught in sleep can charm the wiſe?
To lie in dead oblivion, loſing half
The fleeting moments of too short a life?
Total extinction of th' enlightened ſoul!
Or elſe to feverish vanity alive,
Wildered, and toſſing thro' diſtemper'd dreams?
Who would in ſuch a gloomy ſtate remain
Longer than Nature craves; when every Muſe
And every blooming pleaſure wait without,
To bleſs the wildly-devious morning-walk?

But yonder comes the powerful King of Day,
Rejoicing in the eaſt. The leſſening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo! now apparent all,
Aslant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air,
He looks in boundleſs majeſty abroad;
And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering ſtreams,
High-gleaming from afar. Prime chearer Light!
Of all material beings firſt, and beſt!
Efflux divine! Nature's reſplendent robe!
Without whoſe veſting beauty all were wrapt
In uneſſential gloom; and thou, O Sun!
Soul of ſurrounding worlds! in whom beſt ſeen
Shines out thy Maker! may I ſing of thee?

'Tis by thy ſecret, ſtrong, attractive force,
As with a chain indiſſoluble bound,
Thy Syſtem rolls entire: from the far bourne
Of utmoſt Saturn, wheeling wide his round
Of thirty years, to Mercury, whoſe disk
Can ſcarce be caught by philoſophic eye,
Loſt in the near effulgence of thy blaze.

Informer of the planetary train! (orbs
Without whoſe quickening glance their cumbrous
Were brute unlovely maſs, inert and dead,
And not, as now, the green abodes of life,
How many forms of being wait on thee!
Inhaling ſpirit, from th' unfettered mind,
By thee ſublim'd down to the daily race,
The mixing myriads of thy ſetting beam.

The vegetable world is alſo thine,
Parent of Seaſons! who the pomp precede
That waits thy throne, as thro' thy vaſt domain,
Annual, along the bright ecliptic road,
In world-rejoicing ſtare, it moves, ſublime.
Mean-time th' expecting nations, circled gay
With all the various tribes of foodful earth,
Implore thy bounty, or ſend grateful up
A common hymn: while, round thy beaming car,
High-ſeen, the Seaſons lead, in ſprightly dance
Harmonious knit, the roſy-finger'd Hours,
The Zephyrs floating looſe, the timely Rains,
Of bloom ethereal the light-footed Dews,
And ſoftened into joy the ſurly Storms.
Theſe in ſucceſſive turn, with lavish hand,
Shower every beauty, every fragrance shower,
Herbs, flowers, and fruits, till, kindling at thy touch,
From land to land is flush'd the vernal year.

Nor

Nor to the ſurface of enliven'd earth,
Graceful with hills and dales, and leafy woods,
Her liberal treſſes, is thy force confin'd:
But, to the bowel'd cavern darting deep,
The mineral kinds confeſs thy mighty power.
Effulgent, hence the veiny marble ſhines;
Hence Labour draws his tools; hence burniſh'd War
Gleams on the day; the nobler works of Peace
Hence bleſs mankind, and generous Commerce binds
The round of nations in a golden chain.

Th'unfruitful rock itſelf, impregn'd by thee,
In dark retirement forms the lucid ſtone.
The lively Diamond drinks thy pureſt rays,
Collected light, compact; that, poliſh'd bright,
And all its native luſtre let abroad,
Dares, as it ſparkles on the fair-one's breaſt,
With vain ambition emulate her eyes.
At thee the Ruby lights its deepening glow,
And with a waving radiance inward flames.
From thee the Sapphire, ſolid ether, takes
Its hue cerulean; and, of evening tinct,
The purple-ſtreaming Amethyſt is thine.
With thy own ſmile the yellow Topaz burns.
Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of Spring,
When firſt she gives it to the ſouthern gale,
Than the green Emerald shows. But, all combin'd,
Thick thro' the whitening Opal play thy beams;
Or, flying ſeveral from its ſurface, form
A trembling variance of revolving hues,
As the ſite varies in the gazer's hand.

The very dead creation, from thy touch,
Aſſumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd,
In brighter mazes the relucent ſtream
Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,

Projecting horror on the blackened flood,
Softens at they return. The defart joys
Wildly, thro' all his melancholy bounds.
Rude ruins glitter; and the briny deep,
Seen from fome pointed promontory's top,
Far to the blue horizon's utmoft verge,
Reftlefs, reflects a floating gleam. But this,
And all the much-tranfported Muſe can ſing,
Are to thy beauty, dignity and uſe,
Unequal far; great delegated ſource
Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below!

How ſhall I then attempt to ſing of Him,
Who, Light Himſelf, in uncreated light
Inveſted deep, dwells awfully retir'd
From mortal eye, or angel's purer ken;
Whoſe ſingle ſmile has, from the firſt of time,
Fill'd overflowing, all thoſe lamps of Heaven,
That beam for ever thro' the boundleſs ſky:
But, ſhould he hide his face, th' aſtoniſh'd ſun,
And all th' extinguiſh'd ſtars, would looſening reel
Wide from their ſpheres, and Chaos come again.

And yet was every faultering tongue of Man,
Almighty Father! ſilent in thy praiſe;
Thy Works themſelves would raiſe a general voice,
Even in the depth of ſolitary woods
By human foot untrod, proclaim thy power,
And to the quire celeſtial Thee reſound,
Th' eternal cauſe, ſupport, and end of all!

To me be Nature's volume broad-diſplay'd;
And to peruſe its all-inſtructing page,
Or, haply catching inſpiration thence,
Some eaſy paſſage, raptur'd to translate,
My ſole delight; as thro' the falling glooms

Penſive

Penſive I ſtray, or with the riſing dawn
On Fancy's eagle-wing excurſive ſoar.

Now, flaming up the heavens, the potent ſun
Melts into limpid air the high rais'd clouds,
And morning fogs, that hover'd round the hills
In party-colour'd bands; till wide unveil'd
The face of Nature ſhines, from where earth ſeems,
Far-ſtretch'd around, to meet the bending ſphere.

Half in a blush of cluſtering roſes loſt,
Dew-dropping Coolneſs to the ſhade retires;
There, on the verdant turf, or flowery bed,
By gelid founts and careleſs rills to muſe,
While tyrant Heat, diſpreading thro' the ſky,
With rapid ſway, his burning influence darts
On Man, and beaſt, and herb, and tepid ſtream.

Who can unpitying ſee the flowery race,
Shed by the morn, their new-flush'd bloom reſign
Before the parching beam? So fade the fair,
When fevers revel thro' their azure veins.
But one, the lofty follower of the ſun,
Sad when he ſets, ſhuts up her yellow leaves,
Drooping all night; and, when he warm returns,
Points her enamour'd boſom to his ray.

Home, from his morning task, the ſwain retreats;
His flock before him ſtepping to the fold:
While the full-udder'd mother lows around
The chearful cottage, then expecting food,
The foot of innocence, and health! The daw,
The rook and magpie, to the grey grown oaks
(That the calm village in their verdant arms,
Sheltering, embrace) direct their lazy flight;
Where on the mingling boughs they ſit embower'd,

All

All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise.
Faint, underneath, the household fowls convene;
And, in a corner of the buzzing shade,
The house-dog, with the vacant greyhound, lies,
Out-stretch'd and sleepy. In his slumbers one
Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
O'er hill and dale, till, wakened by the wasp,
They starting snap. Nor shall the Muse disdain
To let the little noisy summer-race
Live in her lay, and flutter thro' her song:
Not mean tho' simple; to the sun ally'd,
From him they draw their animating fire.

Wak'd by his warmer ray, the reptile young
Come wing'd abroad; by the light air upborn,
Lighter, and full of soul. From every chink,
And secret corner, where they slept away
The wintry storms, or rising from their tombs,
To higher life, by myriads, forth at once
Swarming they pour, of all the vary'd hues
Their beauty-beaming parent can disclose.
Ten thousand forms! ten thousand different tribes!
People the blaze. To sunny waters some
By fatal instinct fly, where on the pool
They, sportive, wheel, or, sailing down the stream,
Are snatch'd immediate by the quick-ey'd trout,
Or darting salmon. Thro' the green-wood glade
Some love to stray, there lodg'd, amus'd and fed,
In the fresh leaf. Luxurious, others make
The meads their choice, and visit every flower,
And every latent herb: for the sweet task,
To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,
In what soft beds, their young yet undisclos'd,
Employs their tender care. Some to the house,
The fold, and dairy, hungry bend their flight;
Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese:

Oft,

Oft, inadvertent, from the milky ſtream
They meet their fate; or, weltering in the bowl,
With powerleſs wings around them wrapt, expire.

But chief to heedleſs flies the window proves
A conſtant death; where, gloomily retir'd,
The villain ſpider lives, cunning, and fierce,
Mixture abhorr'd! Amid a mangled heap
Of carcaſſes, in eager watch he ſits,
O'erlooking all his waving ſnares around.
Near the dire cell the dreadleſs wanderer oft
Paſſes, as oft the ruffian shows his front,
The prey at laſt enſnar'd, he dreadful darts,
With rapid glide, along tha leaning line;
And, fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,
Strikes backward grimly pleas'd: the fluttering wing,
And shriller ſound declare extreme diſtreſs,
And ask the helping hoſpitable hand.

Resounds the living ſurface of the ground:
Nor undelightful is the ceaſeleſs hum,
To him who muſes thro' the woods at noon;
Or drowſy shepherd, as he lies reclin'd
With half-shut eyes, beneath the floating shade
Of willows grey, cloſe-crouding o'er the brook.

Gradual, from theſe what numerous kinds deſcend,
Evading even the microſcopic eye!
Full Nature ſwarms with life; one wondrous maſs
Of animals, or atoms organiz'd,
Waiting the vital Breath, when Parent-Heaven
Shall bid his ſpirit blow. The hoary fen,
In putrid ſteams emits the living cloud
Of peſtilence. Thro' ſubterranean cells,
Where ſearching ſun-beams ſcarce can find a way,
Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf

Wants not its ſoft inhabitants. Secure,
Within its winding citadel, the ſtone
Holds multitudes. But chief the foreſt-boughs,
That dance unnumber'd to the playful breeze,
The downy orchard, and the melting pulp
Of mellow fruit, the nameleſs nations feed
Of evaneſcent inſects. Where the pool
Stands mantled o'er with green, inviſible,
Amid the floating verdure millions ſtray.
Each liquid too, whether it pierces, ſooths,
Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the taſte,
With various forms abounds. Nor is the ſtream
Of pureſt cryſtal, nor the lucid air,
Tho' one tranſparent vacancy it ſeems,
Void of their unſeen people. Theſe, conceal'd
By the kind art of forming Heaven, eſcape
The groſſer eye of Man: for, if the world
In worlds inclos'd ſhould on his ſenſes burſt,
From cates ambroſial, and the nectar'd bowl,
He would abhorrent turn; and in dead night,
When ſilence sleeps o'er all, be ſtun'd with noiſe.

Let no preſuming impious railer tax
Creative Wisdom, as if aught was form'd
In vain, or not for admirable ends.
Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce
His works unwiſe, of which the ſmalleſt part
Exceeds the narrow viſion of her mind?
As if upon a full proportion'd dome,
On ſwelling columns heav'd, the pride of art!
A critic-fly, whoſe feeble ray ſcarce ſpreads
An inch around, with blind preſumption bold,
Should dare to tax the ſtructure of the whole.
And lives the Man, whoſe univerſal eye
Has ſwept at once th' unbounded ſcheme of things;
Mark'd their dependance ſo and firm accord,

As

As with unfaultering accent to conclude
That This availeth nought? Has any ſeen
The mighty chain of beings, leſſening down
From Infinite Perfection to the brink
Of dreary Nothing, deſolate abyſs!
From which aſtonish'd thought, recoiling, turns?
Till then alone let zealous praiſe aſcend,
And hymns of holy wonder, to that Power,
Whoſe wiſdom shines as lovely on our minds,
As on our ſmiling eyes his ſervant-ſun.

Thick in yon ſtream of light, a thouſand ways,
Upward, and downward, thwarting, and convolv'd,
The quivering nations ſport; till tempeſt-wing'd,
Fierce Winter ſweeps them from the face of day.
Even ſo luxurious Men, unheeding, paſs
An idle ſummer life in fortune's shine,
A ſeaſon's glitter! Thus they flutter on
From toy to toy, from vanity to vice;
Till, blown away by death, oblivion comes
Behind, and ſtrikes them from the book of life.

Now ſwarms the village o'er the jovial mead:
The ruſtic youth, brown with meridian toil,
Healthful and ſtrong; full as the ſummer-roſe
Blown by prevailing ſuns, the ruddy maid,
Half naked, ſwelling on the ſight, and all
Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.
Even ſtooping age is here; and infant-hands
Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load
O'ercharged, amid the kind oppreſſion roll.
Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row.
Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
They ſpread the breathing harveſt to the ſun,
That throws refreshful round a rural ſmell:
Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground,

And drive the duſky wave along the mead.
The ruſſet hay-cock riſes thick behind,
In order gay. While heard from dale to dale,
Waking the breeze, reſounds the blended voice
Of happy labour, love, and ſocial glee.

Or rushing thence in one diffuſive band,
They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook
Forms a deep pool, this bank abrupt and high,
And That fair-ſperading in a pebbled shore.
Urg'd to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
The clamour much, of men, and boys, and dogs,
Ere the soft fearful people to the flood
Commit their wolly ſides. And oft the ſwain,
On ſome impatient ſeizing, hurls them in:
Embolden'd then, nor heſitating more,
Faſt, faſt, they plunge amid the flaſhing wave,
And panting labour to the fartheſt ſhore.
Repeated this, till deep the well- waſh'd fleece
Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt
The trout is baniſh'd by the ſordid ſtream;
Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy brow
Slow move the harmleſs race: where, as they ſpread
Their ſwelling treaſures to the ſunny ray,
Inly diſturb'd, and wondering what this wild
Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
The country fill; and, toſs'd from rock to rock,
Inceſſant bleatings run around the hills.
At laſt, of ſnowy white, the gathered flocks
Are in the wattled pen innumerous preſſ'd,
Head above head; and, rang'd in luſty rows
The ſhepherds ſit, and whet the ſounding ſhears.
The houſewife waits to roll her fleecy ſtores,
With all her gay-dreſt maids attending round
One, chief, in gracious dignity inthron'd,

Shines

Shines o'er the reſt, the paſtoral queen, and rays
Her ſmiles, ſweet-beaming, on her shepherd-king;
While the glad circle round them yield their ſouls
To feſtive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.
Meantime, their joyous task goes on apace:
Some mingling ſtir the melted tar, and ſome,
Deep on the new-shorn vagrant's heaving ſide,
To ſtamp his maſter's cypher ready ſtand;
Others th' unwilling wether drag along;
And, glorying in his might, the ſturdy boy
Holds by the twiſted horns th' indignant ram.
Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft,
By needy Man, that all-depending lord,
How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies!
What ſoftneſs in its melancholy face,
What dumb complaining innocence appears!
Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the knife
Of horrid ſlaughter that is o'er you wav'd;
No, 'tis the tender swain's well-guided shears,
Who having now, to pay his annual care,
Borrowed your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
Will ſend you bounding to your hills again.

A ſimple ſcene! yet hence Britannia ſees
Her ſolid grandeur riſe: hence ſhe commands
Th' exalted ſtores of every brigther clime,
The treaſures of the Sun without his rage:
Hence, fervent all, with culture, toil, and arts,
Wide glows her land: her dreadful thunder hence
Rides o'er the waves ſublime, and now, even now,
Impending hangs o'er Gallia's humbled coaſt;
Hence rules the circling deep, and awes the world.

'Tis raging Noon; and, vertical, the Sun
Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.
O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye

Can ſweep, a dazzling deluge reigns; and all
From pole to pole is undiſtinguish'd blaze.
In vain the ſight, dejected to the ground,
Stoops for relief, thence hot aſcending ſteams
And keen reflection pain. Deep to the root
Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields
And ſlippery lawn an arid hue diſcloſe,
Blaſt Fancy's blooms, and wither even the Soul.
Echo no more returns the chearful ſound
Of sharpening ſcythe: the mower, ſinking, heaps
O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfum'd
And ſcarce a chirping graſs-hopper is heard
Thro' the dumb mead. Diſtreſsful Nature pants.
The very ſtreams look languid from afar;
Or, thro' th' unshelter'd glade, impatient, ſeem
To hurl into the covert of the grove.

All-Conquering Heat, oh intermit thy wrath!
And on my throbbing temples potent thus
Beam not ſo fierce! Inceſſant ſtill you flow,
And ſtill another fervent flood ſucceeds,
Pour'd on the head profuſe. In vain I ſigh,
And reſtleſs turn, and look around for Night;
Night is far off; and hotter hours approach.
Thrice happy he! who on the ſunleſs ſide
Of a romantic mountain, foreſt-crown'd,
Beneath the whole collected shade reclines:
Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,
And fresh bedew'd with ever-ſpouting ſtreams,
Sits coolly calm; while all the world without,
Unſatisfied, and ſick, toſſes in noon.
Emblem inſtructive of the virtuous Man,
Who keeps his temper'd mind ſerene, and pure,
And every paſſion aptly harmoniz'd,
Amid a jarring world with vice inflam'd.

Welcome,

Welcome, ye shades! ye bowery thickets, hail!
Ye lofty pines! ye venerable oaks!
Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep!
Delicious is your shelter to the soul,
As to the hunted hart the sallying spring,
Or stream full-flowing, that his swelling sides
Laves, as he floats along the herbag'd brink.
Cool, thro' the nerves, your pleasing comfort glides;
The heart beats glad; the fresh expanded eye
And ear resume their watch; the sinews knit;
And life shoots swift thro' all the lightened limbs.

Around th' adjoining brook, that purls along
The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
Now scarcely moving thro' a reedy pool,
Now starting to a sudden stream, and now
Gently diffus'd into a limpid plain;
A various groupe the herds and flocks compose,
Rural confusion! On the grassy bank
Some ruminating lie, while others stand
Half in the flood, and often bending sip
The circling surface. In the middle droops
The strong laborious ox, of honest front,
Which incompos'd he shakes; and from his sides
The troublous insects lashes with his tail,
Returning still. Amid his subjects safe,
Slumbers the monarch-swain; his careless arm
Thrown round his head, on downy moss sustain'd;
Here laid his scrip, with wholesome viands fill'd;
There, listening every noise his watchful dog.

Light fly his slumbers, if perchance a flight
Of angry gad-flies fasten on the herd;
That startling scatters from the shallow brook,
In search of lavish stream. Tossing the foam,
They scorn the keeper's voice, and scour the plain

Thro' all the bright ſeverity of noon;
While, from their labouring breaſts, a hollow moan
Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the hills.

Oft in this ſeaſon too the horſe, provok'd,
While his big ſinews full of ſpirits ſwell,
Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood,
Springs the high fence; and, o'er the field effus'd,
Darts on the gloomy flood, with ſtedfaſt eye,
And heart eſtrang'd to fear: his nervous cheſt,
Luxuriant, and erect, the ſeat of ſtrength!
Bears down th' oppoſing ſtream: quenchleſs his thirſt;
He takes the river at redoubled draughts;
And with wide noſtrils, ſnorting, skims the wave.

Still let me pierce into the midnight depth
Of yonder grove, of wildeſt largeſt growth:
That, forming high in air a woodland quire,
Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every ſtep,
Solemn, and slow, the ſhadows blacker fall,
And all is awful liſtening gloom around.

Theſe are the haunts of Meditation, theſe
The ſcenes where ancient bards th' inſpiring breath,
Extatic, felt, and from this world retir'd,
Convers'd with angels, and immortal forms,
On gracious errands bent: to ſave the fall
Of virtue ſtruggling on the brink of vice;
In waking whiſpers, and repeated dreams,
To hint pure thought, and warn the favour'd ſoul
For future trials fated to prepare;
To prompt the poet, who devoted gives
His muſe to better themes; to ſooth the pangs
Of dying worth, and from the patriot's breaſt,
(Backward to mingle in deteſted war,
But foremoſt when engag'd) to turn the death;

And numberleſs ſuch offices of love,
Daily, and nightly, zealous to perform.

Shook ſudden from the boſom of the sky,
A thouſand shapes or glide athwart the dusk,
Or ſtalk majeſtic on. Deep-rous'd, I feel
A ſacred terror, a ſevere delight,
Creep thro' my mortal frame; and thus, methinks,
A voice, than human more, th' abſtracted ear
Of fancy ſtrikes. "Be not of us afraid,
„ Poor kindred Man! thy fellow-creatures, we
„ From the ſame Parent-Power our beings drew,
„ The ſame our Lord, and laws, and great purſuit,
„ Once ſome of us, like thee, thro' ſtormy life,
„ Toil'd tempeſt-beaten, ere we could attain
„ This holy calm, this harmony of mind,
„ Where purity and peace immingle charms.
„ Then fear not us; but with reſponſive ſong,
„ Amid theſe dim receſſes, undiſturb'd
„ By noiſy folly and diſcordant vice,
„ Of Nature ſing with us, and Nature's God.
„ Here frequent, at the viſionary hour,
„ When muſing midnight reigns or ſilent noon,
„ Angelic harps are in full concert heard,
„ And voices chaunting from the wood-crown'd hill,
„ The deepening dale, or inmoſt sylvan glade:
„ A privilege beſtow'd by us, alone,
„ On Contemplation, or the hallow'd ear
„ Of Poet, ſwelling to ſeraphic ſtrain. "

And art thou, * Stanley, of that sacred band?
Alas, for us too ſoon! — Tho' rais'd above
The reach of human pain, above the flight

* A young lady, well known to the author, who died at the age of eighteen, in the year 1738.

Of human joy; yet, with a mingled ray
Of ſadly-pleas'd remembrance, muſt thou feel
A mother's love, a mother's tender woe:
Who ſeeks thee ſtill, in many a former ſcene;
Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely-beaming eyes,
Thy pleaſing converſe, by gay lively ſenſe
Inſpir'd: where moral wiſdom mildly shone,
Without the toil of art; and virtue glow'd
In all her ſmiles, without forbidding pride.
But, O thou beſt of parents! wipe thy tears;
Or rather to Parental Nature pay
The tears of grateful joy; who for a while
Lent thee this younger ſelf, this opening bloom
Of thy enlightened mind and gentle worth.
Believe the Muſe: the wintry blaſt of death
Kills not the buds of virtue; no, they ſpread,
Beneath the heavenly beam of brighter ſuns
Thro' endleſs ages, into higher powers.

Thus up the mount, in airy viſion rapt,
I ſtray, regardleſs whither; till the ſound
Of a near fall of water every ſenſe
Wakes from the charm of thought: ſwift-ſhrinking
I check my ſteps, and view the broken ſcene. (back,

Smooth to the ſhelving brink a copious flood
Rolls fair, and placid; where collected all,
In one impetuous torrent, down the ſteep
It thundering ſhoots, and ſhakes the country round.
At firſt, an azure ſheet, it rushes broad;
Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,
And from the loud-reſounding rocks below
Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it ſends aloft
A hoary miſt, and forms a ceaſeleſs ſhower.
Nor can the tortur'd wave here find repoſe:
But, raging ſtill amid the ſhaggy rocks,

Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments, now
Aslant the hollowed channel rapid parts;
And falling fast from gradual slope to slope,
With wild infracted course, and lessened roar,
It gains a safer bed, and steals, at last,
Along the mazes of the quiet vale.

Invited from the cliff, to whose dark brow
He clings, the steep-ascending eagle soars,
With upward pinions thro' the flood of day;
And, giving full his bosom to the blaze,
Gains on the sun; while all the tuneful race,
Smit by afflictive noon, disorder'd droop,
Deep in the thicket; or from bower to bower
Responsive, force an interrupted strain.
The stock-dove only thro' the forest cooes,
Mournfully hoarse; oft ceasing from his plaint,
Short interval of weary woe! again
The sad idea of his murder'd mate,
Struck from his side by savage fowler's guile,
Across his fancy comes; and then resounds
A louder song of sorrow thro' the grove.

Beside the dewy border let me sit,
All in the freshness of the humid air;
There in that hollowed rock, grotesque and wild,
An ample chair moss-lin'd, and over head
By flowering umbrage shaded; where the bee
Strays diligent, and with th' extracted balm
Of fragrant wood-bine loads his little thigh.

Now, while I taste the sweetness of the shade,
While Nature lies around deep-lull'd in Noon,
Now come, bold Fancy, spread a daring flight,
And view the wonders of the torrid zone:
Climes unrelenting! with whose rage compar'd,
Yon blaze is feeble, and yon skies are cool.

See, how at once the bright-effulgent ſun,
Riſing direct, ſwift chaſes from the ſky
The ſhort-liv'd twilight; and with ardent blaze
Looks gayly fierce o'er all the dazzling air:
He mounts his throne; but kind before him ſends,
Iſſuing from out the portals of the morn,
The * general Breeze, to mitigate his fire,
And breathe refreshment on a fainting world.
Great are the ſcenes, with dreadful beauty crown'd
And barbarous wealth, that ſee, each circling year,
Returning ſuns and ** double ſeaſons paſs:
Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,
That on the high equator ridgy riſe,
Whence many a burſting ſtream auriferous plays:
Majeſtic woods, of every vigorous green,
Stage above ſtage, high waving o'er the hills;
Or to the far horizon wide diffus'd,
A boundleſs deep immenſity of ſhade.
Here lofty trees, to ancient ſong unknown,
The noble ſons of potent heat and floods
Prone-rushing from the clouds, rear high to Heaven
Their thorny ſtems, and broad around them throw
Meridian gloom. Here, in eternal prime,
Unnumber'd fruits, of keen delicious taſte
And vital ſpirit, drink amid the cliffs,
And burning ſands that bank the ſhrubby vales,
Redoubled day, yet in their rugged coats
A friendly juice to cool its rage contain.

Bear

* Which blows conſtantly between the tropics from the eaſt or the collateral points, the north-eaſt and ſouth-eaſt: cauſed by the preſſure of the rarefied air on that before it, according to the diurnal motion of the ſun from eaſt to weſt.

** In all climates between the tropics, the ſun, as he paſſes and repaſſes in his annual motion, is twice a-year vertical, which produces this effect.

Bear me, Pomona! to thy citron groves,
To where the lemon and the piercing lime,
With the deep orange, glowing thro' the green,
Their lighter glories blend. Lay me reclin'd
Beneath the ſpreading tamarind that ſhakes,
Fann'd by the breeze, its fever-cooling fruit.
Dew in the night the maſſy Locuſt ſheds,
Quench my hot limbs; or lead me thro' the maze,
Embowering endleſs, of the Indian fig;
Or thrown at gayer eaſe, on ſome fair brow,
Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd,
Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,
And high palmetos lift their graceful ſhade.
O ſtretch'd amid theſe orchards of the ſun,
Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,
And from the palm to draw its freſhening wine!
More bounteous far than all the frantic juice
Which Bacchus pours. Nor, on its ſlender twigs
Low-bending, be the full pomegranate ſcorn'd;
Nor, creeping thro' the woods, the gelid race
Of berries. Oft in humble ſtation dwells
Unboaſtful worth, above faſtidious pomp.
Witneſs, thou beſt Anâna, thou the pride
Of vegetable life, beyond whate'er
The poets imag'd in the golden age:
Quick let me ſtrip thee of thy tufty coat,
Spread thy ambroſial ſtores, and feaſt with Jove!

From theſe the proſpect varies. Plains immenſe
Lie ſtretch'd below, interminable meads,
And vaſt ſavannahs, where the wandering eye,
Unfixt, is in a verdant ocean loſt.
Another Flora there, of bolder hues,
And richer ſweets, beyond our garden's pride,
Plays o'er the fields, and ſhowers with ſudden hand
Exuberant ſpring: for oft theſe valleys ſhift

Their green-embroider'd robe to fiery brown,
And ſwift to green again, as ſcorching ſuns,
Or ſtreaming dews and torrent rains, prevail.

Along theſe lonely regions, where retir'd,
From little ſcenes of art, great Nature dwells
In awful ſolitude, and nought is ſeen
But the wild herds that own no maſter's ſtall,
Prodigious rivers roll their fatning ſeas:
On whoſe luxuriant herbage, half-conceal'd,
Like a fallen cedar, far diffus'd his train,
Cas'd in green ſcales, the crocodile extends.
The flood disparts: behold! in plaited mail,
* Behemoth rears his head. Glanc'd from his ſide,
The darted ſteel in idle ſhivers flies:
He fearleſs walks the plain, or ſeeks the hills,
Where, as he crops his varied fare, the herds,
In widening circle round, forget their food,
And at the harmleſs ſtranger wondering gaze.

Peaceful, beneath primeval trees, that caſt
Their ample shade o'er Niger's yellow ſtream,
And where the Ganges rolls his ſacred wave;
Or mid the central depth of blackening woods,
High-rais'd in ſolemn theater around,
Leans the huge elephant: wiſeſt of brutes!
O truly wiſe! with gentle might endow'd,
Tho' powerful, not deſtructive! Here he ſees
Revolving ages ſweep the changeful earth,
And empires riſe and fall; regardleſs he
Of what the never-reſting race of Men
Project: thrice happy! could he ſcape their guile,
Who mine, from cruel avarice, his ſteps;
Or with his towery grandeur ſwell their ſtate,
The pride of kings! or elſe his ſtrength pervert,

And

* The Hippopotamus, or river-horſe.

And bid him rage amid the mortal fray,
Aſtonish'd at the madneſs of mankind.

Wide o'er the winding umbrage of the floods,
Like vivid bloſſoms glowing from afar,
Thick-ſwarm the brighter birds. For Nature's hand,
That with a ſportive vanity has deck'd
The plumy nations, there her gayeſt hues
Profuſely pours. * But, if she bids them shine,
Array'd in all the beauteous beams of day,
Yet frugal ſtill, she humbles them in ſong.
Nor envy we the gaudy robes they lent
Proud Montezuma's realm, whoſe legions caſt
A boundleſs radiance waving on the ſun,
While Philomel is ours; while in our shades,
Thro' the ſoft ſilence of the liſtening night,
The ſober-ſuited ſongſtreſs trills her lay.

But come, my Muſe, the deſart-barrier burſt,
A wild expanſe of lifeleſs ſand and sky:
And, ſwifter than the toiling caravan,
Shoot o'er the vale of Sennar; ardent climb
The Nubian mountains, and the ſecret bounds
Of jealous Abyſſinia boldly pierce.
Thou art no ruffian, who beneath the mask
Of ſocial commerce com'ſt to rob their wealth;
No holy Fury thou blaſpheming Heaven,
With conſecrated ſteel to ſtab their peace,
And thro' the land, yet red from civil wounds,
To ſpread the purple tyranny of Rome.
Thou, like the harmleſs bee, may'ſt freely range,
From mead to mead bright with exalted flowers,
From jaſmine grove, to grove, may'ſt wander gay,

Thro'

* In all the regions of the torrid zone, the birds, tho' more beautiful in their plumage, are obſerved to be leſs melodious than ours.

Thro' palmy shades and aromatic woods,
That grace the plains, inveſt the peopled hills,
And up the more than Alpine mountains wave.
There on the breezy ſummit, ſpreading fair,
For many a league; or on ſtupendous rock,
That from the ſun-redoubling valley lift,
Cool to the middle air, their lawny tops;
Where palaces, and fanes, and villas riſe;
And gardens ſmile around, and cultur'd fields;
And fountains gush; and careleſs herds and flocks
Securely ſtray; a world within itſelf,
Diſdaining all aſſault: there let me draw
Ethereal ſoul, there drink reviving gales,
Profuſely breathing from the ſpicy groves,
And vales of fragrance; there at diſtance hear
The roaring floods, and cataracts, that ſweep
From diſembowel'd earth the virgin gold,
And o'er the varied landskip, reſtleſs, rove,
Fervent with life of every fairer kind:
A land of wonders! which the ſun ſtill eyes
With ray direct, as of the lovely realm
Inamour'd and delighting there to dwell.

How chang'd the ſcene! In blazing height of noon,
The ſun oppreſs'd, is plung'd in thickeſt gloom.
Still Horror reigns, a dreary twilight round,
Of ſtruggling night and day malignant mix'd.
For to the hot equator crouding faſt,
Where, highly rarefy'd, the yielding air
Admits their ſtream, inceſſant vapours roll
Amazing clouds on clouds continual heap'd,
Or whirl'd tempeſtuous by the guſty wind,
Or ſilent borne along, heavy, and ſlow;
With the big ſtores of ſteaming oceans charg'd.
Meantime, amid theſe upper ſeas, condens'd
Around the cold aërial mountain's brow,

And by conflicting winds together dash'd,
The Thunder holds his black tremendous throne:
From cloud to cloud the rending Lightnings rage;
Till, in the furious elemental war
Diſſolv'd, the whole precipitated maſs
Unbroken floods and ſolid torrents pours.

The treaſures theſe, hid from the bounded ſearch
Of ancient knowledge; whence, with annual pomp,
Rich king of floods! o'erflows the ſwelling Nile.
From his two ſprings, in Gojam's ſunny realm,
Pure-welling out, he thro' the lucid lake
Of fair Dambea rolls his infant-ſtream.
There, by the Naiads nurs'd, he ſports away
His playful youth, amid the fragrant isles,
That with unfading verdure ſmile around.
Ambitious, thence the manly river breaks;
And gathering many a flood, and copious fed
With all the mellowed treaſures of the sky,
Winds in progreſſive majeſty along:
Thro' ſplendid kingdoms now devolves his maze,
Now wanders wild o'er ſolitary tracts
Of life-deſerted ſand; till, glad to quit
The joyleſs deſart, down the Nubian rocks
From thundering ſteep to ſteep he pours his urn,
And Egypt joys beneath the ſpreading wave.

His brother Niger too, and all the floods
In which the full-form'd maids of Afric lave
Their jetty limbs; and all that from the tract
Of woody mountains ſtretch'd thro' gorgeous Ind
Fall on Cormandel's coaſt; or Malabar;
From * Menam's orient ſtream, that nightly ſhines
With

* The river that runs thro' Siam; on whoſe banks a vaſt multitude of thoſe inſects called Fire-flies make a beautiful appearance in the night.

With inſect-lamps, to where Aurora sheds
On Indus' ſmiling banks the roſy shower:
All, at this bounteous ſeaſon, ope their urns,
And pour untoiling harveſt o'er the land.

Nor leſs thy world, Columbus, drinks, refresh'd,
The lavish moiſture of the melting year.
Wide o'er his isles the branching Oronoque
Rolls a brown deluge; and the native drives
To dwell aloft on life-ſufficing trees,
At once his dome, his robe, his food, and arms.
Swell'd by a thouſand ſtreams, impetuous hurl'd
From all the roaring Andes, huge deſcends
The mighty * Orellane. Scarce the Muſe
Dares ſtretch her wing o'er this enormous maſs
Of rushing water; ſcarce she dares attempt
The ſea-like Plata; to whoſe dread expanſe,
Continuous depth, and wondrous length of courſe,
Our floods are rills. With unabated force,
In ſilent dignity they ſweep along,
And traverſe realms unknown, and blooming wilds,
And fruitful deſarts, worlds of ſolitude,
Where the ſun ſmiles and ſeaſons teem in vain,
Unſeen, and unenjoyed. Forſaking theſe,
O'er peopled plains they fair-diffuſive flow,
And many a nation feed, and circle ſafe,
In their ſoft boſom, many a happy isle,
The ſeat of blameleſs Pan, yet undiſturb'd
By chriſtian crimes and Europe's cruel ſons.
Thus pouring on they proudly ſeek the deep,
Whoſe vanquish'd tide, recoiling from the shock,
Yields to this liquid weight of half the globe;
And Ocean trembles for his green domain.

But

* The river of the Amazons.

But what avails this wondrous waſte of wealth?
This gay profuſion of luxurious bliſs?
This pomp of Nature? what their balmy meads,
Their powerful herbs, and Ceres void of pain?
By vagrant birds diſpers'd, and wafting winds,
What their unplanted fruits? What the cool draughts,
Th' ambroſial food, rich gums, and ſpicy health,
Their foreſts yield? Their toiling inſects what,
Their ſilky pride, and vegtable robes?
Ah! what avail their fatal treaſures, hid
Deep in the bowels of the pitying earth,
Golconda's gems, and ſad Potoſi's mines;
Where dwelt the gentleſt children of the ſun?
What all that Afric's golden rivers rowl,
Her odorous woods, and shining ivory ſtores?
Ill-fated race! the ſoftening arts of Peace,
Whate'er the humanizing Muſes teach;
The godlike wiſdom of the temper'd breaſt;
Progreſſive truth, the patient force of thought;
Inveſtigation calm, whoſe ſilent powers
Command the world; the Light that leads to Heaven;
Kind equal rule, the government of laws,
And all-protecting Freedom, which alone
Suſtains the name and dignity of Man:
Theſe are not theirs. The parent ſun himſelf
Seems o'er this world of slaves to tyrannize;
And, with oppreſſive ray, the roſeat bloom
Of beauty blaſting, gives the gloomy hue,
And feature groſs: or worſe, to ruthleſs deeds,
Mad jealouſy, blind rage, and fell revenge,
Their fervid ſpirit fires. Love dwells not there,
The ſoft regards, the tenderneſs of life,
The heart-shed tear, th' ineffable delight
Of ſweet humanity: theſe court the beam
Of milder climes; in ſelfish fierce deſire,

And the wild fury of voluptuous ſenſe,
There loſt. The very brute-creation there
This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire.

Lo! the green ſerpent, from his dark abode,
Which even Imagination fears to tread,
At noon forth-iſſuing, gathers up his train
In orbs immenſe, then, darting out anew,
Seeks the refreshing fount; by which diffus'd,
He throws his folds: and while, with threatning tongue
And deathful jaws erect, the monſter curls
His flaming creſt, all other thirſt, appall'd,
Or shivering flies, or check'd at diſtance ſtands,
Nor dares approach. But ſtill more direful he,
The ſmall cloſe-lurking miniſter of fate,
Whoſe high-concocted venom thro' the veins
A rapid lightning darts, arreſting ſwift
The vital current. Form'd to humble Man,
This child of vengeful Nature! There, ſublim'd
To fearleſs luſt of blood, the ſavage race
Roam, licens'd by the shading hour of guilt,
And foul miſdeed, when the pure day has shut
His ſacred eye. The tyger darting fierce
Impetuous on the prey his glance has doom'd:
The lively-shining leopard, ſpeckled o'er
With many a ſpot, the beauty of the waſte;
And, ſcorning all the taming arts of Man,
The keen hyena, felleſt of the fell.
Theſe, rushing from th' inhoſpitable woods
Of Mauritania, or the tufted isles,
That verdant riſe amid the Lybian wild,
Innumerous glare around their shaggy king,
Majeſtic, ſtalking o'er the printed ſand;
And, with imperious and repeated roars,
Demand their fated food. The fearful flocks

Croud

Croud near the guardian ſwain; the nobler herds,
Where round their lordly bull, in rural eaſe,
They ruminating lie, with horror hear
The coming rage. Th' awakened village ſtarts;
And to her fluttering breaſt the mother ſtrains
Her thoughtleſs infant. From the Pyrate's den,
Or ſtern Morocco's tyrant fang eſcap'd,
The wretch half-wishes for his bonds again:
While, uproar all, the wilderneſs reſounds
From Atlas eaſtward to the frighted Nile.

Unhappy he! who from the firſt of joys,
Society, cut off, is left alone
Amid this world of death. Day after day,
Sad on the jutting eminence he ſits,
And views the main that ever toils below;
Still fondly forming in the fartheſt verge,
Where the round ether mixes with the wave,
Ships, dim-diſcovered, dropping from the clouds;
At evening, to the ſetting ſun he turns
A mournful eye, and down his dying heart
Sinks helpleſs; while the wonted roar is up,
And hiſs continual thro' the tedious night.
Yet here, even here, into theſe black abodes
Of monſters, unappall'd, from ſtooping Rome,
And guilty Caeſar, Liberty retir'd,
Her Cato following thro' Numidian wilds:
Diſdainful of Campania's gentle plains,
And all the green delights Auſonia pours;
When for them she muſt bend the ſervile knee,
And fawning take the ſplendid robber's boon.

Nor ſtop the terrors of theſe regions here.
Commiſſion'd demons oft, angels of wrath,
Let looſe the raging elements. Breath'd hot,

From all the boundleſs furnace of the ſky,
And the wide glittering waſte of burning ſand,
A ſuffocating wind the pilgrim ſmites
With inſtant death. Patient of thirſt and toil,
Son of the deſart! even the camel feels,
Shot thro' his wither'd heart, the fiery blaſt.
Or from the black-red ether, burſting broad,
Sallies the ſudden whirlwind. Strait the ſands
Commov'd around, in gathering eddies play:
Nearer and nearer ſtill they darkening come;
Till, with the general all-involving ſtorm
Swept up, the whole continuous wilds ariſe;
And by their noon-day fount dejected thrown,
Or ſunk at night in ſad diſaſtrous ſleep,
Beneath deſcending hills, the caravan
Is buried deep. In Cairo's crouded ſtreets
Th' impatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain,
And Mecca ſaddens at the long delay.

But chief at ſea, whoſe every flexile wave
Obeys the blaſt, th' aërial tumult ſwells.
In the dread ocean, undulating wide,
Beneath the radiant line that girts the globe,
The circling * Typhon, whirl'd from point to point,
Exhauſting all the rage of all the ſky,
And dire Ecnephia reign. Amid the heavens,
Falſely ſerene, deep in a cloudy ** ſpeck
Compreſs'd, the mighty tempeſt brooding dwells:
Of no regard, ſave to the ſkilful eye,
Fiery and foul, the ſmall prognoſtic hangs
Aloft, or on the promontory's brow
Muſters

* Typhon and Ecnephia, names of particular ſtorms or hurricanes, known only between the tropics.

** Called by ſailors the Ox-eye, being in appearance at firſt no bigger.

Muſters its force. A faint deceitful calm,
A fluttering gale, the demon ſends before,
To tempt the ſpreading ſail. Then down at once,
Precipitant, deſcends a mingled maſs
Of roaring winds, and flame, and ruſhing floods.
In wild amazement fix'd the ſailor ſtands.
Art is too ſlow: By rapid fate oppreſs'd,
His broad-wing'd veſſel drinks the whelming tide,
Hid in the boſom of the black abyſs.
With ſuch mad ſeas the daring * Gama fought,
For many a day, and many a dreadful night,
Inceſſant, lab'ring round the ſtormy Cape;
By bold ambition led, and bolder thirſt
Of gold. For then from ancient gloom emerg'd
The riſing world of trade: the Genius, then,
Of navigation, that, in hopeleſs ſloth,
Had ſlumber'd on the vaſt Atlantic deep,
For idle ages, ſtarting, heard at laſt
The ** Luſitanian Prince; who Heav'n-inſpir'd,
To love of uſeful glory rous'd mankind,
And in unbounded Commerce mix'd the world.

Increaſing ſtill the terrors of the ſtorms,
His jaws horrific arm'd with threefold fate,
Here dwells the direful ſhark. Lur'd by the ſcent
Of ſteaming crouds, of rank diſeaſe, and death,
Behold! he ruſhing cuts the briny flood,
Swift as the gale can bear the ſhip along;
And, from the partners of that cruel trade,

* Vaſco de Gama, the firſt who ſailed round Africa, by the Cape of Good-Hope, to the Eaſt-Indies.

** Don Henry, third ſon to John the firſt, king of Portugal. His ſtrong genius to the diſcovery of new countries was the chief ſource of all the modern improvements in navigation.

Which ſpoils unhappy Guinea of her ſons,
Demands his ſhare of prey; demands themſelves.
The ſtormy fates deſcend: one death involves
Tyrants and ſlaves; when ſtrait, their mangled limbs
Crashing at once, he dyes the purple ſeas
With gore, and riots in the vengeful meal.

When o'er this world, by equinoctial rains
Flooded immenſe, looks out the joyleſs ſun,
And draws the copious ſteam: from ſwampy fens,
Where putrefaction into life ferments,
And breathes deſtructive myriads; or from woods,
Inpenetrable ſhades, receſſes foul,
In vapours rank and blue corruption wrapt,
Whoſe gloomy horrors yet no deſpérate foot
Has ever dar'd to pierce; then, waſteful, forth
Walks the dire Power of peſtilent diſeaſe.
A thouſand hideous fiends her courſe attend,
Sick Nature blaſting, and to heartleſs woe,
And feeble deſolation, caſting down
The towering hopes and all the pride of Man.
Such as, of late, at Carthagena quench'd
The British fire. You, gallant Vernon, ſaw
The miſerable ſcene; you, pitying, ſaw
To infant-weakneſs ſunk the warrior's arm;
Saw the deep-racking pang, the ghaſtly form,
The lip pale-quivering, and the beamleſs eye
No more with ardour bright; you heard the groans
Of agonizing ſhips, from ſhore to ſhore;
Heard, nightly plung'd amid the ſullen waves,
The frequent corſe; while on each other fix'd,
In ſad preſage the black aſſiſtants ſeem'd,
Silent, to ask, whom Fate would next demand.

What need I mention thoſe inclement skies,
Where, frequent o'er the ſickening city, Plague,

The

The fierceſt child of Nemesis divine,
Deſcends? * From Ethiopia's poiſoned woods,
From ſtifled Cairo's filth, and fetid fields
With locuſt-armies putrefying heap'd,
This great deſtroyer ſprung. Her awful rage
The brutes eſcape: Man is her deſtin'd prey,
Intemperate Man! and, o'er his guilty domes,
She draws a cloſe incumbent cloud of death;
Uninterrupted by the living winds,
Forbid to blow a wholeſome breeze; and ſtain'd
With many a mixture by the ſun, ſuffus'd,
Of angry aſpect. Princely wiſdom, then,
Dejects his watchful eye; and from the hand
Of feeble juſtice, ineffectual, drop
The ſword and balance: mute the voice of joy,
And hush'd the clamour of the buſy world.
Empty the ſtreets, with uncouth verdure clad;
Into the worſt of deſarts ſudden turn'd
The chearful haunt of Men: unleſs eſcap'd
From the doom'd houſe, where matchleſs horror reigns,
Shut up by barbarous fear, the ſmitten wretch,
With frenzy wild, breaks looſe; and, loud to heaven
Screaming, the dreadful policy arraigns,
Inhuman, and unwiſe. The ſullen door,
Yet uninfected, on its cautious hinge
Fearing to turn, abhors ſociety:
Dependants, friends, relations, Love himſelf,
Savag'd by woe, forget the tender tie,
The ſweet engagement of the feeling heart.
But vain their ſelfish care: the circling sky,
The wide enlivening air is full of fate;
And, ſtruck by turns, in ſolitary pangs
They fall, unbleſt, untended, and unmourn'd.

* Theſe are the cauſes ſuppoſed to be the firſt origin of the Plague, in Dr. Mead's elegant book on that ſubject.

Thus o'er the proſtrate city black Deſpair
Extends her raven wing; while, to complete
The ſcene of deſolation, ſtretch'd around,
The grim guards ſtand, denying all retreat,
And give the flying wretch a better death.

Much yet remains unſung: the rage intenſe
Of brazen vaulted ſkies, of iron fields,
Where drought and famine ſtarve the blaſted year:
Fir'd by the torch of noon to tenfold rage,
Th' infuriate hill that ſhoots the pillar'd flame;
And, rous'd within the ſubterranean world,
Th' expanding earthquake, that reſiſtleſs ſhakes
Aſpiring cities from their ſolid baſe,
And buries mountains in the flaming gulph.
But 'tis enough; return, my vagrant Muſe:
A nearer ſcene of horror calls thee home.

Behold, ſlow-ſettling o'er the lurid grove
Unuſual darkneſs broods; and growing gains
The full poſſeſſion of the ſky, ſurcharg'd
With wrathful vapour, from the ſecret beds,
Where ſleep the mineral generations, drawn.
Thence Nitre, Sulphur, and the fiery ſpume
Of fat Bitumen, ſteaming on the day,
With various tinctur'd trains of latent flame,
Pollute the ſky, and in yon baleful cloud,
A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,
Ferment; till, by the touch ethereal rous'd,
The daſh of clouds, or irritating war
Of fighting winds, while all is calm below,
They furious ſpring. A boding ſilence reigns,
Dread thro' the dun expanſe; ſave the dull ſound
That from the mountain, previous to the ſtorm,
Rolls o'er the muttering earth, diſturbs the flood,
And ſhakes the foreſt-leaf without a breath.

Prone, to the loweſt vale, the aërial tribes
Deſcend: the tempeſt-loving raven ſcarce
Dares wing the dubious duſk. In rueful gaze
The cattle ſtand, and on the ſcowling heavens
Caſt a deploring eye; by Man forſook,
Who to the crouded cottage hies him faſt,
Or ſeeks the ſhelter of the downward cave.

'Tis liſtening fear, and dumb amazement all:
When to the ſtartled eye the ſudden glance
Appears far ſouth, eruptive thro' the cloud;
And following ſlower, in exploſion vaſt,
The Thunder raiſes his tremendous voice
At firſt, heard ſolemn o'er the verge of heaven,
The tempeſt growls; but as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
The lightnings flaſh a larger curve, and more
The noiſe aſtounds: till over head a ſheet
Of livid flame diſcloſes wide; then ſhuts,
And opens wider; ſhuts and opens ſtill
Expanſive, wrapping ether in a blaze.
Follows the looſen'd aggravated roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling; peal on peal
Cruſh'd horrible, convulſing heaven and earth.

Down comes a deluge of ſonorous hail,
Or prone-deſcending rain. Wide-rent, the clouds,
Pour a whole flood; and yet, its flame unquench'd,
Th' unconquerable lightning ſtruggles through,
Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.
Black from the ſtroke above, the ſmouldring pine
Stands a ſad ſhattered trunk; and, ſtretch'd below,
A lifeleſs groupe the blaſted cattle lie:
Here the ſoft flocks, with that ſame harmleſs look
They wore alive, and ruminating ſtill

In fancy's eye; and there the frowning bull,
And ox half-rais'd. Struck on the caſtled cliff,
The venerable tower and ſpiry fane
Reſign their aged pride. The gloomy woods
Start at the flash, and from their deep receſs,
Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates shake.
Amid Carnarvon's mountains rages loud
The repercuſſive roar: with mighty crush
Into the flaſhing deep, from the rude rocks
Of Penmanmaur heap'd hideous to the sky,
Tumble the ſmitten cliffs; and Snowden's peak,
Diſſolving, inſtant yields his wintry load.
Far-ſeen, the heights of heathy Cheviot blaze,
And Thule bellows thro' her utmoſt isles.

Guilt hears appall'd, with deeply troubled thought.
And yet not always on the guilty head
Deſcends the fated flash. Young Celadon
And his Amelia were a matchleſs pair;
With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,
The ſame, diſtinguish'd by their ſex alone:
Hers the mild luſtre of the blooming morn,
And his the radiance of the riſen day.

They lov'd: But ſuch their guileleſs paſſion was,
As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
Of innocence, and undiſſembling truth.
'Twas friendship heightened by the mutual wish,
Th' enchanting hope, and ſympathetic glow,
Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
To love, each was to each a dearer ſelf;
Supremely happy in th' awakened power
Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades,
Still in harmonious intercourſe they liv'd
The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
Or ſigh'd, and look'd unutterable things.

So

So paſs'd their life, a clear united ſtream,
By care unruffled; till, in evil hour,
The tempeſt caught them on the tender walk,
Heedleſs how far, and where its mazes ſtray'd,
While, with each other bleſt, creative love
Still bade eternal Eden ſmile around.
Heavy with inſtant fate her bosom heav'd
Unwonted ſighs, and ſtealing oft a look
Of the big gloom on Celadon her eye
Fell tearful, wetting her diſordered cheek.
In vain aſſuring love, and confidence
In Heaven, repreſs'd her fear; it grew, and shook
Her frame near diſſolution. He perceiv'd
Th' unequal conflict, and as angels look
On dying ſaints, his eyes compaſſion ſhed,
With love illumin'd high. „ Fear not, he ſaid,
„ Sweet innocence! thou ſtranger to offence,
„ And inward ſtorm! He, who yon skies involves
„ In frowns of darkneſs, ever ſmiles on thee
„ With kind regard. O'er thee the ſecret ſhaft
„ That waſtes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour
„ Of noon, flies harmleſs: and that very voice,
„ Which thunders terror thro' the guilty heart,
„ With tongues of ſeraphs whiſpers peace to thine.
„ 'Tis ſafety to be near thee, ſure, and thus
„ To claſp perfection!" From his void embrace,
Miſterious Heaven! that moment, to the ground,
A blacken'd corſe, was ſtruck the beauteous maid.
But who can paint the lover, as he ſtood,
Pierc'd by ſevere amazement, hating life,
Speechleſs, and fix'd in all the death of woe!
So, faint reſemblance, on the marble tomb,
The well-diſſembled mourner ſtooping ſtands,
For ever ſilent, and for ever ſad.
As from the face of heaven the ſhatter'd clouds
Tumultuous rove, th' interminable ſky

Sublimer swells, and o'er the world expands
A purer azure. Nature, from the ſtorm
Shines out afreſh; and thro' the lighten'd air
A higher luſtre and a clearer calm,
Diffuſive, tremble; while, as if in ſign
Of danger paſt, a glittering robe of joy,
Set off abundant by the yellow ray,
Inveſts the fields yet dropping from diſtreſs.

'Tis beauty all, and grateful ſong around,
Join'd to the low of kine, and numerous bleat
Of flocks thick,nibbling thro' the clover'd vale.
And ſhall the hymn be marr'd by thankleſs Man,
Moſt favour'd; who with voice articulate
Should lead the chorus of this lower world?
Shall he, ſo ſoon forgetful of the hand
That huſh'd the thunder, and ſerenes the ſky,
Extinguiſh'd feel that ſpark the tempeſt wak'd,
That ſenſe of powers exceeding far his own,
Ere yet his feeble heart has loſt its fears?

Chear'd by the milder beam, the ſprightly youth
Speeds to the well-known pool, whoſe criſtal depth
A ſandy bottom ſhews. A while he ſtands
Gazing th' inverted landſkip, half afraid
To meditate the blue profound below;
Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.
His ebon treſſes, and his roſy cheek
Inſtant emerge; and thro' th' obedient wave,
At each ſhort breathing by his lip repell'd,
With arms and legs according well, he makes,
As humour leads, an eaſy-winding path;
While, from his poliſh'd ſides, a dewy light
Effuſes on the pleas'd ſpectators round.

This

This is the pureſt exerciſe of health,
The kind refreſher of the ſummer-heats;
Nor, when cold Winter keens the brightening flood,
Would I weak-ſhivering linger on the brink,
Thus life redoubles, and is oft preſerv'd,
By the bold ſwimmer, in the ſwift illapſe
Of accident diſaſtrous: Hence the limbs
Knit into force; and the ſame Roman arm,
That roſe victorious o'er the conquer'd earth,
Firſt learn'd, while tender, to ſubdue the wave.
Even, from the body's purity the mind
Receives a ſecret ſympathetic aid.

Cloſe in the covert of an hazel copſe,
Where winded into pleaſing ſolitudes
Runs out the rambling dale, young Damon ſat,
Penſive, and pierc'd with love's delightful pangs.
There to the ſtream that down the diſtant rocks
Hoarſe-murmuring fell, and plaintive breeze that play'd
Among the bending willows, falſely he
Of Musidora's cruelty complain'd:
She felt his flame; but deep within her breaſt,
In baſhful coyneſs, or in maiden pride,
The ſoft return conceal'd; ſave when it ſtole
In ſide-long glances from her downcaſt eye,
Or from her ſwelling ſoul in ſtifled ſighs.
Touch'd by the ſcene, no ſtranger to his vows,
He fram'd a melting lay, to try her heart;
And, if an infant paſſion ſtruggled there,
To call that paſſion forth. Thrice happy ſwain!
A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate
Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine.
For lo! conducted by the laughing Loves,
This cool retreat his Musidora ſought:
Warm in her cheek the ſultry ſeaſon glow'd;

And, robe'd in looſe array, she came to bathe
Her fervent limbs in the refreſhing ſtream.
What ſhall he do? In ſweet confuſion loſt,
And dubious flutterings, he a while remain'd:
A pure ingenuous elegance of ſoul,
A delicate refinement, known to few,
Perplex'd his breaſt, and urg'd him to retire:
But love forbade. Ye prudes in virtue, ſay,
Say, ye ſevereſt, what would you have done?
Meantime, this fairer nymph than ever bleſt
Arcadian ſtream, with timid eye around
The banks ſurveying, ſtrip'd her beauteous limbs,
To taſte the lucid coolneſs of the flood.
Ah then! not Paris on the piny top
Of Ida panted ſtronger, when aſide
The rival-goddeſſes the veil divine
Caſt unconfin'd, and gave him all their charms,
Than, Damon, thou; as from the ſnowy leg,
And slender foot, th' inverted ſilk she drew;
As the ſoft touch diſſolv'd the virgin zone;
And, thro' the parting robe, th' alternate breaſt,
With youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawleſs gaze
In full luxuriance roſe. But, deſperate youth,
How durſt thou riſque the ſoul-diſtracting view;
As from her naked limbs, of glowing white,
Harmonius swell'd by Nature's fineſt hand,
In folds looſe-floating fell the fainter lawn;
And fair-expos'd ſhe ſtood, ſhrunk from herſelf,
With fancy bluſhing, at the doubtful breeze
Alarm'd, and ſtarting like the fearful fawn?
Then to the flood ſhe ruſh'd; the parted flood
Its lovely gueſt with cloſing waves receiv'd;
And every beauty ſoftening, every grace
Fluſhing anew, a mellow luſtre ſhed:
As ſhines the lilly thro' the cryſtal mild;
Or as the roſe amid the morning dew,

Freſh from Aurora's hand, more ſweetly glows.
While thus ſhe wanton'd, now beneath the wave
But ill-conceal'd; and now with ſtreaming locks,
That half-embrac'd her in a humid veil,
Riſing again, the latent Damon drew
Such madning draughts of beauty to the ſoul,
As for a while o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd thought
With luxury too daring. Check'd, at laſt,
By love's reſpectful modeſty, he deem'd
The theft profane, if aught profane to love
Can e'er be deem'd; and ſtruggling from the ſhade,
With headlong hurry fled; but firſt theſe lines,
Trac'd by his ready pencil, on the bank
With trembling hand he threw „Bathe on, my fair,
„ Yet unbeheld ſave by the ſacred eye
„ Of faithful love: I go to guard thy haunt,
„ To keep from thy receſs each vagrant foot,
„ And each licentious eye." With wild ſurprize,
As if to marble ſtruck, devoid of ſenſe,
A ſtupid moment motionleſs ſhe ſtood:
So ſtands the * ſtatue that enchants the world,
So bending tries to veil the matchleſs boaſt,
The mingled beauties of exulting Greece.
Recovering, ſwift ſhe flew to find thoſe robes
Which bliſsful Eden knew not; and, array'd
In careleſs haſte, th' alarming paper ſnatch'd.
But, when her Damon's well-known hand ſhe ſaw,
Her terrors vaniſh'd, and a ſofter train
Of mixt emotions, hard to be deſcrib'd,
Her ſudden boſom ſeiz'd: ſhame void of guilt,
The charming bluſh of innocence, eſteem
And admiration of her lover's flame,
By modeſty exalted: even a ſenſe
Of ſelf-approving beauty ſtole acroſs

Her

* The Venus of Medici.

Her buſy thought. At length, a tender calm
Huſh'd by degrees the tumult of her ſoul;
And on the ſpreading beech, that o'er the ſtream
Incumbent hung ſhe with the ſilvan pen
Of rural lovers this confeſſion carv'd,
Which ſoon her Damon kiſs'd with weeping joy:
„ Dear youth! ſole judge of what theſe verſes mean,
„ By fortune too much favour'd, but by love,
„ Alas! not favour'd leſs, be ſtill as now
„ Diſcreet: the time may come you need not fly. "
The ſun has loſt his rage: his downward orb
Shoots nothing now but animating warmth,
And vital luſtre; that, with various ray,
Lights up the clouds, thoſe beauteous robes of heaven,
Inceſſant roll'd into romantic ſhapes,
The dream of waking fancy! Broad below,
Cover'd with ripening fruits, and ſwelling faſt
Into the perfect year, the pregnant earth
And all her tribes rejoice. Now the ſoft hour
Of walking comes: for him who lonely loves
To ſeek the diſtant hills, and there converſe
With Nature; there to harmonize his heart,
And in pathetic ſong to breathe around
The harmony to others. Social friends,
Attun'd to happy uniſon of ſoul
To whoſe exalting eye a fairer world,
Of which the vulgar never had a glimpſe,
Diſplays its charms; whoſe minds are richly fraught
With philoſophic ſtores, ſuperior light;
And in whoſe breaſt, enthuſiaſtic, burns
Virtue, the ſons of intereſt deem romance;
Now call'd abroad enjoy the falling day:
Now to the verdant Portico of woods,
To Nature's vaſt Lyceum, forth they walk;
By that kind School where no proud maſter reigns,

The

The full free converſe of the friendly heart,
Improving and improv'd. Now from the world,
Sacred to ſweet retirement, lovers ſteal,
And pour their ſouls in tranſport, which the Sire
Of love approving hears, and calls it good.
Which way, Amanda, ſhall we bend our courſe?
All is the ſame with thee. Say, ſhall we wind
Along the ſtreams? or walk the ſmiling mead
Or court the foreſt-glades? or wander wild
Among the waving harveſts? or aſcend,
While radiant Summer opens all its pride,
Thy hill, delighful * Shene? Here let us ſweep
The boundleſs landſkip: now the raptur'd eye,
Exulting ſwift, to huge Auguſta ſend,
Now to the ** Siſter-Hills that ſkirt her plain,
To lofty Harrow now, and now to where
Majeſtic Windſor lifts his princely brow.
In lovely contraſt to this glorious view
Calmly magnificent, then will we turn
To where the ſilver Thames firſt rural grows.
There let the feaſted eye unwearied ſtray:
Luxurious, there, rove thro' the pendant woods
That nodding hang o'er Harrington's retreat;
And, ſtooping thence to Ham's embowering walks,
Beneath whoſe ſhades, in ſpotleſs peace retir'd,
With Her the pleaſing partner of his heart,
The worthy Queensb'ry yet laments his Gay,
And poliſh'd Cornbury wooes the willing Muſe,
Slow let us trace the matchleſs Vale of Thames;
Fair-winding up to where the Muſes haunt
In Twit'nam's bowers, and for their Pope implore

The

* The old name of Richmond, ſignifying in Saxon Shining, or Splendor.

** Highgate and Hampſtead.

The healing God; to royal Hampton's pile,
To Clermont's terrass'd height, and Esher's groves,
Where in the sweetest solitude, embrac'd
By the soft windings of the silent Mole,
From courts and senates Pelham finds repose.
Inchanting vale! beyond whate'er the Muse
Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung!
O vale of bliss! O softly-swelling hills!
On which the Power of Cultivation lies,
And joys to see the wonders of his toil.

Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
The stretching landskip into smoke decays!
Happy Britannia! where the Queen of Arts,
Inspiring vigour, Liberty, abroad
Walks, unconfin'd, even to thy farthest cotts,
And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.

Rich is thy soil, and merciful thy clime;
Thy streams unfailing in the summer's drought;
Unmatch'd thy guardian-oaks; thy valleys float
With golden waves; and on thy mountains flocks
Bleat numberless; while, roving round their sides,
Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves.
Beneath, thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd
Against the mower's scythe. On every hand
Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth;
And property assures it to the swain,
Pleas'd, and unwearied, in his guarded toil.

Full are thy cities with the sons of art;
And trade and joy, in every busy street,
Mingling are heard: even Drudgery himself,
As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews

The palace-ſtone, looks gay. Thy crouded ports,
Where riſing maſts an endleſs proſpect yield,
With labour burn, and echo to the ſhouts
Of hurried ſailor, as he hearty waves
His laſt adieu, and looſening every ſheet,
Reſigns the ſpreading veſſel to the wind.

Bold, firm, and graceful, are thy generous youth,
By hardſhip ſinew'd, and by danger fir'd,
Scattering the nations where they go; and firſt
Or on the liſted plain, or ſtormy ſeas
Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans
Of thriving peace thy thoughtful ſires preſide;
In genius, and ſubſtantial learning, high;
For every virtue, every worth, renown'd;
Sincere, plain hearted, hoſpitable, kind;
Yet like the muſtering thunder when provok'd,
The dread of tyrants, and the ſole reſource
Of thoſe that under grim oppreſſion groan.

Thy Sons of Glory many! Alfred thine,
In whom the ſplendor of heroic war,
And more heroic peace, when govern'd well,
Combine; whoſe hallowed name the virtues ſaint,
And his own Muſes love; the beſt of Kings!
With him thy Edwards and thy Henrys ſhine,
Names dear to Fame; the firſt who deep impreſs'd
On haughty Gaul the terror of thy arms,
That awes her genius ſtill. In Stateſmen thou,
And Patriots, fertile. Thine a ſteady More,
Who, with a generous tho' miſtaken zeal,
Withſtood a brutal tyrant's uſeful rage,
Like Cato firm, like Ariſtides juſt,
Like rigid Cincinnatus nobly poor,
A dauntleſs ſoul erect, who ſmil'd on death.
Frugal, and wiſe, a Walſingham is thine;

A Drake, who made thee miſtreſs of the deep,
And bore thy name in thunder round the world.
Then flam'd thy ſpirit high: but who can ſpeak
The numerous worthies of the Maiden Reign?
In Raleigh mark their every glory mix'd;
Raleigh, the ſcourge of Spain! whoſe breaſt with all
The ſage, the patriot, and the hero burn'd.
Nor ſunk his vigour, when a coward-reign
The warrior fettered, and at laſt reſign'd
To glut the vengeance of a vanquiſh'd foe.
Then, active ſtill and unreſtrain'd, his mind
Explor'd the vaſt extent of ages paſt,
And with his priſon hours enrich'd the world;
Yet found no times, in all the long reſearch,
So glorious, or ſo baſe, as thoſe he prov'd,
In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.
Nor can the Muſe the gallant Sidney paſs,
The plume of war! with early laurels crown'd,
The Lover's myrtle, and the Poet's bay.
A Hampden too is thine, illuſtrious land,
Wiſe, ſtrenuous, firm, of unſubmitting ſoul,
Who ſtem'd the torrent of a downward age
To ſlavery prone, and bade thee riſe again,
In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.
Bright, at his call, thy Age of Men effulg'd,
Of Men on whom late time a kindling eye
Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read.
Bring every ſweeteſt flower, and let me ſtrew
The grave where Ruſſel lies; whoſe temper'd blood
With calmeſt chearfulneſs for thee reſign'd,
Stain'd the ſad annals of a giddy reign;
Aiming at lawleſs power, tho' meanly ſunk
In looſe inglorious luxury. With him
His friend, the * British Caſſius, fearleſs bled;

Of

* Algernon Sidney.

Of high determin'd ſpirit, roughly brave,
By ancient learning to th' enlighten'd love
Of ancient freedom warm'd. Fair thy renown
In awful Sages and in noble Bards;
Soon as the light of dawning Science ſpread
Her orient ray, and wak'd the Muſes' ſong.
Thine is a Bacon; hapleſs in his choice,
Unfit to ſtand the civil ſtorm of ſtate,
And thro' the ſmooth barbarity of courts,
With firm but pliant virtue, forward ſtill
To urge his courſe: him for the ſtudious ſhade
Kind Nature form'd, deep, comprehenſive, clear,
Exact, and elegant; in one rich ſoul,
Plato, the Stagyrite, and Tully join'd.
The great deliverer he! who from the gloom
Of cloiſter'd monks, and jargon-teaching ſchools,
Led forth the true Philoſophy, there long
Held in the magic chain of words and forms,
And definitions void: he led her forth,
Daughter of Heaven! that ſlow-aſcending ſtill,
Inveſtigating ſure the chain of things,
With radiant finger points to Heaven again.
The generous * Ashley thine, the friend of Man;
Who ſcann'd his Nature with a brother's eye,
His weakneſs prompt to ſhade, to raiſe his aim,
To touch the finer movements of the mind,
And with the moral beauty charm the heart.
Why need I name thy Boyle, whoſe pious ſearch
Amid the dark receſſes of his works,
The great Creator ſought? And why thy Locke,
Who made the whole internal world his own?
Let Newton, pure Intelligence, whom God
To mortals lent, to trace his boundleſs works
From laws ſublimely ſimple, ſpeak thy fame

* Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury.

In all philoſophy. For lofty ſenſe,
Creative fancy, and inſpection keen
Thro' the deep windings of the human heart,
Is not wild Shakespear thine and Nature's boaſt?
Is not each great, each amiable Muſe
Of claſſic ages in thy Milton met?
A genius univerſal as his theme;
Aſtoniſhing as Chaos, as the bloom
Of blowing Eden fair, as Heaven ſublime.
Nor ſhall my verſe that elder bard forget,
The gentle Spencer, Fancy's pleaſing ſon;
Who, like a copious river, pour'd his ſong
O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground:
Nor thee his antient maſter, laughing ſage,
Chaucer, whoſe native manners-painting verſe,
Well-moraliz'd, ſhines thro' the Gothic cloud
Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.

May my ſong ſoften, as thy Daughters I,
Britannia, hail! for beauty is their own,
The feeling heart, ſimplicity of life,
And elegance, and taſte: the faultleſs form,
Shap'd by the hand of harmony; the cheek,
Where the live crimſon, thro' the native white
Soft-ſhooting, o'er the face diffuſes bloom,
And Every nameleſs grace; the parted lip,
Like the red roſe-bud moiſt with morning-dew,
Breathing delight; and, under flowing jet,
Or ſunny ringlets, or of circling brown,
The neck ſlight-ſhaded, and the ſwelling breaſt;
The look reſiſtleſs, piercing to the ſoul,
And by the ſoul inform'd, when dreſt in love
She ſits high-ſmiling in the conſcious eye.

Iſland of bliſs! amid the ſubject ſeas,
That thunder round thy rocky coaſts, ſet up,

At once the wonder, terror, and delight,
Of diſtant nations; whoſe remoteſt ſhores
Can ſoon be ſhaken by thy naval arm;
Not to be ſhook thyſelf, but all aſſaults
Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud ſea-wave.

O thou! by whoſe almighty Nod the ſcale
Of empire riſes, or alternate falls,
Send forth the ſaving Virtues round the land,
In bright patrol: white Peace, and ſocial Love;
The tender-looking Charity, intent
On gentle deeds, and ſhedding tears thro' ſmiles;
Undaunted Truth, and Dignity of mind;
Courage compos'd, and keen; ſound Temperance,
Healthful in heart and look; clear Chaſtity,
With bluſhes reddening as ſhe moves along,
Diſordered at the deep regard ſhe draws;
Rough Induſtry; Activity untir'd,
With copious life inform'd, and all awake:
While in the radiant front, ſuperior ſhines
That firſt paternal virtue, Public Zeal;
Who throws o'er all an equal wide ſurvey,
And, ever muſing on the common weal,
Still labours glorious with ſome great deſign.

Low walks the ſun, and broadens by degrees,
Juſt o'er the verge of day. The ſhifting clouds
Aſſembled gay, a richly-gorgeous train,
In all their pomp attend his ſetting throne.
Air, earth, and ocean ſmile immenſe. And now,
As if his weary chariot ſought the bowers
Of Amphitritè, and her tending nymphs,
(So Grecian fable ſung) he dips his orb;
Now half-immers'd; and now a golden curve
Gives one bright glance, then total diſappears.

For ever running an enchanted round,
Paſſes the day, deceitful, vain, and void;
As fleets the viſion o'er the formful brain,
This moment hurrying wild th' impaſſion'd ſoul,
The next in nothing loſt. 'Tis ſo to him,
The dreamer of this earth, an idle blank:
A ſight of horror to the cruel wretch,
Who all day long in fordid pleaſure roll'd,
Himſelf an uſeleſs load, has ſquander'd vile,
Upon his ſcoundrel train, what might have chear'd
A drooping family of modeſt worth.
But to the generous ſtill-improving mind,
That gives the hopeleſs heart to ſing for joy,
Diffuſing kind beneficence around,
Boaſtleſs, as now deſcends the ſilent dew;
To him the long review of order'd life
Is inward rapture, only to be felt.

Confeſs'd from yonder slow-extinguish'd clouds,
All ether ſoftening, ſober Evening takes
Her wonted ſtation in the middle air;
A thouſand ſhadows at her beck. Firſt this
She ſends on earth; then that of deeper dye
Steals ſoft behind; and then a deeper ſtill,
In circle following circle, gathers round,
To cloſe the face of things. A freſher gale
Begins to wave the wood, and ſtir the ſtream,
Sweeping with ſhadowy guſt the fields of corn;
While the quail clamours for his running mate.
Wide o'er the thiſtly lawn, as ſwells the breeze,
A whitening ſhower of vegetable down
Amuſive floats. The kind impartial care
Of Nature nought diſdains: thoughtful to feed
Her loweſt ſons, and clothe the coming year,
From field to field the feathered ſeeds ſhe wings.

His

His folded flock ſecure, the ſhepherd home
Hies, merry-hearted; and by turns relieves
The ruddy milk-maid of her brimming pail;
The beauty whom parhaps his witleſs heart,
Unknowing what the joy-mixt anguiſh means,
Sincerely loves, by that beſt language ſhewn
Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds.
Onward they paſs, o'er many a panting height,
And valley ſunk, and unfrequented; where
At fall of eve the fairy people throng,
In various game, and revelry, to paſs
The ſummer night, as village-ſtories tell.
But far about they wander from the grave
Of him, whom his ungentle fortune urg'd
Againſt his own ſad breaſt to lift the hand
Of impious violence. The lonely tower
Is alſo ſhun'd; whoſe mournful chambers hold,
So night-ſtruck Fancy dreams, the yelling ghoſt.
Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
The glow-worm lights his gem; and, thro' the dark,
A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields
The world to Night; not in her winter-robe
Of maſſy Stygian woof, but looſe array'd
In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
Glanc'd from th' imperfect ſurfaces of things,
Flings half an image on the ſtraining eye;
While wavering woods, and villages and ſtreams,
And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retain'd
Th' aſcending gleam, are all one ſwimming ſcene,
Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven
Thence weary viſion turns; where, leading ſoft
The ſilent hours of love, with pureſt ray
Sweet Venus ſhines; and from her genial riſe
When day-light ſickens till it ſprings afreſh,
Unrival'd reigns, the faireſt lamp of night.
As thus th' effulgence tremulous I drink,

With cheriſh'd gaze, the lambent lightnings ſhoot
Acroſs the ſky; or horizontal dart,
In wondrous ſhapes: by fearful murmuring crouds
Portentous deem'd. Amid the radiant orbs,
That more than deck, that animate the ſky,
The life-infuſing ſuns of other worlds;
Lo! from the dead immenſity of ſpace
Returning, with accelerated courſe,
The ruſhing comet to the ſun deſcends;
And as he ſinks below the ſhading earth,
With awful train projected o'er the heavens,
The guilty nations tremble. But, above
Thoſe ſuperſtitious horrors that enſlave
The fond ſequacious herd, to myſtic faith
And blind amazement prone, the enlightened few,
Whoſe godlike-minds philoſophy exalts,
The glorious ſtranger hail. They feel a joy
Divinely great; they in their powers exult,
That wondrous force of thought, which mounting ſpurns
This dusky ſpot, and meaſures all the ſky;
While, from his far excurſion thro' the wilds
Of barren ether, faithful to his time,
They ſee the blazing wonder riſe anew,
In ſeeming terror clad, but kindly bent
To work the will of all-ſuſtaining Love;
From his huge vapoury train perhaps to ſhake
Reviving moiſture on the numerous orbs,
Thro' which his long ellipſis winds; perhaps
To lend new fuel to declining ſuns,
To light up worlds and feed th' eternal fire.

With thee, ſerene Philosophy, with thee,
And thy bright garland, let me crown my ſong!
Effuſive ſource of evidence, and truth!
A luſtre ſhedding o'er th' ennobled mind,
Stronger than ſummer-noon; and pure as that,

Whoſe mild vibrations ſooth the parted ſoul,
New to the dawning of celeſtial day,
Hence thro' her nouriſh'd powers, enlarged by thee,
She ſprings aloft, with elevated pride,
Above the tangling maſs of low deſires,
That bind the fluttering crowd; and angel-wing'd,
The heights of ſcience and of virtue gains,
Where all is calm and clear; with Nature round,
Or in the ſtarry regions, or th' abyſs,
To Reaſon's and to Fancy's eye diſplay'd:
The Firſt up-tracing, from the dreary void,
The chain of cauſes and effects to Him,
The world-producing Eſſence, who alone
Poſſeſſes being; while the Laſt receives
The whole magnificence of heaven and earth,
And every beauty, delicate or bold,
Obvious or more remote, with livelier ſenſe,
Diffuſive painted on the rapid mind.
Tutor'd by thee, hence Poetry exalts
Her voice to ages, and informs the page
With muſic, image, ſentiment, and thought,
Never to die! the treaſure of mankind!
Their higheſt honour, and their trueſt joy!
Without thee what were unenlightened Man?
A ſavage roaming thro' the woods and wilds,
In queſt of prey; and with th' unfaſhioned fur
Rough-clad; devoid of every finer art,
And elegance of life. Nor happineſs
Domeſtic, mix'd of tenderneſs and care,
Nor moral excellence, nor ſocial bliſs,
Nor guardian law were his; nor various ſkill
To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool
Mechanic; nor the heaven-conducted prow
Of navigation bold, that fearleſs braves
The burning line or dares the wintry pole;
Mother ſevere of infinite delights!

Nothing, ſave rapine, indolence, and guile,
And woes on woes, a ſtill-revolving train!
Whoſe horrid circle had made human life
Than non-exiſtence worſe: but, taught, by thee,
Ours are the plans of policy, and peace;
To live like brothers, and conjunctive all
Embelliſh life. While thus laborious crowds
Ply the tough oar, Philoſophy directs
The ruling helm; or like the liberal breath
Of potent Heaven, inviſible, the ſail
Swells out, and bears th' inferior world along.
Nor to this evaneſcent ſpeck of earth
Poorly confin'd, the radiant tracts on high
Are her exalted range; intent to gaze
Creation thro'; and, from that full complex
Of never-ending wonders, to conceive
Of the Sole Being right, who ſpoke the Word,
And Nature mov'd compleat. With inward view,
Thence on th' ideal kingdom ſwift ſhe turns
Her eye; and inſtant, at her powerful glance,
Th' obedient phantoms vaniſh or appear;
Compound, divide, and into order ſhift,
Each to his rank, from plain perception up
To the fair forms of Fancy's fleeting train:
To reaſon then, deducing truth from truth;
And notion quite abſtract; where firſt begins
The world of ſpirits, action all, and life
Unfetter'd, and unmixt. But here the cloud,
So wills Eternal Providence, ſits deep.
Enough for us to know that this dark ſtate,
In wayward paſſions loſt, and vain purſuits,
This Infancy of Being, cannot prove
The final iſſue of the work of God,
By boundleſs Love and perfect Wiſdom form'd,
And ever riſing with the riſing mind.

AUTUMN.

THE ARGUMENT.

The ſubject propoſed. Addreſs to Mr. ONSLOW. A proſpect of the fields ready for harveſt. Reflections in praiſe of induſtry raiſed by that view. Reaping. A tale relative to it. A harveſt ſtorm. Shooting and hunting, their barbarity. A view of an orchard. Wall-fruit. A vineyard. A deſcription of fogs, frequent in the latter part of Autumn: whence a digreſſion, enquiring into the riſe of fountains and rivers. Birds of ſeaſon conſidered, that now ſhift their habitation. The prodigious number of them that cover the northern and weſtern iſles of SCOTLAND. Hence a view of the country. A proſpect of the diſcoloured, fading woods. After a gentle duſky day, moonlight. Autumnal meteors. Morning: to which ſucceeds a calm, pure, ſun-ſhiny day, ſuch as uſually ſhuts up the ſeaſon. The harveſt being gathered in, the country diſſolved in joy. The whole concludes with a panegyric on a philoſophical country-life.

AUTUMN.

Crown'd with the ſickle and the wheaten ſheaf,
While Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on; the Doric reed once more,
Well pleas'd, I tune. Whate'er the Wintry froſt
Nitrous prepar'd; the various bloſſom'd Spring
Put in white promiſe forth; and Summer-ſuns
Concocted ſtrong, ruſh boundleſs now to view,
Full, perfect all, and ſwell my glorious theme.

Onſlow! the Muſe, ambitious of thy name,
To grace, inſpire, and dignify her ſong,
Would from the Public Voice thy gentle ear
A while engage. Thy noble cares ſhe knows,
The patriot-virtues that diſtend thy thought,
Spread on thy front, and in thy boſom glow;
While liſtening ſenates hang upon thy tongue,
Devolving thro' the maze of eloquence
A roll of periods, ſweeter than her ſong.
But ſhe too pants for public virtue, ſhe,
Tho' weak of power, yet ſtrong in ardent will,
Whene'er her country ruſhes on her heart,
Aſſumes a bolder note, and fondly tries
To mix the patriot's with the poet's flame.

When the bright Virgin gives the beauteous days,
And libra weighs in equal ſcales the year;
From heaven's high cope the fierce effulgence ſhook
Of parting Summer, a ſerener blue,

With

With golden light enlivened, wide inveſts
The happy world. Attemper'd ſuns ariſe,
Sweet-beam'd, and ſhedding oft thro' lucid clouds
A pleaſing calm; while broad, and brown, below
Extenſive harveſts hang the heavy head.
Rich, ſilent, deep, they ſtand; for not a gale
Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain:
A calm of plenty! till the ruffled air
Falls from its poiſe, and gives the breeze to blow.
Rent is the fleecy mantle of the ſky;
The clouds fly different; and the ſudden ſun
By fits effulgent gilds th' illumin'd field,
And black by fits the ſhadows ſweep along.
A gaily-checker'd heart-expanding view,
Far as the circling eye can ſhoot around,
Unbounded toſſing in a flood of corn.

Theſe are thy bleſſings, Induſtry! rough power!
Whom labour ſtill attends, and ſweat, and pain;
Yet the kind ſource of every gentle art,
And all the ſoft civility of life:
Raiſer of human kind! by Nature caſt,
Naked, and helpleſs, out amid the woods
And wilds, to rude inclement elements;
With various ſeeds of art deep in the mind
Implanted, and profuſely pour'd around
Materials infinite; but idle all.
Still unexerted, in th' unconſcious breaſt,
Slept the lethargic powers; corruption ſtill,
Voracious, ſwallowed what the liberal hand
Of bounty ſcatter'd o'er the ſavage year:
And ſtill the ſad barbarian, roving, mix'd
With beaſts of prey; or for his acorn-meal
Fought the fierce tuſky boar; a ſhivering wretch!
Aghaſt, and comfortleſs, when the bleak north,

With

With Winter charg'd, let the mix'd tempeſt fly,
Hail, rain, and ſnow, and bitter-breathing froſt:
Then to the ſhelter of the hut he fled;
And the wild ſeaſon, ſordid, pin'd away.
For home he had not; home is the reſort
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
Supporting and ſupported, poliſh'd friends,
And dear relations mingle into bliſs.
But this the rugged ſavage never felt,
Even deſolate in crowds; and thus his days
Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along:
A waſte of time! till Induſtry approach'd,
And rous'd him from his miſerable ſloth:
His faculties unfolded, pointed out,
Where laviſh Nature the directing hand
Of Art demanded; ſhew'd him how to raiſe
His feeble force by the mechanic powers,
To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth,
On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,
On what the torrent, and the gather'd blaſt;
Gave the tall ancient foreſt to his ax;
Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the ſtone,
Till by degrees the finiſh'd fabric roſe;
Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
And wrapt them in the woolly veſtment warm,
Or bright in gloſſy ſilk, and flowing lawn;
With wholeſome viands fill'd his table, pour'd
The generous glaſs around, inſpir'd to wake
The life-refining ſoul of decent wit:
Nor ſtopp'd at barren bare neceſſity;
But ſtill advancing bolder, led him on
To pomp, to pleaſure, elegance, and grace;
And, breathing high ambition thro' his ſoul,
Set ſcience, wiſdom, glory, in his view,
And bade him be the Lord of all below.

Then gathering men their natural powers combin'd,
And form'd a Public; to the general good
Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.
For this the Patriot-Council met, the full,
The free, and fairly repreſented Whole;
For this they plann'd the holy guardian laws,
Diſtinguiſh'd orders, animated arts,
And with joint force Oppreſſion chaining, ſet
Imperial Juſtice at the helm: yet ſtill
To them accountable: nor ſlaviſh dream'd
That toiling millions muſt reſign their weal,
And all the honey of their ſearch, to ſuch
As for themſelves alone themſelves have rais'd.

Hence every form of cultivated life
In order ſet, protected, and inſpir'd,
Into perfection wrought. Uniting all,
Society grew numerous, high, polite,
And happy. Nurſe of art! the city rear'd
In beauteous pride her tower-encircled head;
And, ſtretching ſtreet on ſtreet, by thouſands drew,
From twining woody haunts, or the tough yew
To bows ſtrong-ſtraining, her aſpiring ſons.

Then Commerce brought into the public walk
The buſy merchant; the big ware-houſe built;
Rais'd the ſtrong crane; choak'd up the loaded ſtreet
With foreign plenty; and thy ſtream, O Thames,
Large, gentle, deep, majeſtic, king of floods!
Choſe for his grand reſort. On either hand,
Like a long wintry foreſt, groves of maſts
Shot up their ſpires; the bellying ſheet between
Poſſeſs'd the breezy void; the ſooty hulk
Steer'd ſluggiſh on; the ſplendid barge along
Row'd, regular, to harmony; around,
The boat, light-ſkimming, ſtretch'd its oary wings;

While

While deep the various voice of fervent toil
From bank to bank increas'd; whence ribb'd with oak,
To bear the British Thunder, black, and bold,
The roaring veſſel rush'd into the main.

Then too the pillar'd dome, magnific, heav'd
Its ample roof; and Luxury within
Pour'd out her glittering ſtores: the canvas ſmooth,
With glowing life protuberant, to the view
Embodied roſe; the ſtatue ſeem'd to breathe,
And ſoften into fleſh, beneath the touch
Of forming art, imagination-flush'd.

All is the gift of Industry; whate'er
Exalts, embelliſhes, and renders life
Delightful. Penſive Winter chear'd by him
Sits at the ſocial fire, and happy hears
Th' excluded tempeſt idly rave along;
His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy Spring;
Without him Summer were an arid waſte;
Nor to th' autumnal months could thus tranſmit
Thoſe full, mature, immeaſurable ſtores,
That, waving round, recall my wandering ſong.

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the ſky,
And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the ſpreading day;
Before the ripened field the reapers ſtand,
In fair array; each by the laſs he loves,
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate
By nameleſs gentle offices her toil.
At once they ſtoop and ſwell the luſty ſheaves;
While thro' their chearful band the rural talk,
The rural ſcandal, and the rural jeſt,
Fly harmleſs, to deceive the tedious time,
And ſteal unfelt the ſultry hours away.
Behind the maſter walks, builds up the ſhocks;

And,

And, conſcious, glancing oft on every ſide
His ſated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
The gleaners ſpread around, and here and there,
Spike after ſpike, their ſparing harveſt pick.
Be not too narrow, huſbandmen! but fling
From the full ſheaf, with charitable ſtealth,
The liberal handful. Think, oh grateful think!
How good the God of Harveſt is to you;
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields;
While theſe unhappy partners of your kind
Wide-hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,
And aſk their humble dole. The various turns
Of fortune ponder; that your ſons may want
What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.

The lovely young Lavinia once had friends;
And Fortune ſmil'd, deceitful, on her birth.
For, in her helpleſs years depriv'd of all,
Of every ſtay, ſave Innocence and Heaven,
She with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
Among the windings of a woody vale;
By ſolitude and deep ſurrounding ſhades,
But more by baſhful modeſty, conceal'd.
Together thus they ſhunn'd the cruel ſcorn
Which virtue, ſunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy paſſion and low-minded pride:
Almoſt on Nature's common bounty fed;
Like the gay birds that ſung them to repoſe,
Content, and careleſs of to-morrow's fare.
Her form was freſher than the morning roſe,
When the dew wets its leaves; unſtain'd, and pure,
As is the lily, or the mountain ſnow.
The modeſt virtues mingled in her eyes,
Still on the ground dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers:

Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
Of what her faithleſs fortune promis'd once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy ſtar
Of evening, ſhone in tears. A native grace
Sat fair-proportion'd on her poliſh'd limbs,
Veil'd in a ſimple robe, their beſt attire,
Beyond the pomp of dreſs; for lovelineſs
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the moſt.
Thoughtleſs of beauty, ſhe was beauty's ſelf,
Recluſe amid the cloſe-embowering woods.
As in the hollow breaſt of Appenine,
Beneath the ſhelter of encircling hills,
A myrtle riſes, far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
So flouriſh'd blooming, and unſeen by all,
The ſweet Lavinia; till, at length, compell'd
By ſtrong Neceſſity's ſupreme command,
With ſmiling patience in her looks, ſhe went
To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of ſwains
Palemon was, the generous, and the rich;
Who led the rural life in all its joy
And elegance, ſuch as Arcadian ſong
Tranſmits from ancient uncorrupted times;
When tyrant cuſtom had not ſhackled Man,
But free to follow Nature was the mode.
He then, his fancy with autumnal ſcenes
Amuſing, chanc'd beſide his reaper-train
To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye;
Unconſcious of her power, and turning quick
With unaffected bluſhes from his gaze:
He ſaw her charming, but he ſaw not half
The charms her down-caſt modeſty conceal'd.
That very moment love and chaſte deſire
Sprung in his boſom, to himſelf unknown;
For ſtill the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,

Which ſcarce the firm philoſopher can ſcorn,
Should his heart own a gleaner in the field:
And thus in ſecret to his ſoul he ſigh'd.

„ What pity! that ſo delicate a form,
„ By beauty kindled, where enlivening ſenſe
„ And more than vulgar goodneſs ſeem to dwell,
„ Should be devoted to the rude embrace
„ Of ſome indecent clown! She looks, methinks,
„ Of old Acaſto's line; and to my mind
„ Recalls that patron of my happy life,
„ From whom my liberal fortune took its riſe,
„ Now to the duſt gone down; his houſes, lands,
„ And once fair-ſpreading family, diſſolv'd.
„ 'Tis ſaid that in ſome lone obſcure retreat,
„ Urg'd by remembrance ſad, and decent pride,
„ Far from thoſe ſcenes which knew their better days,
„ His aged widow and his daughter live,
„ Whom yet my fruitleſs ſearch could never find.
„ Romantic wiſh! would this the daughter were!"

When, ſtrict enquiring, from herſelf he found
She was the ſame, the daughter of his friend,
Of bountiful Acaſto; who can ſpeak
The mingled paſſions that ſurpriz'd his heart,
And thro' his nerves in ſhivering tranſport ran?
Then blaz'd his ſmother'd flame, avow'd, and bold;
And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
Love, gratitude, and pity wept at once.
Confus'd, and frightened at his ſudden tears,
Her riſing beauties flaſh'd a higher bloom,
As thus Palemon, paſſionate, and juſt,
Pour'd out the pious rapture of his ſoul.

„ And art thou then Acaſto's dear remains?
„ She, whom my reſtleſs gratitude has ſought,

„ So long in vain? O yes! the very ſame,
„ The ſoftened image of my noble friend,
„ Alive his every look, his every feature,
„ More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring!
„ Thou ſole ſurviving bloſſom from the root
„ That nouriſh'd up my fortune! Say! ah where,
„ In what ſequeſter'd deſart, haſt thou drawn
„ The kindeſt aſpect of delighted Heaven?
„ Into ſuch beauty ſpread, and blown ſo fair;
„ Tho' poverty's cold wind, and cruſhing rain,
„ Beat keen, and heavy, on thy tender years?
„ O let me now, into a richer ſoil,
„ Tranſplant thee ſafe! where vernal ſuns, and ſhowers,
„ Diffuſe their warmeſt, largeſt influence;
„ And of my garden be the pride, and joy!
„ Ill it befits thee, oh it ill befits
„ Acaſto's daughter, his whoſe open ſtores,
„ Tho' vaſt, where little to his ampler heart,
„ The father of a country, thus to pick
„ The very refuſe of thoſe harveſt-fields,
„ Which from his bounteous friendſhip I enjoy.
„ Then throw that ſhameful pittance from thy hand,
„ But ill apply'd to ſuch a rugged taſk;
„ The fields, the maſter, all, my fair, are thine;
„ If to the various bleſſings which thy houſe
„ Has on me laviſh'd, thou wilt add that bliſs,
„ That deareſt bliſs, the power of bleſſing thee!"

Here ceas'd the youth: yet ſtill his ſpeaking eye
Expreſs'd the ſacred triumph of his ſoul,
With conſcious virtue, gratitude, and love,
Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
Of goodneſs irreſiſtible, and all
In ſweet diſorder loſt, ſhe bluſh'd conſent.

The news immediate to her mother brought,
While, pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd away
The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate;
Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,
Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
Of setting life shone on her evening-hours:
Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair;
Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
And good, the grace of all the country round.

Defeating oft the labours of the year,
The sultry south collects a potent blast.
At first, the groves are scarcely seen to stir
Their trembling tops; and a still murmur runs
Along the soft-inclining fields of corn.
But as th' aërial tempest fuller swells,
And in one mighty stream, invisible,
Immense, the whole excited atmosphere,
Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding world;
Strain'd to the root, the stooping forest pours
A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves.
High-beat, the circling mountains eddy in,
From the bare wild, the dissipated storm,
And send it in a torrent down the vale.
Expos'd and naked, to its utmost rage,
Thro' all the sea of harvest rolling round,
The billowy plain floats wide; nor can evade,
Tho' pliant to the blast, its seizing force;
Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff
Shook waste. And sometimes too a burst of rain,
Swept from the black horizon, broad, descends
In one continuous flood. Still over head
The mingling tempest weaves its gloom, and still
The deluge deepens; till the fields around
Lie sunk, and flatted, in the sordid wave.

Sudden, the ditches ſwell; the meadows ſwim.
Red, form the hills, innumerable ſtreams
Tumultuous roar; and high above its banks
The river lift; before whoſe ruſhing tide,
Herds, flocks, and harveſts, cottages, and ſwains,
Roll mingled down; all that the winds had ſpar'd
In one wild moment ruin'd; the big hopes,
And well-earned treaſures of the painful year.
Fled to ſome eminence, the huſbandman
Helpleſs beholds the miſerable wreck
Driving along; his drowning ox at once
Deſcending, with his labours ſcatter'd round,
He ſees; and inſtant o'er his ſhivering thought
Comes Winter unprovided, and a train
Of clamant children dear. Ye maſters, then,
Be mindful of the rough laborious hand,
That ſinks you ſoft in elegance and eaſe;
Be mindful of thoſe limbs in ruſſet clad,
Whoſe toil to yours is warmth, and graceful pride;
And oh be mindful of that ſparing board,
Which covers yours with luxury profuſe,
Makes your glaſs ſparkle, and your ſenſe rejoice!
Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains,
And all-involving winds have ſwept away.

Here the rude clamour of the ſportſman's joy,
The gun faſt-thundering, and the winded horn,
Would tempt the Muſe to ſing the rural Game:
How, in his mid-career, the ſpaniel ſtruck,
Stiff, by the tainted gale, with open noſe,
Outſtretch'd, and finely ſenſible, draws full,
Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey;
As in the ſun the circling covey baſk
Their varied plumes, and watchful every way,
Thro' the rough ſtubble turn the ſecret eye.
Caught in the meſhy ſnare, in vain they beat

Their idle wings, intangled more and more:
Nor on the ſurges of the boundleſs air,
Tho' borne triumphant, are they ſafe; the gun,
Glanc'd juſt, and ſudden, from the fowler's eye
O'ertakes their ſounding pinions; and again,
Immediate, brings them from the towering wing,
Dead to the ground; or drives them wide-diſpers'd,
Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind.

These are not ſubjects for the peaceful muſe,
Nor will ſhe ſtain with ſuch her ſpotleſs ſong,
Then moſt delighted, when ſhe ſocial ſees
The whole mix'd animal-creation round
Alive, and happy. 'Tis not joy to her,
This falſely-chearful barbarous game of death;
This rage of pleaſure, which the reſtleſs youth
Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn;
When beaſts of prey retire, that all night long,
Urg'd by neceſſity, had rang'd the dark,
As if their conſcious ravage ſhun'd the light,
Aſham'd. Not ſo the ſteady tyrant Man,
Who with the thoughtleſs inſolence of power
Inflam'd, beyond the moſt infuriate wrath
Of the worſt monſter that e'er roam'd the waſte,
For ſport alone purſues the cruel chace,
Amid the beamings of the gentle days.
Upbraid, ye ravening tribes, our wanton rage,
For hunger kindles you, and lawleſs want;
But laviſh fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,
To joy at anguiſh, and delight in blood,
Is what your horrid boſoms never knew.

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare!
Scar'd from the corn, and now to ſome lone ſeat
Retir'd: the ruſhy fen; the ragged furze,
Stretch'd o'er the ſtony heath; the ſtubble chapt

The thiſtly lawn; the thick entangled broom;
Of the ſame friendly hue, the wither'd fern;
The fallow ground laid open to the ſun,
Concoctive; and the nodding ſandy bank,
Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook.
Vain is her beſt precaution; tho' ſhe ſits
Conceal'd, with folded ears; unſleeping eyes,
By Nature rais'd to take th' horizon in,
And head couch'd cloſe betwixt her hairy feet,
In act to ſpring away. The ſcented dew
Betrays her early labyrinth; and deep,
In ſcatter'd ſullen openings, far behind,
With every breeze ſhe hears the coming ſtorm.
But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads
The ſighing gale, ſhe ſprings amaz'd, and all
The ſavage ſoul of game is up at once:
The pack full-opening, various; the ſhrill horn
Reſounded from the hills; the neighing ſteed,
Wild for the chace; and the loud hunter's ſhout;
O'er a weak harmleſs flying creature, all
Mix'd in mad tumult, and diſcordant joy.

The ſtag too, ſingled from the herd, where long
He rang'd the branching monarch of the ſhades,
Before the tempeſt drives. At firſt, in ſpeed
He, ſprightly, puts his faith; and, rous'd by fear,
Gives all his ſwift aërial ſoul to flight;
Againſt the breeze he darts, that way the more
To leave the leſſening murderous cry behind:
Deception ſhort! tho' fleeter than the winds
Blown o'er the keen-air'd mountain by the north,
He burſts the thickets, glances thro' the glades,
And plunges deep into the wildeſt wood.
If ſlow, yet ſure, adheſive to the track
Hot-ſteaming, up behind him come again
Th' inhuman rout, and from the ſhady depth

Expel

Expel him, circling thro' his every ſhift.
He ſweeps the foreſt oft; and ſobbing ſees
The glades, mild opening to the golden day:
Where, in kind conteſt, with his butting friends
He wont to ſtruggle, or his loves enjoy.
Oft in the full-deſcending flood he tries
To loſe the ſcent, and lave his burning ſides:
Oft ſeeks the herd; the watchful herd, alarm'd,
With ſelfiſh care avoid a brother's woe.
What ſhall he do? His once ſo vivid nerves,
So full of buoyant ſpirit, now no more
Inſpire the courſe; but fainting breathleſs toil,
Sick, ſeizes on his heart: he ſtands at bay;
And puts his laſt weak refuge in deſpair.
The big round tears run down his dappled face;
He groans in anguiſh; while the growling Pack,
Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting cheſt,
And mark his beauteous chequer'd ſides with gore.

Of this enough. But if the ſilvan youth,
Whoſe fervent blood boils into violence,
Muſt have the chace; behold, deſpiſing flight,
The rous'd up lion, reſolute, and ſlow,
Advancing full on the protended ſpear,
And coward-band, that circling wheel aloof.
Slunk from the cavern, and the troubled wood,
See the grim wolf; on him his ſhaggy foe
Vindictive fix, and let the ruffian die:
Or, growling horrid, as the brindled boar
Grins fell deſtruction, to the monſter's heart
Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.

Theſe Britain knows not; give, ye Britons, then
Your ſportive fury, pityleſs to pour
Looſe on the nightly robber of the fold:

Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd,
Let all the thunder of the chace purſue.
Throw the broad ditch behind you; o'er the hedge
High-bound, reſiſtleſs; nor the deep moraſs
Refuſe. But thro' the ſhaking wilderneſs
Pick your nice way; into the perilous flood
Bear fearleſs, of the raging inſtinct full;
And as you ride the torrent, to the banks
Your triumph ſound ſonorous, running round,
From rock to rock, in circling echoes toſt.

But if the rougher ſex by this fierce ſport
Is hurried wild, let not ſuch horrid joy
E'er ſtain the boſom of the British Fair.
Far be the ſpirit of the chace from them!
Uncomely courage, unbeſeeming ſkill;
To ſpring the fence, ro rein the prancing ſteed;
The cap, the whip, the maſculine attire,
In which they roughen to the ſenſe, and all
The winning ſoftneſs of their ſex is loſt.
In them 'tis graceful to diſſolve at woe;
With every motion, every word, to wave
Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready bluſh;
And from the ſmalleſt violence to ſhrink,
Unequal, then the lovelieſt in their fears
And by this ſilent adulation, ſoft,
To their protection more engaging Man.
O may their eyes no miſerable ſight,
Save weeping lovers, ſee! a nobler game,
Thro' Love's enchanting wiles purſued, yet fled,
In chace ambiguous. May their tender limbs
Float in the looſe ſimplicity of dreſs!
And, faſhion'd all to harmony, alone
Know they to ſeize the captivated ſoul,
In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips;
To teach the lute to languiſh; with ſmooth ſtep,

Diſcloſing

Diſcloſing motion in its every charm,
To ſwim along, and ſwell the mazy dance;
To train the foliage o'er the ſnowy lawn;
To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page;
To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,
And heighten Nature's dainties; in their race
To rear their graces into ſecond life;
To give Society its higheſt taſte;
Well-ordered Home Man's beſt delight to make;
And by ſubmiſſive wiſdom, modeſt ſkill,
With every gentle care-eluding art,
To raiſe the virtues, animate the bliſs,
And ſweeten all the toils of human life:
This be the female dignity, and praiſe.

Ye ſwains, now haſten to the hazel-bank;
Where, down yon dale, the wildly-winding brook
Falls hoarſe from ſteep to ſteep. In cloſe array,
Fit for the thickets and the tangling ſhrub,
Ye virgins come. For you their lateſt ſong
The woodlands raiſe; the cluſtering nuts for you
The lover finds amid the ſecret ſhade,
And where they burniſh on the topmoſt bough,
With active vigour cruſhes down the tree;
Or ſhakes them ripe from the reſigning huſk,
A gloſſy ſhower, and of an ardent brown,
As are the ringlets of Melinda's hair:
Melinda form'd with every grace complete,
Yet theſe neglecting, above beauty wiſe,
And far tranſcending ſuch a vulgar praiſe.

Hence from the buſy joy-reſounding fields,
In chearful error, let us tread the maze
Of Autumn, unconfin'd; and taſte, reviv'd,
The breath of orchard big with bending fruit.
Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,

From

From the deep-loaded bough a mellow ſhower
Inceſſant melts away. The juicy pear
Lies, in a ſoft profuſion, ſcatter'd round.
A various ſweetneſs ſwells the gentle race;
By Nature's all-refining hand prepar'd;
Of temper'd ſun, and water, earth, and air,
In ever-changing compoſition mixt.
Such, falling frequent thro' the chiller night,
The fragrant ſtores, the wide-projected heaps
Of apples, which the luſty-handed year,
Innumerous, o'er the bluſhing orchard ſhakes.
A various ſpirit, freſh, delicious, keen,
Dwells in their gelid pores; and, active, points
The piercing cyder for the thirſty tongue:
Thy native theme, and boon inſpirer too,
Phillips, Pomona's bard, the ſecond thou
Who nobly durſt, in rhyme-unfetter'd verſe,
With British freedom ſing the British ſong:
How, from Silurian vats, high ſparkling wines
Foam in tranſparent floods; ſome ſtrong, to cheer
The wintry revels of the labouring hind;
And taſteful ſome, to cool the ſummer-hours.

In this glad ſeaſon, while his ſweeteſt beams
The ſun ſheds equal o'er the meekened day;
Oh loſe me in the green delightful walks
Of, Dodington, thy ſeat, ſerene and plain;
Where ſimple Nature reigns; and every view,
Diffuſive, ſpreads the pure Dorſetian downs,
In boundleſs proſpect; yonder ſhagg'd with wood,
Here rich with harveſt, and there white with flocks!
Mean time the grandeur of thy lofty dome,
Far-ſplendid, ſeizes on the raviſh'd eye.
New beauties riſe with each revolving day;
New columns ſwell; and ſtill the freſh Spring finds
New plants to quicken, and new groves to green.

Full

Full of thy genius all! the Muſes' ſeat:
Where in the ſecret bower, and winding walk,
For virtuous Young and thee they twine the bay.
Here, wandering oft, fir'd with the reſtleſs thirſt
Oft thy applauſe, I ſolitary court
Th' inſpiring breeze: and meditate the book
Of Nature ever open; aiming thence,
Warm from the heart, to learn the moral ſong.
Here, as I ſteal along the ſunny wall,
Where Autumn baſks, with fruit empurpled deep,
My pleaſing Theme continual prompts my thought:
Preſents the downy peach; the ſhining plum;
The ruddy, fragrant nectarine; and dark,
Beneath his ample leaf, the luſcious fig.
The vine too here her curling tendrils ſhoots;
Hangs out her cluſters, glowing to the ſouth;
And ſcarcely wiſhes for a warmer ſky.

Turn we a moment Fancy's rapid flight
To vigorous ſoils, and climes of fair extent;
Where, by the potent ſun elated high,
The vineyard ſwells refulgent on the day;
Spreads o'er the vale; or up the mountain climbs,
Profuſe; and drinks amid the ſunny rocks,
From cliff to cliff encreas'd the heightened blaze.
Low bend the weighty boughs. The cluſters clear,
Half thro' the foliage ſeen, or ardent flame,
Or ſhine tranſparent; while perfection breathes
White o'er the turgent film the living dew.
As thus they brighten with exalted juice,
Touch'd into flavour by the mingling ray;
The rural youth and virgins o'er the field,
Each fond for each to cull th' autumnal prime,
Exulting rove, and ſpeak the vintage nigh,
Then comes the cruſhing ſwain; the country floats,
And foams unbounded with the maſhy flood;

That

That by degrees fermented, and refin'd,
Round the rais'd nations pours the cup of joy:
The claret ſmooth, red as the lip we preſs
In ſparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl;
The mellow-taſted burgundy; and quick,
As is the wit it gives, the gay champaign.

Now, by the cool declining year condens'd,
Deſcend the copious exhalations, check'd
As up the middle ſky unſeen they ſtole,
And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.
No more the mountain, horrid, vaſt, ſublime,
Who pours a ſweep of rivers from his ſides,
And high between contending kingdoms rears
The rocky long diviſion, fills the view
With great variety; but in a night
Of gathering vapour, from the baffled ſenſe
Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanding far,
The huge duſk, gradual, ſwallows up the plain:
Vaniſh the woods; the dim-ſeen river ſeems
Sullen, and ſlow, to roll the miſty wave.
Even in the height of noon oppreſt, the ſun
Sheds weak, and blunt, his wide-refracted ray;
Whence glaring oft, with many a broadened orb,
He frights the nations. Indiſtinct on earth,
Seen thro' the turbid air, beyond the life
Objects appear; and wildered, o'er the waſte
The ſhepherd ſtalks gigantic. Till at laſt
Wreath'd dun around, in deeper circles ſtill
Succeſſive cloſing, ſits the general fog
Unbounded o'er the world; and, mingling thick,
A formleſs grey confuſion covers all.
As when of old (ſo ſung the Hebrew Bard)
Light uncollected, thro' the chaos urg'd
Its infant way; nor Order yet had drawn
His lovely train from out the dubious gloom.

These roving miſts, that conſtant now begin
To ſmoak along the hilly country, theſe,
With weighty rains, and melted Alpine ſnows,
The mountain-ciſterns fill, thoſe ample ſtores
Of water, ſcoop'd among the hollow rocks,
Whence guſh the ſtreams, the ceaſeleſs fountains play,
And their unfailing wealth the rivers draw.
Some ſages ſay, that, where the numerous wave
For ever laſhes the reſounding ſhore,
Drill'd thro' the ſandy ſtratum, every way,
The waters with the ſandy ſtratum, riſe,
Amid whoſe angles infinitely ſtrain'd,
They joyful leave their jaggy ſalts behind,
And clear and ſweeten, as they ſoak along.
Nor ſtops the reſtleſs fluid, mounting ſtill,
Though oft amidſt th' irriguous vale it ſprings;
But to the mountain courted by the ſand,
That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,
Far from the parent-main, it boils again
Freſh into day; and all the glittering hill
Is bright with ſpouting rills. But hence this vain
Amuſive dream! why ſhould the waters love
To take ſo far a journey to the hills,
When the ſweet valleys offer to their toil
Inviting quiet, and a nearer bed?
Or if, by blind ambition led aſtray,
They muſt aſpire; why ſhould they ſudden ſtop
Among the broken mountain's ruſhy dells,
And, ere they gain its higheſt peak, deſert
Th' attractive ſand that charm'd their courſe ſo long?
Beſides, the hard agglomerating ſalts,
The ſpoil of ages, would impervious choak
Their ſecret channels; or by ſlow degrees,
High as the hills protrude the ſwelling vales:

Old Ocean too, ſuck'd thro' the porous globe,
Had long ere now forſook his horrid bed,
And brought Deucalion's watry times again.

Say then, where lurk the vaſt eternal ſprings,
That, like creating Nature, lie conceal'd
From mortal eye, yet with their laviſh ſtores
Refreſh the globe, and all its joyous tribes?
O thou pervading Genius, given to Man,
To trace the ſecrets of the dark abyſs,
O lay the mountains bare! and wide diſplay
Their hidden ſtructure to th' aſtoniſh'd view!
Strip from the branching Alps their piny load;
The huge incumbrance of horrific woods
From Aſian Taurus, from Imaus ſtretch'd
Athwart the roving Tartar's ſullen bounds!
Give opening Hemus to my ſearching eye,
And high Olympus pouring many a ſtream!
O from the ſounding ſummits of the north,
The Dofrine Hills, thro' Scandinavia roll'd
To fartheſt Lapland and the frozen main;
From lofty Caucaſus, far-ſeen by thoſe
Who in the Caſpian and black Euxine toil;
From cold Riphean Rocks, which the wild Ruſs
Believes the * ſtony girdle of the world;
And all the dreadful mountains, wrapt in ſtorm,
Whence wide Siberia draws her lonely floods;
O ſweep th' eternal ſnows! Hung o'er the deep,
That ever works beneath his ſounding baſe,
Bid Atlas, propping heaven, as Poets feign,
His ſubterranean wonders ſpread! unveil

The

* The Moſcovites call the Riphean Mountains Weliki Camenypoys, that is, the great ſtony Girdle: becauſe they ſuppoſe them to encompaſs the whole earth.

The miny caverns, blazing on the day,
Of Abiſſinia's cloud-compelling cliffs,
And of the bending * Mountains of the Moon!
O'ertopping all theſe giant-ſons of earth,
Let the dire Andes, from the radiant Line
Stretch'd to the ſtormy ſeas that thunder round
The ſouthern pole, their hideous deeps unfold!
Amazing ſcene! Behold! the glooms diſcloſe,
I ſee the rivers in their infant beds!
Deep, deep I hear them, lab'ring to get free!
I ſee the leaning ſtrata, artful rang'd;
The gaping fiſſures to receive the reins,
The melting ſnows, and ever-dripping fogs.
Strow'd bibulous above I ſee the ſands,
The pebbly gravel next, the layers then
Of mingled moulds, of more retentive earths,
The gutter'd rocks and mazy-running clefts;
That, while the ſtealing moiſture they tranſmit,
Retard its motion, and forbid its waſte.
Beneath th' inceſſant weeping of theſe drains,
I ſee the rocky ſiphons ſtretch'd immenſe,
The mighty reſervoirs, of hardened chalk,
Or ſtiff compacted clay, capacious form'd.
O'erflowing, thence the congregated ſtores,
The cryſtal treaſures of the liquid world,
Thro' the ſtirr'd ſands a bubbling paſſage burſt;
And welling out, around the middle ſteep,
Or from the bottoms of the boſom'd hills,
In pure effuſion flow. United, thus,
Th' exhaling ſun, the vapour burden'd air,
The gelid mountains, that to rain condens'd
Theſe vapours in continual current draw,
And ſend them o'er the fair-divided earth,

* A Range of Mountains in Africa, that ſurround almoſt all Monomotapa.

In bounteous rivers to the deep again,
A ſocial commerce hold, and firm ſupport
The full-adjuſted harmony of things.

When Autumn ſcatters his departing gleams,
Warn'd of approaching Winter, gathered, play
The ſwallow-people; and toſs'd wide around,
O'er the calm ſky, in convolution ſwift,
The feathered eddy floats: rejoicing once,
Ere to their wintry ſlumbers they retire;
In cluſters clung, beneath the mouldring bank,
And where, unpierc'd by froſt, the cavern ſweats.
Or rather into warmer climes convey'd,
With other kindred birds of ſeaſon, there
They twitter chearful, till the vernal months
Invite them welcome back: for, thronging, now
Innumerous wings are in commotion all.

Where the Rhine loſes his majeſtic force
In Belgian plains, won from the raging deep,
By diligence amazing, and the ſtrong
Unconquerable hand of Liberty,
The ſtork-aſſembly meets; for many a day,
Conſulting deep, and various, ere they take
Their arduous voyage thro' the liquid ſky.
And now their rout deſign'd, their leaders choſe,
Their tribes adjuſted, clean'd their vigorous wings;
And many a circle, many a ſhort eſſay,
Wheel'd round and round, in congregation full
The figured flight aſcends; and, riding high
Th' aërial billows, mixes with the clouds.

Or where the Northern ocean, in vaſt whirls,
Boils round the naked melancholy isles
Of fartheſt Thule, and th' Atlantic ſurge
Pours in among the ſtormy Hebrides;

Who

Who can recount what tranſmigrations there
Are annual made? what nations come and go?
And how the living clouds on clouds ariſe?
Infinite wings! till all the plume-dark air,
And rude reſounding ſhore are one wild cry.

Here the plain harmleſs native his ſmall flock,
And herd diminutive of many hues,
Tends on the little island's verdant ſwell,
The ſhepherd's ſea-girt reign; or, to the rocks
Dire-clinging, gathers his ovarious food;
Or ſweeps the fiſhy ſhore; or treaſures up
The plumage, riſing full, to form the bed
Of luxury. And here a while the Muſe,
High-hovering o'er the broad cerulean ſcene,
Sees Caledonia, in romantic view:
Her airy mountains, from the waving main,
Inveſted with a keen diffuſive ſky
Breathing the ſoul acute; her foreſts huge,
Inculț, robuſt, and tall, by Nature's hand
Planted of old; her azure lakes between,
Pour'd out extenſive, and of watry wealth
Full; winding deep, and green, her fertile vales;
With many a cool tranſlucent brimming flood
Waſh'd lovely, from the Tweed (pure parent ſtream,
Whoſe paſtoral banks firſt heard my Doric reed,
With, ſilvan Jed, thy tributary brook)
To where the north-inflated tempeſt foams
O'er Orca's or Betubium's higheſt peak:
Nurſe of a people, in misfortune's ſchool
Train'd up to hardy deeds; ſoon viſited
By Learning, when before the Gothic rage
She took her weſtern flight. A manly race,
Of unſubmitting ſpirit, wiſe and brave;
Who ſtill thro' bleeding ages ſtruggled hard,
(As well unhappy Wallace can atteſt,

Great patriot-hero! ill-requited chief!)
To hold a generous undiminiſh'd ſtate;
Too much in vain! Hence of unequal bounds
Impatient, and by tempting glory borne
O'er every land, for every land their life
Has flow'd profuſe, their piercing genius plann'd,
And ſwell'd the pomp of peace their faithful toil.
As from their own clear north, in radiant ſtreams,
Bright over Europe burſts the Boreal Morn.

Oh is there not ſome patriot, in whoſe power
That beſt, that godlike Luxury is placed,
Of bleſſing thouſands, thouſands yet unborn,
Thro' late poſterity? ſome, large of ſoul,
To chear dejected induſtry? to give
A double harveſt to the pining ſwain?
And teach the labouring hand the ſweets of toil?
How, by the fineſt art, the native robe
To weave; how, white as hyperborean ſnow,
To form the lucid lawn; with venturous oar
How to daſh wide the billow; nor look on,
Shamefully paſſive, while Batavian fleets
Defraud us of the glittering finny ſwarms,
That heave our friths, and croud upon our ſhores;
How all-enlivening trade to rouſe, and wing
The proſperous ſail, from every growing port,
Uninjur'd round the ſea-incircled globe;
And thus, in ſoul united as in name,
Bid Britain reign the miſtreſs of the deep?

Yes, there are ſuch. And full on thee, Argyle,
Her hope, her ſtay, her darling, and her boaſt,
From her firſt patriots and her heroes ſprung,
Thy fond imploring Country turns her eye;
In thee, with all a mother's triumph, ſees
Her every virtue, every grace combin'd,

Her genius, wiſdom, her engaging turn,
Her pride of honour, and her courage try'd,
Calm, and intrepid, in the very throat
Of ſulphurous war, on Tenier's dreadful field.
Nor leſs the palm of peace inwreathes thy brow:
For, powerful as thy ſword, from thy rich tongue
Perſuaſion flows, and wins the high debate;
While mix'd in thee combine the charm of youth,
The force of manhood, and the depth of age.
Thee, Forbes, too, whom every worth attends,
As truth ſincere, as weeping friendſhip kind,
Thee, truly generous, and in ſilence great,
Thy country feels thro' her reviving arts,
Plan'd by thy wiſdom, by thy ſoul inform'd;
And ſeldom has ſhe known a friend like thee.

But ſee the fading many-colour'd woods,
Shade deepening over ſhade, the country round
Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, dusk, and dun,
Of every hue, from wan declining green
To ſooty dark. Theſe now the loneſome Muſe,
Low-whiſpering, lead into their leaf-ſtrown walks,
And give the ſeaſon in its lateſt view.

Mean-Time, light-ſhadowing all, a ſober calm
Fleeces unbounded ether; whoſe leaſt wave
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
The gentle current: while illumin'd wide,
The dewy-ſkirted clouds imbibe the ſun,
And thro' their lucid veil his ſoftened force
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time,
For thoſe whom wiſdom and whom Nature charm,
To ſteal themſelves from the degenerate crowd,
And ſoar above this little ſcene of things;
To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet;

To ſoothe the throbbing paſſions into peace;
And wooe lone Quiet in her ſilent walks.

Thus ſolitary, and in penſive guiſe,
Oft let me wander o'er the ruſſet mead,
And thro' the ſaddened grove, where ſcarce is heard
One dying ſtrain, to chear the woodman's toil.
Haply ſome widowed ſongſter pours his plaint,
Far, in faint warblings, thro' the tawny copſe.
While congregated truſhes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat, whoſe artleſs ſtrains ſo late
Swell'd all the muſic of the ſwarming ſhades,
Robb'd of their tuneful ſouls, now ſhivering ſit
On the dead tree, a dull deſpondent flock;
With not a brightneſs waving o'er their plumes,
And nought ſave chattering diſcord in their note.
O let not, aim'd from ſome inhuman eye,
The gun the muſic of the coming year
Deſtroy; and harmleſs, unſuſpecting harm,
Lay the weak tribes, a miſerable prey,
In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground!

The pale deſcending year, yet pleaſing ſtill,
A gentler mood inſpires; for now the leaf
Inceſſant ruſtles from the mournful grove;
Oft ſtartling ſuch as, ſtudious, walk below,
And ſlowly circles thro' the waving air.
But ſhould a quicker breeze amid the boughs
Sob, o'er the ſky the leafy deluge ſtreams;
Till choak'd, and matted with the dreary ſhower,
The foreſt-walks, at every riſing gale,
Roll wide the wither'd waſte, and whiſtle bleak.
Fled is the blaſted verdure of the fields;
And, ſhrunk into their beds, the flowery race
Their ſunny robes reſign. Even what remain'd
Of ſtronger fruits falls from the naked tree;

And

And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around
The desolated prospect thrills the soul.

He comes! he comes! in every breeze the Power
Of Philosophic Melancholy comes!
His near approach the sudden-starting tear,
The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air,
The softened feature, and the beating heart,
Pierc'd deep with many a virtuous pang, declare.
O'er all the soul his sacred influence breathes!
Inflames imagination; thro' the breast
Infuses every tenderness; and far
Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought.
Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such
As never mingled with the vulgar dream,
Croud fast into the Mind's creative eye.
As fast the correspondent passions rise,
As varied, and as high: Devotion rais'd
To rapture, and divine astonishment;
The love of Nature unconfin'd, and, chief,
Of human race; the large ambitious wish,
To make them blest; the sigh for suffering worth,
Lost in obscurity; the noble scorn,
Of tyrant-pride; the fearless great resolve;
The wonder which the dying patriot draws,
Inspiring glory thro' remotest time;
Th' awakened throb for virtue, and for fame;
The sympathies of love, and friendship dear;
With all the social Offspring of the heart.

Oh bear me then to vast embowering shades,
To twilight groves, and visionary vales;
To weeping grottoes, and prophetic glooms;
Where angel-forms athwart the solemn dusk,
Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep along;

And voices more than human, thro' the void
Deep-ſounding, ſeize th' enthuſiaſtic ear!

Or is this gloom too much? Then lead, ye powers,
That o'er the garden and the rural ſeats
Preſide, which ſhining thro' the chearful land
In countleſs numbers bleſt Britannia ſees;
O lead me to the wide-extended walks,
The fair majeſtic paradiſe of Stowe *!
Not perſian Cyrus on Jonia's ſhore
E'er ſaw ſuch ſilvan ſcenes; ſuch various art
By genius fir'd, ſuch ardent genius tam'd
By cool judicious art; that, in the ſtrife,
All-beauteous Nature fears to be outdone.
And there, O Pitt, thy country's early boaſt,
There let me ſit beneath the ſheltered ſlopes,
Or in that ** Temple where, in future times,
Thou well ſhalt merit a diſtinguiſh'd name;
And, with they converſe bleſt, catch the laſt ſmiles
Of Autumn beaming o'er the yellow woods.
While there with thee th' inchanted round I walk,
The regulated wild, gay Fancy then
Will tread in thought the groves of Attic Land;
Will from thy ſtandard taſte refine her own,
Correct her pencil to the pureſt truth
Of Nature, or, the unimpaſſion'd ſhades
Forſaking, raiſe it to the human mind.
Or if hereafter ſhe, with juſter hand,
Shall draw the tragic ſcene, inſtruct her thou,
To mark the varied movements of the heart,
What every decent character requires,
And every paſſion ſpeaks: O thro' her ſtrain
Breathe thy pathetic eloquence! that moulds

Th'

* The ſeat of the Lord Viſcount Cobham.
** The Temple of Virtue in Stowe-Gardens.

Th' attentive ſenate, charms, perſuades, exalts,
Of honeſt zeal th' indignant lightning throws,
And ſhakes corruption on her venal throne.
While thus we talk, and thro' Elyſian Vales
Delighted rove, perhaps a ſigh eſcapes:
What pity, Cobham, thou thy verdant files
Of ordered trees ſhouldſt here inglorious range,
Inſtead of ſquadrons flaming o'er the field,
And long-embattled hoſts! when the proud foe
The faithleſs vain diſturber of mankind,
Inſulting Gaul, has rous'd the world to war;
When keen, once more, within their bounds to preſs
Thoſe poliſh'd robbers, thoſe ambitious ſlaves,
The Britiſh Youth would hail thy wiſe command,
Thy temper'd ardor and thy veteran ſkill.

The weſtern ſun withdraws the ſhortened day;
And humid evening, gliding o'er the ſky,
In her chill progreſs, to the ground condens'd
The vapours throws. Where creeping waters ooze,
Where marſhes ſtagnate, and where rivers wind,
Cluſter the rolling fogs, and ſwim along
The duſky mantled lawn. Mean-while the moon
Full-orb'd and breaking thro' the ſcattered clouds,
Shews her broad viſage in the crimſon'd eaſt.
Turn'd to the ſun direct, her ſpotted diſk,
Where mountains riſe, umbrageous dales deſcend,
And caverns deep, as optic tube deſcries,
A ſmaller earth, gives all his blaze again,
Void of its flame, and ſheds a ſofter day.
Now thro' the paſſing cloud ſhe ſeems to ſtoop,
Now up the pure cerulean rides ſublime.
Wide the pale deluge floats, and ſtreaming mild
O'er the ſky'd mountains to the ſhadowy vale,
While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam,

The whole air whitens with a boundleſs tide
Of ſilver radiance, trembling round the world.

But when half blotted from the ſky her light,
Fainting permits the ſtarry fires to burn
With keener luſtre thro' the depth of heaven;
Or quite extinct her deadened orb appears,
And ſcarce appears, of ſickly beamleſs white;
Oft in this ſeaſon, ſilent from the north
A blaze of meteors ſhoots: enſweeping firſt
The lower ſkies, they all at once converge
High to the crown of heaven, and all at once
Relapſing quick as quickly reaſcend,
And mix, and thwart, extinguiſh, and renew,
All ether courſing in a maze of light.

From look to look, contagious thro' the crow'd
The panic runs, and into wondrous ſhapes
Th' appearance throws: Armies in meet array,
Throng'd with aërial ſpears, and ſteeds of fire;
Till the long lines of full-extended war
In bleeding fight commixt, the ſanguine flood
Rolls a broad ſlaughter o'er the plains of heaven.
As thus they ſcan the viſionary ſcene,
On all ſides ſwells the ſuperſtitious din,
Incontinent; and buſy frenzy talks
Of blood and battle; cities overturn'd,
And late at night in ſwallowing earthquake ſunk,
Or hideous wrapt in fierce aſcending flame;
Of fallow famine, inundation, ſtorm;
Of peſtilence, and every great diſtreſs;
Empires ſubvers'd when ruling fate has ſtruck
Th' unalterable hour: even Nature's ſelf
Is deem'd to totter on the brink of time.
Not ſo the Man of philoſophic eye,
And inſpect ſage; the waving brightneſs he

Curious ſurveys, inquiſitive to know
The cauſes, and materials, yet unfix'd,
Of this appearance beautiful and new.

Now black, and deep, the night begins to fall,
A ſhade immenſe. Sunk in the quenching gloom;
Magnificent and vaſt, are heaven and earth.
Order confounded lies; all beauty; void;
Diſtinction loſt; and gay variety
One univerſal blot: ſuch the fair power
Of light, to kindle and create the whole.
Drear is the ſtate of the benighted wretch,
Who then, bewilder'd, wanders thro' the dark,
Full of pale fancies, and chimeras huge;
Nor viſited by one directive ray,
From cottage ſtreaming, or from airy hall.
Perhaps impatient as he ſtumbles on,
Struck from the root of ſlimy ruſhes, blue,
The wild-fire ſcatters round, or gathered trails
A length of flame deceitful o'er the moſs:
Whither decoy'd by the fantaſtic blaze,
Now loſt and now renew'd he ſinks abſorbt,
Rider and horſe, amid the miry gulph:
While ſtill, from day to day his pining wife,
And plaintive children his return await,
In wild conjecture loſt. At other times,
Sent by the better Genius of the night,
Innoxious, gleaming on the horſe's mane,
The meteor ſits; and ſhews the narrow path,
That winding leads thro' pits of death, or elſe
Inſtructs him how to take the dangerous ford.

The lengthened night elaps'd, the morning ſhines
Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,
Unfolding fair the laſt autumnal day.
And now the mounting ſun diſpels the fog;

The rigid hoar-froſt melts before his beam;
And hung on every ſpray, on every blade
Of graſs, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.

Ah ſee where robb'd, and murder'd, in that pit,
Lies the ſtill heaving hive! at evening ſnatch'd,
Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night,
And fix'd o'er ſulphur: while, nor dreaming ill,
The happy people, in their waxen cells,
Sat tending public cares, and planning ſchemes
Of temperance, for Winter poor; rejoiced
To mark, full flowing round, their copious ſtores.
Sudden the dark oppreſſive ſteam aſcends;
And, us'd to milder ſcents, the tender race,
By thouſands, tumbles from their honeyed domes,
Convolv'd and agonizing in the duſt.
And was it then for this you roam'd the Spring,
Intent from flower to flower? for this you toil'd
Ceaſeleſs the burning Summer-heats away?
For this in Autumn ſearch'd the blooming waſte,
Nor loſt one ſunny gleam? for this ſad fate?
O Man! tyrannic lord! how long, how long,
Shall proſtrate Nature groan beneath your rage,
Awaiting renovation? When obliged,
Muſt you deſtroy? Of their ambroſial food
Can you not borrow; and, in juſt return,
Afford them ſhelter from the wintry winds;
Or, as the ſharp year pinches, with their own
Again regale them on ſome ſmiling day?
See where the ſtony bottom of their town
Looks deſolate, and wild, with here and there
A helpleſs number, who the ruin'd ſtate
Survive, lamenting weak, caſt out to death.
Thus a proud city, populous and rich,
Full of the works of peace, and high in joy,
At theatre or feaſt, or ſunk in ſleep,

(As late, Palermo, was thy fate) is ſeiz'd
By ſome dread earthquake, and convulſive hurl'd
Sheer from the black foundation, ſtench-involv'd,
Into a gulph of blue, ſulphureous flame.

Hence every harſher ſight! for now the day,
O'er heaven and earth diffus'd, grows warm, and high,
Infinite ſplendor! wide inveſting all.
How ſtill the breeze! ſave what the filmy threads
Of dew evaporate bruſhes from the plain.
How clear the cloudleſs ſky! how deeply ting'd
With a peculiar blue! th' ethereal arch
How ſwell'd immenſe! amid whoſe azure thron'd
The radiant ſun how gay! how calm below
The gilded earth! the harveſt-treaſures all
Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of ſtorms,
Sure to the ſwain; the circling fence ſhut up;
And inſtant Winter's utmoſt rage defy'd.
While, looſe to feſtive joy, the country round
Laughs with the loud ſincerity of mirth,
Shook to the wind their cares. The toil-ſtrung youth
By the quick ſenſe of muſic taught alone,
Leaps wildly graceful in the lively dance.
Her every charm abroad, the village-toaſt,
Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich,
Darts not-unmeaning looks; and, where her eye
Points an approving ſmile, with double force,
The cudgel rattles, and the wreſtler twines.
Age too ſhines out; and, garrulous, recounts
The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice; nor think
That, with to-morrow's ſun, their annual toil
Begins again the never-ceaſing round.

Oh knew he but his happineſs, of Men
The happieſt he! who far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a choice Few retir'd,

Drinks

Drinks the pure pleaſures of the Rural Life.
What tho' the dome be wanting, whoſe proud gate,
Each morning, vomits out the ſneaking crowd
Of flaterers falſe, and in their turn abus'd?
Vile intercourſe! What tho' the glittering robe,
Of every hue reflected light can give,
Or floating, looſe, or ſtiff with maſſy gold,
The pride and gaze of fools! oppreſs him not?
What tho', from utmoſt land and ſea purvey'd,
For him each rarer tributary life
Bleeds not, and his inſatiate table heaps
With luxury, and death? What tho' his bowl
Flames not with coſtly juice; nor ſunk in beds,
Oft of gay care, he toſſes out the night,
Or melts the thoughtleſs hours in idle ſtate?
What tho' he knows not thoſe fantaſtic joys,
That ſtill amuſe the wanton, ſtill deceive;
A face of pleaſure, but a heart of pain;
Their hollow moments undelighted all?
Sure peace is his; a ſolid life, eſtranged
To diſappointment, and fallacious hope,
Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
In herbs and fruits; whatever greens the Spring,
When heaven deſcends in ſhowers; or bends the bough
When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams;
Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies
Conceal'd, and fattens with the richeſt ſap:
Theſe are not wanting; nor the milky drove,
Luxuriant, ſpread o'er all the lowing vale;
Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of ſtreams,
And hum of bees, inviting ſleep ſincere
Into the guiltleſs breaſt, beneath the ſhade,
Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay;
Nor ought beſides of proſpect, grove, or ſong,
Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear.

Here

Here too dwells ſimple truth; plain innocence;
Unſullied beauty; ſound unbroken youth,
Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd;
Health ever blooming; unambitious toil;
Calm contemplation, and poetic eaſe.

Let others brave the flood in queſt of gain,
And beat, for joyleſs months, the gloomy wave;
Let ſuch as deem it glory to deſtroy,
Ruſh into blood, the ſack of cities ſeek;
Unpierc'd, exulting in the widow's wail,
The virgin's ſhriek, and infant's trembling cry.
Let ſome, far-diſtant from their native ſoil,
Urg'd or by want or hardened avarice,
Find other lands beneath another ſun.
Let this through cities work his eager way,
By legal outrage and eſtabliſh'd guile,
The ſocial ſenſe extinct; and that ferment
Mad into tumult the ſeditious herd
Or melt them down to ſlavery. Let theſe
Inſnare the wretched in the toils of law,
Fomenting diſcord, and perplexing right,
An iron race! and thoſe of fairer front,
But equal inhumanity, in courts,
Deluſive pomp, and dark cabals, delight;
Wreathe the deep bow, diffuſe the lying ſmile,
And tread the weary labyrinth of ſtate.
While he from all the ſtormy paſſions free
That reſtleſs Men involve, hears, and but hears,
At diſtance ſafe, the human tempeſt roar,
Wrapt cloſe in conſcious peace. The fall of kings,
The rage of nations, and the cruſh of ſtates,
Move not the Man, who, from the world eſcap'd
In ſtill retreats, and flowery ſolitudes,
To Nature's voice attends, from month to month,
And day to day, thro' the revolving year;

Admi-

Admiring, ſees her in her every ſhape;
Feels all her ſweet emotions at his heart;
Takes what ſhe liberal gives, nor thinks of more.
He, when young Spring protrudes the burſting gems,
Marks the firſt bud, and ſucks the healthful gale
Into his freſhened ſoul; her genial hours
He full enjoys; and not a beauty blows,
And not an opening bloſſom breathes in vain.
In Summer he, beneath the living ſhade,
Such as o'er frigid Tempe wont to wave,
Or Hemus cool, reads what the Muſe, of theſe
Perhaps, has in immortal numbers ſung;
Or what ſhe dictates writes: and, oft an eye
Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.
When Autumn's yellow luſtre gilds the world,
And tempts the ſickled ſwain into the field,
Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart diſtends
With gentle throws; and, thro' the tepid gleams
Deep muſing, then he beſt exerts his ſong.
Even Winter wild to him is full of bliſs.
The mighty tempeſt, and the hoary waſte,
Abrupt, and deep, ſtretch'd o'er the buried earth,
Awake to ſolemn thought. At night the ſkies,
Diſclos'd, and kindled, by refining froſt,
Pour every luſtre on th' exalted eye.
A friend, a book, the ſtealing hours ſecure,
And mark them down for wiſdom. With ſwift wing,
O'er land and ſea imagination roams;
Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
Elates his being, and unfolds his powers;
Or in his breaſt heroic virtue burns.
The touch of kindred too and love he feels;
The modeſt eye, whoſe beams on his alone
Extatic ſhine; the little ſtrong embrace
Of pratling children, twin'd around his neck,

And

And emulous to pleaſe him, calling forth
The fond parental ſoul. Nor purpoſe gay,
Amuſement, dance, or ſong, he ſternly ſcorns;
For happineſs and true philoſophy
Are of the ſocial ſtill, and ſmiling kind.
This is the life which thoſe who fret in guilt,
And guilty cities, never knew; the life,
Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
When angels dwelt, and God himſelf, with Man!

Oh Nature! all-ſufficient! over all!
Inrich me with the knowledge of thy works!
Snatch me to heaven; thy rolling wonders there,
World beyond world, in infinite extent,
Profuſely ſcattered o'er the blue immenſe,
Shew me; their motions, periods, and their laws,
Give me to ſcan; thro' the diſcloſing deep
Light my blind way: the mineral ſtrata there;
Thruſt, blooming, thence the vegetable world;
O'er that the riſing ſyſtem, more complex,
Of animals; and higher ſtill, the mind,
The varied-ſcene of quick-compounded thought,
And where the mixing paſſions endleſs ſhift;
Theſe ever open to my raviſh'd eye;
A ſearch, the flight of time can ne'er exhauſt!
But if to that unequal; if the blood,
In ſluggiſh ſtreams about my heart, forbid
That beſt ambition; under cloſing ſhades,
Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,
And whiſper to my dreams. From Thee begin,
Dwell all on Thee, with Thee conclude my ſong;
And let me never, never ſtray from Thee!

WINTER.

THE ARGUMENT.

The ſubject propoſed. Addreſs to the Earl of WILMINGTON. Firſt approach of Winter. According to the natural courſe of the ſeaſon, various ſtorms deſcribed. Rain. Wind. Snow. The driving of the ſnows: A Man periſhing among them; whence reflections on the wants and miſeries of human life. The wolves deſcending from the Alps and Appennines. A winter-evening deſcribed: as ſpent by philoſophers; by the country people; in the city. Froſt. A view of Winter within the polar Circle. A thaw. The whole concluding with moral reflections on a future ſtate.

WINTER.

See, Winter comes, to rule the varied year,
Sullen, and sad, with all his rising train;
Vapours, and Clouds, and Storms. Be these my theme;
These, that exalt the soul to solemn thought,
And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms!
Cogenial horrors, hail! with frequent foot,
Pleas'd have I, in my chearful morn of life,
When nurs'd by careless solitude I liv'd,
And sung of Nature with unceasing joy,
Pleas'd have I wander'd thro' your rough domain;
Trod the pure virgin-snows, myself as pure;
Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst;
Or seen the deep fermenting tempest brew'd,
In the grim evening sky. Thus pass'd the time,
Till thro' the lucid chambers of the south
Look'd out the joyous Spring, look'd out, and smil'd.

To thee, the patron of this first essay,
The Muse, O Wilmington! renews her song.
Since has she rounded the revolving year:
Skim'd the gay Spring; on eagle-pinions borne,
Attempted through the Summer-blaze to rise;
Then swept o'er Autumn with the shadowy gale;
And now among the wintry clouds again,
Roll'd in the doubling storm, she tries to soar;
To swell her note with all the rushing winds;
To suit her sounding cadence to the floods;
As is her theme, her numbers wildly great:

Thrice happy! could ſhe fill thy judging ear
With bold deſcription, and with manly thought.
Nor art thou ſkill'd in awful ſchemes alone,
And how to make a mighty people thrive:
But equal goodneſs, ſound integrity,
A firm unſhaken uncorrupted ſoul
Amid a ſliding age, and burning ſtrong,
Not vainly blazing for thy country's weal,
A ſteady ſpirit regularly free;
Theſe, each exalting each, the ſtateſman light
Into the patriot; theſe, the public hope
And eye to thee converting, bid the Muſe
Record what envy dares not flattery call.

Now when the chearleſs empire of the sky
To Capricorn the Centaur-Archer yields,
And fierce Aquarius ſtains th' inverted year;
Hung o'er the fartheſt verge of heaven, the ſun
Scarce ſpreads o'er ether the dejected day.
Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual ſhoot
His ſtruggling rays, in horizontal lines,
Thro' the thick air; as cloath'd in cloudy ſtorm,
Weak, wan, and broad, he ſkirts the ſouthern ſky;
And, ſoon-deſcending, to the long dark night,
Wide-ſhading all, the proſtrate world reſigns.
Nor is the night unwish'd; while vital heat,
Light, life, and joy, the dubious day forſake.
Mean-time, in ſable cincture, ſhadows vaſt,
Deep-ting'd and damp, and congregated clouds,
And all the vapoury turbulence of heaven
Involve the face of things. Thus Winter falls,
A heavy gloom oppreſſive o'er the world,
Thro' Nature ſhedding influence malign,
And rouſes up the ſeeds of dark diſeaſe.
The ſoul of Man dies in him, loathing life,
And black with more than melancholy views.

The

The cattle droop; and o'er the furrowed land,
Freſh from the plough, the dun diſcolour'd flocks,
Untended ſpreading, crop the wholeſome root.
Along the woods, along the mooriſh fens,
Sighs the ſad Genius of the coming ſtorm;
And up among the looſe disjointed cliffs,
And fractur'd mountains wild, the brawling brook
And cave, preſageful, ſend a hollow moan,
Reſounding long in liſtening Fancy's ear.
Then comes the father of the tempeſt forth,
Wrapt in black glooms. Firſt joyleſs rains obſcure
Drive thro' the mingling ſkies with vapour foul;
Daſh on the mountain's brow, and ſhake the woods,
That grumbling wave below. Th' unſightly plain
Lies a brown deluge; as the low-bent clouds
Pour flood on flood, yet unexhauſted ſtill
Combine, and deepening into night ſhut up
The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven,
Each to his home, retire; ſave thoſe that love
To take their paſtime in the troubled air,
Or ſkimming flutter round the dimply pool.
The cattle from th' untaſted fields return,
And aſk, with meaning lowe, their wonted ſtalls,
Or ruminate in the contiguous ſhade.
Thither the houſhold feathery people crowd,
The creſted cock, with all his female train,
Penſive, and dripping; while the cottage-hind
Hangs o'er th' enlivening blaze, and taleful there
Recounts his ſimple frolick: much he talks,
And much he laughs, nor recks the ſtorm that blows
Without, and rattles on his humble roof.
Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent ſwell'd,
And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erſpread,
At laſt the rous'd up river pours along:
Reſiſtleſs, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,
From the rude mountain, and the moſſy wild,

Tumbling thro' rocks abrupt, and ſounding far;
Then o'er the ſanded valley floating ſpreads,
Calm, ſluggiſh, ſilent; till again, conſtrain'd
Between two meeting hills, it burſts a way,
Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid ſtream;
There gathering triple force, rapid, and deep,
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders through.

Nature! great parent! whoſe unceaſing hand
Rolls round the Seaſons of the changeful year,
How mighty, how majeſtic, are thy works!
With what a pleaſing dread they ſwell the ſoul!
That ſees aſtoniſh'd! and aſtoniſh'd ſings!
Ye too, ye winds! that now begin to blow,
With boiſterous ſweep, I raiſe my voice to you.
Where are your ſtores, ye powerful beings! ſay,
Where your aërial magazines reſerv'd,
To ſwell the brooding terrors of the ſtorm?
In what far-diſtant region of the ſky,
Huſh'd in deep ſilence, ſleep ye when 'tis calm?

When from the pallid ſky the ſun deſcends,
With many a ſpot, that o'er his glaring ſtreaks
Uncertain wanders, ſtain'd; red fiery ſtreaks
Begin to flaſh around. The reeling clouds
Stagger with dizzy poize, as doubting yet
Which maſter to obey; while riſing ſlow,
Blank, in the leaden-coloured eaſt, the moon
Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns.
Seen thro' the turbid fluctuating air,
The ſtars obtuſe emit a ſhiver'd ray;
Or frequent ſeem to ſhoot athwart the gloom,
And long behind them trail the whitening blaze.
Snatch'd in ſhort eddies, plays the wither'd leaf;
And on the flood the dancing feather floats.
With broadened noſtrils to the ſky upturn'd,

The

The conſcious heifer ſnuffs the ſtormy gale,
Even as the matron, at her nightly taſk,
With penſive labour draws the flaxen thread,
The waſted taper and the crackling flame
Foretel the blaſt. But chief the plumy race,
The tenants of the ſky, its changes ſpeak.
Retiring from the downs, where all day long
They pick'd their ſcanty fare, a blackening train
Of clamorous rooks thick-urge their weary flight,
And ſeek the cloſing ſhelter of the grove;
Aſſiduous, in his bower, the wailing owl
Plies his ſad ſong. The cormorant on high
Wheels from the deep, and ſcreams along the land.
Loud ſhrieks the ſoaring hern; and with wild wing
The circling ſea-fowl cleave the flaky clouds.
Ocean, unequal preſs'd, with broken tide
And blind commotion heaves; while from the ſhore,
Eat into caverns by the reſtleſs wave,
And foreſt-ruſtling mountain, comes a voice,
That ſolemn ſounding bids the world prepare.
Then iſſues forth the ſtorm with ſudden burſt,
And hurls the whole precipitated air,
Down, in a torrent. On the paſſive main
Deſcends th' ethereal force, and with ſtrong guſt
Turns from its bottom the diſcolour'd deep.
Thro' the black night that ſits immenſe around,
Laſh'd into foam, the fierce conflicting brine
Seems o'er a thouſand raging waves to burn:
Mean-time the mountain-billows, to the clouds
In dreadful tumult ſwell'd, ſurge above ſurge,
Burſt into chaos with tremendous roar,
And anchor'd navies from their ſtations drive,
Wild as the winds acroſs the howling waſte
Of mighty waters: now th' inflated wave
Straining they ſcale, and now impetuous ſhoot
Into the ſecret chambers of the deep,

The wintry Baltick thundering o'er their head.
Emerging thence again, before the breath
Of full-exerted heaven they wing their courſe,
And dart on diſtant coaſts; if ſome ſharp rock,
Or ſhoal inſidious break not their career,
And in looſe fragments fling them floating round.

Nor leſs at land the looſened tempeſt reigns.
The mountain thunders; and its ſturdy ſons
Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they ſhade.
Lone on the midnight ſteep, and all aghaſt,
The dark way-faring ſtranger breathleſs toils,
And, often falling, climbs againſt the blaſt.
Low waves the rooted foreſt, vex'd, and ſheds
What of its tarniſh'd honours yet remain;
Daſh'd down, and ſcattered, by the tearing wind's
Aſſiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.
Thus ſtruggling thro' the diſſipated grove,
The whirling tempeſt raves along the plain;
And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly roof,
Keen faſtening, ſhakes them to the ſolid baſe.
Sleep frighted flies; and round the rocking dome,
For entrance eager, howls the ſavage blaſt.
Then too, they ſay, thro' all the burthen'd air,
Long groans are heard, ſhrill ſounds, and diſtant ſighs
That, uttered by the Demon of the night,
Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death.

Huge uproar lords it wide. The clouds commix'd
With ſtars ſwift gliding ſweep along the ſky.
All Nature reels. Till Nature's King, who oft
Amid tempeſtuous darkneſs dwells alone,
And on the wings of the careering wind
Walks dreadfully ſerene, commands a calm;
Then ſtraight air, ſea and earth are huſh'd at once.

As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,
Slow-meeting, mingle into ſolid gloom.
Now, while the drowſy world lies loſt in ſleep,
Let me aſſociate with the ſerious Night,
And Contemplation her ſedate compeer;
Let me ſhake off th' intruſive cares of day,
And lay the meddling ſenſes all aſide.

Where now, ye lying vanities of life!
Ye ever-tempting, ever-cheating train!
Where are you now? and what is your amount?
Vexation, diſappointment, and remorſe.
Sad, ſickening thought! and yet deluded Man,
A ſcene of crude diſjointed viſions paſt,
And broken ſlumbers, riſes ſtill reſolv'd,
With new-fluſh'd hopes, to run the giddy round.

Father of light and life! thou Good ſupreme!
O teach me what is good! teach me Thyſelf!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low purſuit! and feed my ſoul
With knowledge, conſcious peace, and virtue pure;
Sacred, ſubſtantial, never-fading bliſs!

The keener tempeſts come: and fuming dun
From all the livid eaſt, or piercing north,
Thick clouds aſcend; in whoſe capacious womb
A vapoury deluge lies, to ſnow congeal'd.
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;
And the ſky ſaddens with the gathered ſtorm.
Thro' the huſh'd air the whitening ſhower deſcends,
At firſt thin wavering; 'till at laſt the flakes
Fall broad, and wide, and faſt, dimming the day,
With a continual flow. The cheriſh'd fields
Put on their winter-robe of pureſt white.
'Tis brightneſs all; ſave where the new ſnow melts

Along the mazy current. Low, the woods
Bow their hoar head; and, ere the languid ſun
Faint from the weſt emits his evening ray,
Earth's univerſal face, deep hid, and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waſte, that buries wide
The works of Man. Drooping, the labourer-ox
Stands cover'd o'er with ſnow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tam'd by the cruel ſeaſon, croud around
The winnowing ſtore, and claim the little boon
Which Providence aſſigns them. One alone,
The red-breaſt, ſacred to the houſhold gods,
Wiſely regardful of th' embroiling ſky,
In joyleſs fields, and thorny thickets, leaves
His ſhivering mates, and pays to truſted Man
His annual viſit. Half-afraid, he firſt
Againſt the window beats; then, briſk, alights
On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the ſmiling family aſkance,
And pecks, and ſtarts, and wonders where he is:
'Till more familiar grown, the table-crumbs
Attract his ſlender feet. The foodleſs wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Tho' timorous of heart, and hard beſet
By death in various forms, dark ſnares, and dogs,
And more unpitying Men, the garden ſeeks,
Urg'd on by fearleſs want. The bleating kind
Eye the bleak heaven, and next the gliſtening earth,
With looks of dumb deſpair; then, ſad-diſpers'd,
Dig for the withered herb thro' heaps of ſnow.

Now, ſhepherds, to your helpleſs charge be kind,
Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens
With food at will; lodge them below the ſtorm,
And watch them ſtrict; for from the bellowing eaſt,
In this dire ſeaſon, oft the whirlwind's wing

Sweeps

Sweeps up the burthen of whole wintry plains
At one wide waft, and o'er the hapleſs flocks,
Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
The billowy tempeſt whelms; 'till, upward urg'd,
The valley to a ſhining mountain ſwells,
Tipt with a wreath, high-curling in the ſky.

As thus the ſnows ariſe; and foul, and fierce,
All Winter drives along the darkened air;
In his own looſe-revolving fields, the ſwain
Diſaſter'd ſtands; ſees other hills aſcend,
Of unknown joyleſs brow; and other ſcenes,
Of horrid proſpect, ſhag the trackleſs plain:
Nor finds the river, nor the foreſt, hid
Beneath the formleſs wild; but wanders on
From hill to dale, ſtill more and more aſtray;
Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of home
Ruſh on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How ſinks his ſoul!
What black deſpair, what horror fills his heart!
When for the duſky ſpot, which fancy feign'd
His tufted cottage riſing thro' the ſnow,
He meets the roughneſs of the middle waſte,
Far from the track, and bleſt abode of Man;
While round him night reſiſtleſs cloſes faſt,
And every tempeſt, howling o'er his head,
Renders the ſavage wilderneſs more wild.
Then throng the buſy ſhapes into his mind,
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire deſcent! beyond the power of froſt,
Of faithleſs bogs; of precipices huge,
Smooth'd up with ſnow; and, what is land unknown,
What water, of the ſtill unfrozen Spring.
In the looſe marſh or ſolitary lake,
Where the freſh fountain from the bottom boils.

Theſe check his fearful ſteps; and down he ſinks
Beneath the ſhelter of the ſhapeleſs drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterneſs of death,
Mix'd with the tender anguiſh Nature ſhoots
Thro' the wrung boſom of the dying Man,
His wife, his children, and his friends unſeen.
In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing, and the veſtment warm;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling ſtorm, demand their fire,
With tears of artleſs Innocence. Alas!
Nor wife, nor children, more ſhall he behold,
Nor friends, nor ſacred home. On every nerve
The deadly Winter ſeizes; ſhuts up ſenſe;
And, o'er his inmoſt vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the ſnows, a ſtiffened corſe,
Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blaſt.

Ah little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleaſure, power, and affluence ſurround;
They, who their thoughtleſs hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel, riot waſte;
Ah little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel, this very moment, death
And all the ſad variety of pain.
How many ſink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame. How many bleed,
By ſhameful variance betwixt Man and Man.
How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms;
Shut from the common air, and common uſe
Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of miſery. Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
How many ſhrink into the ſordid hut
Of cheerleſs poverty. How many ſhake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,

Un-

Unbounded paſſion, madneſs, guilt, remorſe;
Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
They furniſh matter for the tragic Muſe.
Even in the vale, where wiſdom loves to dwell,
With friendſhip, peace, and contemplation join'd,
How many, rack'd with honeſt paſſions, droop
In deep retir'd diſtreſs. How many ſtand
Around the death-bed of their deareſt friends,
And point the parting anguiſh. Thought fond Man
Of theſe, and all the thouſand nameleſs ills,
That one inceſſant ſtruggle render life,
One ſcene of toil, of ſuffering, and of fate,
Vice in his high career would ſtand appall'd,
And heedleſs rambling Impulſe learn to think;
The conſcious heart of Charity would warm,
And her wide wish Benevolence dilate;
The ſocial tear would riſe, the ſocial ſigh;
And into clear perfection, gradual bliſs,
Refining ſtill, the ſocial paſſions work.

And here can I forget the generous * band,
Who, touch'd with human woe, redreſſive ſearch'd
Into the horrors of the gloomy jail?
Unpitied, and unheard, where miſery moans;
Where ſickneſs pines; where thirſt and hunger burn,
And poor misfortune feels the laſh of vice.
While in the land of liberty, the land
Whoſe every ſtreet and public meeting glow
With open freedom, little tyrants rag'd;
Snatch'd the lean morſel from the ſtarving mouth;
Tore from cold wintry limbs the tatter'd weed;
Even robb'd them of the laſt of comforts, ſleep;
The free-born Briton to the dungeon chain'd,
Or, as the luſt of cruelty prevail'd,

* The Jail Committee, in the Year 1729.

At pleaſure mark'd him with inglorious ſtripes;
And crush'd out lives, by ſecret barbarous ways,
That for their country would have toil'd, or bled.
O great deſign! if executed well,
With patient care, and wiſdom-temperd' zeal.
Ye ſons of mercy! yet reſume the ſearch;
Drag forth the legal monſters into light,
Wrench from their hands oppreſſion's iron rod,
And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.
Much ſtill untouch'd remains; in this rank age,
Much is the patriot's weeding hand requir'd.
The toils of law, (what dark inſidious Men
Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth,
And lenghten ſimple juſtice into trade)
How glorious were the day! that ſaw theſe broke,
And every Man within the reach of right.

By wintry famine rous'd, from all the tract
Of horrid mountains which the shining Alps,
And wavy Appenine, and Pyrenees,
Branch out ſtupendous into diſtant lands;
Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave!
Burning for blood! bony, and ghaunt, and grim!
Aſſembling wolves in raging troops deſcend;
And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,
Keen as the north-wind ſweeps the gloſſy ſnow.
All is their prize. They faſten on the ſteed,
Preſs him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.
Nor can the bull his awful front defend,
Or ſhake the murdering ſavages away.
Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,
And tear the ſcreaming infant from her breaſt.
The godlike face of Man avails him nought.
Even beauty, force divine! at whoſe bright glance
The generous lion ſtands in ſoftened gaze,
Here bleeds, a hapleſs undiſtinguish'd prey.

But

But if, appriz'd of the ſevere attack,
The country be ſhut up, lur'd by the ſcent,
On church-yards drear (inhuman to relate!)
The diſappointed prowlers fall, and dig
The ſhrouded body from the grave; o'er which,
Mix'd with foul ſhades, and frighted ghoſts, they howl.

Among thoſe hilly regions, where embrac'd
In peaceful vales the happy Griſons dwell;
Oft, ruſhing ſudden from the loaded cliffs,
Mountains of ſnow their gathering terrors roll.
From ſteep to ſteep, loud-thundering down they come
A wintry waſte in dire commotion all;
And herds, and flocks, and travellers, and ſwains;
And ſometimes whole brigades of marching troops,
Or hamlets ſleeping in the dead of night,
Are deep beneath the ſmothering ruin whelm'd.

Now, all amid the rigours of the year,
In the wild depth of Winter, while without
The ceaſeleſs winds blow ice, be my retreat,
Between the groaning foreſt and the ſhore,
Beat by the boundleſs multitude of waves,
A rural, ſhelter'd, ſolitary, ſcene;
Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join,
To cheer the gloom. There ſtudious let me ſit,
And hold high converſe with the Mighty Dead;
Sages of ancient time, as gods rever'd
As gods beneficent, who bleſt mankind
With arts, with arms, and humaniz'd a world.
Rous'd at th' inſpiring thought, I throw aſide
The long liv'd volume; and, deep-muſing, hail
The ſacred ſhades, that ſlowly-riſing paſs
Before my wondering eyes. Firſt Socrates,
Who, firmly good in a corrupted ſtate,
Againſt the rage of tyrants ſingle ſtood,

Invin-

Invincible; calm Reaſon's holy law,
That Voice of God within th' attentive mind,
Obeying, fearleſs or in life, or death:
Great moral teacher! Wiſeſt of Mankind!
Solon the next, who built his Common-weal
On equity's wide baſe; by tender laws
A lively people curbing, yet undamp'd
Preſerving ſtill that quick peculiar fire,
Whence in the laurel'd field of finer arts,
And of bold freedom, they unequal'd ſhone,
The pride of ſmiling Greece, and human-kind.
Lycurgus then, who bow'd beneath the force
Of ſtricteſt diſcipline, ſeverely wiſe,
All human paſſions. Following him, I ſee,
As at Thermopylae he glorious fell,
The firm * Devoted Chief, who prov'd by deeds
The hardeſt leſſon which the other taught.
Then Ariſtides lifts his honeſt front;
Spotleſs of heart, to whom th' unflattering voice
Of freedom gave the nobleſt name of Juſt;
In pure majeſtic poverty rever'd;
Who, even his glory to his country's weal
Submitting, ſwell'd a haughty ** Rival's fame.
Rear'd by his care, of ſofter ray appears
Cimon ſweet-ſoul'd; whoſe genius, riſing ſtrong,
Shook off the load of young debauch; abroad
The ſcourge of Perſian pride, at home the friend
Of every worth and every ſplendid art;
Modeſt, and ſimple, in the pomp of wealth.
Then the laſt worthies of declining Greece,
Late call'd to glory, in unequal times,
Penſive, appear. The fair Corinthian boaſt,
Timoleon, temper'd happy, mild, and firm,

Who

* Leonidas.
** Themiſtocles.

Who wept the Brother while the Tyrant bled.
And, equal to the beſt, the * Theban Pair,
Whoſe virtues, in heroic Concord join'd,
Their country rais'd to freedom, empire, fame.
He too, with whom Athenian honour ſunk,
And left a maſs of ſordid lees behind,
Phocion the Good; in public life ſevere,
To virtue ſtill inexorably firm;
But when, beneath his low illuſtrious roof,
Sweet peace and happy wiſdom ſmooth'd his brow,
Not friendſhip ſofter was, nor love more kind.
And he, the laſt of old Lycurgus' ſons,
The generous victim to that vain attempt,
To ſave a rotten State, Agis, who ſaw
Even Sparta's ſelf to ſervile avarice ſunk.
The two Achaian heroes cloſe the train.
Aratus, who a while relum'd the ſoul
Of fondly lingering liberty in Greece:
And he her darling as her lateſt hope,
The gallant Philopoemen; who to arms
Turn'd the luxurious pomp he could not cure;
Or toiling in his farm, a ſimple ſwain;
Or, bold and ſkilful, thundering in the field.

Of rougher front, a mighty people come!
A race of heroes! in thoſe virtuous times
Which knew no ſtain, ſave that with partial flame
Their deareſt country they too fondly lov'd:
Her better Founder firſt, the light of Rome,
Numa, who ſoften'd her rapacious ſons:
Servius the King, who laid the ſolid baſe
On which o'er earth the vaſt republic ſpread.
Then the great conſuls venerable riſe,
The ** Public Father who the Private quell'd,

* Pelopidas, and Epaminondas.
** Marcus Junius Brutus.

As on the dread tribunal ſternly ſad.
He whom his thankleſs country could not loſe,
Camillus only vengeful to her foes.
Fabricius, ſcorner of all-conquering gold;
And Cincinnatus, awful from the plough.
Thy * willing Victim, Carthage, burſting looſe
From all that pleading Nature could oppoſe,
From a whole city's tears, by rigid faith
Imperious call'd, and honour's dire command.
Scipio, the gentle chief, humanely brave,
Who ſoon the race of ſpotleſs glory ran,
And, warm in youth, to the Poetic ſhade
With Friendſhip and Philoſophy retir'd.
Tully, whoſe powerful eloquence a while
Reſtrain'd the rapid fate of ruſhing Rome.
Unconquer'd Cato, virtuous in extreme.
And thou, unhappy Brutus, kind of heart,
Whoſe ſteady arm, by awful virtue urg'd,
Lifted the Roman Steel againſt thy Friend.
Thouſands beſides the tribute of a verſe
Demand, but who can count the ſtars of heaven?
Who ſing their influence on this lower world?

Behold, who yonder comes! in ſober ſtate,
Fair, mild, and ſtrong, as is a vernal ſun:
'Tis Phoebus' ſelf, or elſe the Mantuan Swain!
Great Homer too appears, of daring wing,
Parent of ſong! and equal by his ſide,
The Britiſh Muſe; join'd hand in hand they walk,
Darkling, full up the middle ſteep to fame.
Nor abſent are thoſe ſhades, whoſe ſkilful touch
Pathetic drew th' impaſſion'd heart, and charm'd
Tranſported Athens with the moral ſcene:
Nor thoſe who, tuneful, wak'd th' enchanting lyre.

First

* Regulus.

First of your kind! ſociety divine!
Still viſit thus my nights, for you reſerv'd,
And mount my ſoaring ſoul to thoughts like yours.
Silence, thou lonely power! the door be thine;
See on the hallowed hour that none intrude,
Save a few choſen friends, who ſometimes deign
To bleſs my humble roof, with ſenſe refin'd,
Learning digeſted well, exalted faith,
Unſtudy'd wit, and humour ever gay.
Or from the Muſes' hill will Pope deſcend,
To raiſe the ſacred hour, to bid it ſmile,
And with the ſocial ſpirit warm the heart:
For tho' not ſweeter his own Homer ſings,
Yet is his life the more endearing ſong.

Where art thou, Hammond? thou the darling pride,
The friend and lover of the tuneful throng!
Ah why, dear youth, in all the blooming prime
Of vernal genius, where diſcloſing faſt
Each active worth, each manly virtue lay,
Why wert thou raviſh'd from our hope ſo ſoon?
What now avails that noble thirſt of fame,
Which ſtung thy fervent breaſt? that treaſurd'd ſtore
Of knowledge, early gain'd? that eager zeal
To ſerve thy country, glowing in the band
Of youthful Patriots, who ſuſtain her name?
What now, alas! that life-diffuſing charm
Of ſprightly wit? that rapture for the Muſe,
That heart of friendſhip, and that ſoul of joy,
Which bade with ſofteſt light the virtues ſmile?
Ah! only ſhew'd, to check our fond purſuits,
And teach our humbled hopes that life is vain!

Thus in ſome deep retirement would I paſs
The winter-glooms, with friends of pliant ſoul,
Or blithe, or ſolemn, as the theme inſpir'd:

With them would ſearch, if Nature's boundleſs frame
Was call'd, late-riſing from the void of night,
Or ſprung eternal from th' eternal Mind;
Its life, its laws, its progreſs, and its end.
Hence larger proſpects of the beauteous whole
Would, gradual, open on our opening minds;
And each diffuſive harmony unite
In full perfection, to th' aſtoniſh'd eye.
Then would we try to ſcan the moral World,
Which, tho' to us it ſeems embroil'd, moves on
In higher order; fitted, and impell'd
By Wisdom's fineſt hand, and iſſuing all
In general Good. The ſage hiſtoric Muſe
Should next conduct us thro' the deeps of time:
Shew us how empire grew, declin'd, and fell,
In ſcatter'd ſtates; what makes the nations ſmile,
Improves their ſoil, and gives them double ſuns;
And why they pine beneath the brighteſt ſkies,
In Nature's richeſt lap. As thus we talk'd,
Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale
That portion of divinity, that ray
Of pureſt heaven, which lights the public ſoul
Of patriots, and of heroes. But if doom'd,
In powerleſs humble fortune, to repreſs
Theſe ardent riſings of the kindling ſoul;
Then, even ſuperior to ambition, we
Would learn the private virtues: how to glide
Thro' ſhades and plains, along the ſmootheſt ſtream
Of rural life: or ſnatch'd away by hope,
Thro' the dim ſpaces of futurity,
With earneſt eye anticipate thoſe ſcenes
Of happineſs, and wonder; where the mind,
In endleſs growth and infinite aſcent,
Riſes from ſtate to ſtate, and world to world.
But when with theſe the ſerious thought is foil'd,
We, ſhifting for relief, would play the ſhapes

Of frolic fancy; and inceſſant form
Thoſe rapid pictures, that aſſembled train
Of fleet ideas, never join'd before,
Whence lively Wit excites to gay ſurprize;
Or folly-painted Humour, grave himſelf,
Calls Laughter forth, deep-ſhaking every nerve.

Mean-Time the village rouzes up the fire;
While well atteſted, and as well believ'd,
Heard ſolemn, goes the goblin-ſtory round;
Till ſuperſtitious horror creeps o'er all.
Or, frequent in the ſounding hall, they wake
The rural gambol. Ruſtic mirth goes round;
The ſimple joke that takes the ſhepherd's heart,
Eaſily pleas'd; the long loud laugh, ſincere;
The kiſs, ſnatch'd haſty from the ſide-long maid,
On purpoſe guardleſs, or pretending ſleep:
The leap, the ſlap, the haul; and, ſhook to notes
Of native muſic; the reſpondent dance.
Thus jocund fleets with them the winter-night.

The city ſwarms intenſe. The public haunt,
Full of each theme, and warm with mixt diſcourſe,
Hums indiſtinct. The ſons of riot flow
Down the looſe ſtream of falſe inchanted joy,
To ſwift deſtruction. On the rankled ſoul
The gaming fury falls; and in one gulph
Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,
Friends, families, and fortune, headlong ſink.
Up-ſprings the dance along the lighted dome,
Mix'd, and evolv'd, a thouſand ſprightly ways.
The glittering court effuſes every pomp;
The circle deepens: beam'd from gaudy robes,
Tapers, and ſparkling gems, and radiant eyes,
A ſoft effulgence o'er the palace waves:

While, a gay insect in his summer-shine,
The fop, light-fluttering, spreads his mealy wings.

Dread o'er the scene, the ghost of Hamlet stalks;
Othello rages; poor Monimia mourns;
And Belvidera pours her soul in love.
Terror alarms the breast; the comely tear
Steals o'er the cheek: or else the Comic Muse
Holds to the world a picture of itself,
And raises sly the fair impartial laughs.
Sometimes she lifts her strain, and paints the scenes
Of beauteous life; whate'er can deck mankind,
Or charm the heart, in generous * Bevil shew'd.

O Thou, whose wisdom solid yet refin'd,
Whose patriot-virtues, and consummate skill
To touch the finer springs that move the world,
Join'd to whate'er the Graces can bestow,
And all Apollo's animating fire,
Give thee, with pleasing dignity, to shine
At once the guardian, ornament, and joy,
Of polish'd life, permit the Rural Muse,
O Chesterfield, to grace with thee her song!
Ere to the shades again she humbly flies,
Indulge her fond ambition, in thy train,
(For every Muse has in thy train a place)
To mark thy various full-accomplish'd mind:
To mark that spirit, which, with British scorn,
Rejects th' allurements of corrupted power;
That elegant politeness, which excels,
Even in the judgment of presumptuous France,
The boasted manners of her shining court;
That wit, the vivid energy of sense,
The truth of Nature, which, with Attic point,
And

* A Character in the Conscious Lovers, written by Sir Richard Steele.

And kind well-temper'd ſatire, ſmoothly keen,
Steals through the ſoul, and without pain corrects.
Or, riſing thence with yet a brighter flame,
O let me hail thee on ſome glorious day,
When to the liſtening ſenate, ardent, croud
Britannia's ſons to hear her pleaded cauſe.
Then dreſt by thee, more amiably fair,
Truth the ſoft robe of mild perſuaſion wears:
Thou to aſſenting reaſon giv'ſt again
Her own enlightened thoughts; call'd from the heart,
Th' obedient paſſions on thy voice attend;
And even reluctant party feels a while
Thy gracious power; as thro' the varied maze
Of eloquence, now ſmooth, now quick; now ſtrong,
Profound and clear, you roll the copious flood.

To thy lov'd haunt return, my happy Muſe:
For now, behold, the joyous winter-days,
Froſty, ſucceed; and thro' the blue ſerene,
For ſight too fine, th' ethereal nitre flies;
Killing infectious damps, and the ſpent air
Storing afreſh with elemental life,
Cloſe crouds the ſhining atmoſphere; and binds
Our ſtrenghtened bodies in its cold embrace,
Conſtringent; feeds, and animates our blood;
Refines our ſpirits, thro' the new-ſtrung nerves,
In ſwifter ſallies darting to the brain;
Where ſits the ſoul, intenſe, collected, cool,
Bright as the ſkies, and as the ſeaſon keen.
All Nature feels the renovating force
Of Winter, only to the thoughtleſs eye
In ruin ſeen. The froſt-concocted glebe
Draws in abundant vegetable ſoul,
And gathers vigour for the coming year.
A ſtronger glow ſits on the lively cheek
Of ruddy fire: and luculent along

The purer rivers flow; their ſullen deeps,
Tranſparent, open to the ſhepherd's gaze,
And murmur hoarſer at the fixing froſt.

What art thou, froſt? and whence are thy keen ſtores
Deriv'd, thou ſecret all-invading power,
Whom even th' illuſive fluid cannot fly?
Is not thy potent energy, unſeen,
Myriads of little ſalts, or hook'd, or ſhap'd
Like double wedges, and diffus'd immenſe
Thro' water, earth, and ether? Hence at eve,
Steam'd eager from the red horizon round,
With the fierce rage of Winter deep ſuffus'd
An icy gale, oft ſhifting, o'er the pool
Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
Arreſts the bickering ſtream. The looſened ice,
Let down the flood, and half diſſolv'd by day,
Ruſtles no more; but to the ſedgy bank
Faſt grows, or gathers round the pointed ſtone,
A cryſtal pavement, by the breath of heaven
Cemented firm; till, ſeiz'd from ſhore to ſhore,
The whole impriſon'd river grows below;
Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
A double noiſe; while, at his evening watch,
The village dog deters the nightly thief;
The heifer lows; the diſtant water-fall
Swells in the breeze; and, with the haſty tread
Of traveller, the hollow-ſounding plain
Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,
Infinite worlds diſcloſing to the view,
Shines out intenſely keen; and, all one cope
Of ſtarry glitter, glows from pole to pole.
From pole to pole the rigid influence falls,
Thro' the ſtill night, inceſſant, heavy, ſtrong,
And ſeizes Nature faſt. It freezes on;
Till morn, late-riſing o'er the drooping world,

Lifts

Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears
The various labour of the ſilent night:
Prone from the dripping eave, and dumb caſcade,
Whoſe idle torrents only ſeem to roar,
The pendant icicle; the froſt-work fair,
Where tranſient hues, and fancy'd figures riſe;
Wide-ſpouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook,
A livid tract, cold-gleaming on the morn;
The foreſt bent beneath the plumy wave;
And by the froſt refin'd the whiter ſnow,
Incruſted hard, and ſounding to the tread
Of early ſhepherd; as he penſive ſeeks
His pining flock, or from the mountain top,
Pleas'd with the ſlippery ſurface, ſwift deſcends.

On blithſome frolicks bent, the youthful ſwains,
While every work of Man is laid at reſt,
Fond o'er the river crowd, in various ſport
And revelry diſſolv'd; where mixing glad,
Happieſt of all the train! the raptur'd boy
Laſhes the whirling top. Or, where the Rhine
Branch'd out in many a long canal extends,
Erom every province ſwarming, void of care,
Batavia ruſhes forth, and as they ſweep,
On ſounding ſkates, a thouſand different ways,
In circling poiſe, ſwift as the winds, along,
The then gay land is maddened all to joy,
Nor leſs the northern courts, wide o'er the ſnow,
Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid ſleds,
Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel
The long-reſounding courſe. Mean-time, to raiſe
Fluſh'd by the ſeaſon, Scandinavia's dames
Or Ruſſia's buxom daughters glow around.

Pure, quick, and ſportful, is the wholeſome day;
But ſoon elaps'd. The horizontal ſun,

Broad o'er the ſouth, hangs at his utmoſt noon,
And, ineffectual, ſtrikes the gelid cliff:
His azure gloſs the mountain ſtill maintains,
Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale
Relents a while to the reflected ray;
Or from the foreſt falls the cluſter'd ſnow,
Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam
Gay-twinkle as they ſcatter. Thick around
Thunders the ſport of thoſe, who with the gun,
And dog impatient bounding at the ſhot,
Worſe than the ſeaſon, deſolate the fields;
And, adding to the ruins of the year,
Diſtreſs the footed or the feathered game.

But what is this? Our infant Winter ſinks,
Diveſted of his grandeur, ſhould our eye
Aſtoniſh'd ſhoot into the Frigid Zone;
Where, for relentleſs months, continual night
Holds o'er the glittering waſte her ſtarry reign.

There, thro' the priſon of unbounded wilds,
Barr'd by the hand of Nature from eſcape,
Wide-roams the Ruſſian exile. Nought around
Strikes his ſad eye, but deſarts loſt in ſnow;
And heavy-loaded groves; and ſolid floods,
That ſtretch athwart the ſolitary waſte,
Their icy horrors to the frozen main;
And chearleſs towns far-diſtant, never bleſs'd,
Save when its annual courſe the caravan
Bends to the golden coaſt of rich * Cathay,
With news of human-kind. Yet there life glows;
Yet cheriſh'd there, beneath the ſhining waſte,
The furry nations harbour: tipt with jet,
Fair ermines, ſpotleſs as the ſnows they preſs;
Sables of gloſſy black; and dark-embrown'd,

Or

* The old name for China.

Or beauteous freakt with many a mingled hue,
Thouſands beſides, the coſtly pride of courts.
There, warm together preſs'd, the trooping deer
Sleep on the new-fallen ſnows; and, ſcarce his head
Rais'd o'er the heavy wreath, the branching elk
Lies ſlumbering ſullen in the white abyſs.
The ruthleſs hunter wants nor dogs nor toils,
Nor with the dread of ſounding bows he drives
The fearful flying race; with ponderous clubs,
As weak againſt the mountain-heaps they puſh
Their beating breaſt in vain, and piteous bray,
He lays them quivering on th' enſanguin'd ſnows,
And with loud ſhouts rejoicing bears them home.
There thro' the piny foreſt half-abſorb'd,
Rough tenant of theſe ſhades, the ſhapeleſs bear,
With dangling ice all horrid, ſtalks forlorn;
Slow-pac'd, and ſourer as the ſtorms increaſe,
He makes his bed beneath th' inclement drift,
And, with ſtern patience, ſcorning weak complaint,
Hardens his heart againſt aſſailing want.

Wide o'er the ſpacious regions of the north,
That ſee Boötes urge his tardy wain,
A boiſterous race, by frofty * Caurus pierc'd,
Who little pleaſure know and fear no pain,
Prolific ſwarm. They once relum'd the flame
Of loſt mankind in poliſh'd ſlavery ſunk,
Drove martial † horde on horde, with dreadful ſweep
Reſiſtleſs ruſhing o'er th' enfeebled ſouth,
And gave the vanquiſh'd world another form.
Not ſuch the ſons of Lapland: wiſely they
Deſpiſe th' inſenſate barbarous trade of war;
They aſk no more than ſimple Nature gives,
They love their mountains and enjoy their ſtorms,

No

* The North-Weſt Wind.
† The wandering Scythian-Clans.

No falſe deſires, no pride-created wants,
Diſturb the peaceful current of their time;
And thro' the reſtleſs ever-tortur'd maze
Of pleaſure, or ambition, bid it rage.
Their rain-deer form their riches. Theſe their tents,
Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth
Supply, their wholeſome fare, and chearful cups.
Obſequious at their call, the docile tribe
Yield to the ſled their necks, and whirl them ſwift
O'er hill and dale, heap'd into one expanſe
Of marbled ſnow, as far as eye can ſweep
With a blue cruſt of ice unbounded glaz'd.
By dancing meteors then, that ceaſeleſs ſhake
A waving blaze refracted o'er the heavens,
And vivid moons, and ſtars that keener play
With doubled luſtre from the gloſſy waſte,
Even in the depth of Polar Night, they find
A wondrous day; enough to light the chaſe,
Or guide their daring ſteps to Finland-fairs.
Wiſh'd Spring returns; and from the hazy ſouth,
While dim Aurora ſlowly moves before,
The welcome ſun, juſt verging up at firſt,
By ſmall degrees extends the ſwelling curve:
Till ſeen at laſt for gay rejoicing months,
Still round and round, his ſpiral courſe he winds,
And as he nearly dips his flaming orb,
Wheels up again, and reaſcends the ſky.
In that glad ſeaſon, from the lakes and floods,
Where pure * Niemi's fairy mountains riſe,

And

* M. de Maupertuis, in his book on the Figure of the Earth, after having deſcribed the beautiful Lake and Mountain of Niemi in Lapland, ſays — — „From this „height we had occaſion ſeveral times to ſee thoſe va„pours riſe from the Lake which the people of the coun„try call Haltios, and which they deem to be the guar„dian Spirits of the Mountains. We had been frighted

„with

And fring'd with roſes * Tenglio rolls his ſtream,
They draw the copious fry. With theſe, at eve,
They chearful-loaded to their tents repair;
Where, all day long in uſeful cares employ'd,
Their kind unblemish'd wives the fire prepare,
Thrice happy race! by poverty ſecur'd
From legal plunder and rapacious power:
In whom fell intereſt never yet has ſown
The ſeeds of vice: whoſe ſpotleſs ſwains ne'er knew
Injurious deed, nor, blaſted by the breath
Of faithleſs love, their blooming daughters woe.

Still preſſing on, beyond Tornea's lake,
And Hecla flaming thro' a waſte of ſnow,
And fartheſt Greenland, to the pole itſelf,
Where failing gradual life at length goes out,
The Muſe expands her ſolitary flight;
And hovering o'er the wild ſtupendous ſcene,
Beholds new ſeas beneath * another ſky.
Thron'd in his palace of cerulean ice,
Here Winter holds his unrejoicing court;
And thro' his airy hall the loud miſrule
Of driving tempeſt is for ever heard:
Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath;
Here arms his winds with all-ſubduing froſt;
Moulds his fierce hail, and treaſures up his ſnows,
With which he now oppreſſes half the globe.

Thence

„with ſtories of Bears that haunted this place, but ſaw „none. It ſeem'd rather a place of reſort for Fairies and „Genii, than Bears."

* The ſame Author obſerves — — „I was ſurpriz'd „to ſee upon the banks of this river (the Tenglio) Roſes „of as lively a red as any that are in our gardens."

** The other Hemiſphere.

Thence winding eaſtward to the Tartar's coaſt,
She ſweeps the howling margin of the main;
Where undiſſolving, from the firſt of time,
Snows ſwell on ſnows amazing to the ſky;
And icy mountains high on mountains pil'd,
Seem to the ſhivering ſailor from afar,
Shapeleſs and white, an atmoſphere of clouds,
Projected huge, and horrid, o'er the ſurge,
Alps frown on Alps; or ruſhing hideous down,
As if old Chaos was again return'd,
Wide-rend the deep, and ſhake the ſolid pole.
Ocean itſelf no longer can reſiſt
The binding fury; but, in all its rage
Of tempeſt taken by the boundleſs froſt,
Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd,
And bid to roar no more: a bleak expanſe,
Shagg'd o'er with wavy rocks, chearleſs, and void
Of every life, that from the dreary mounts
Flies conſcious ſouthward. Miſerable they!
Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,
Take their laſt look of the deſcending ſun;
While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold froſt,
The long, long night, incumbent o'er their heads,
Falls horrible. Such was the * Briton's fate,
As with firſt prow, (what have not Britons dar'd!)
He for the paſſage ſought, attempted ſince
So much in vain, and ſeeming to be ſhut
By jealous Nature with eternal bars.
In theſe fell regions, in Arzina caught,
And to the ſtony deep his idle ſhip
Immediate ſeal'd, he with his hapleſs crew,
Each full exerted at his ſeveral taſk,
Froze into ſtatues; to the cordage glued
The ſailor, and the pilot to the helm.

Hard

* Sir Hugh Willoughby, ſent by Queen Elizabeth to diſcover the North-Eaſt Paſſage.

Hard by theſe ſhores, where ſcarce his freezing ſtream
Rolls the wild O b y, live the laſt of Men;
And half enlivened by the diſtant ſun,
That rears and ripens Man, as well as plants,
Here human Nature wears its rudeſt form.
Deep from the piercing ſeaſon ſunk in caves,
Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer,
They waſte the tedious gloom. Immers'd in furs,
Doze the groſs race. Nor ſprightly jeſt, nor ſong,
Nor tenderneſs they know; nor aught of life,
Beyond the kindred bears that ſtalk without,
Till morn at length, her roſes drooping all,
Sheds a long twilight brigthening o'er their fields,
And calls the quivered ſavage to the chace.
What cannot active government perform,
New-moulding Man? Wide-ſtretching from theſe ſhores,
A people ſavage from remoteſt time,
A huge neglected empire one vaſt Mind,
By H e a v e n inſpir'd, from Gothic darkneſs call'd.
Immortal P e t e r! firſt of monarchs! He
His ſtubborn country tam'd, her rocks, her fens,
Her floods, her ſeas, her ill-ſubmitting ſons;
And while the fierce Barbarian he ſubdu'd,
To more exalted ſoul he rais'd the Man.
Ye ſhades of ancient heroes, ye who toil'd
Thro' long ſucceſſive ages to build up
A labouring plan of ſtate, behold at once
The wonder done! behold the matchleſs prince!
Who left his native throne, where reign'd till then
A mighty ſhadow of unreal power;
Who greatly ſpurn'd the ſlothful pomp of courts;
And roaming every land, in every port
His ſceptre laid aſide, with glorious hand
Unwearied plying the mechanic tool,
Gather'd the ſeeds of trade, of uſeful arts,

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Of civil wiſdom, and of martial ſkill,
Charg'd with the ſtores of Europe home he goes!
Then cities riſe amid th' illumin'd waſte;
O'er joyleſs deſarts ſmiles the rural reign;
Far-diſtant flood to flood is ſocial join'd;
Th' aſtoniſh'd Euxin hears the Baltick roar;
Proud navies ride on ſeas that never foam'd
With daring keel before; and armies ſtretch
Each way their dazzling files, repreſſing here
The frantic Alexander of the north,
And awing there ſtern Othman's ſhrinking ſons.
Sloth flies the land, and Ignorance, and Vice,
Of old diſhonour proud: it glows around,
Taught by the Royal Hand that rous'd the whole,
One ſcene of arts, of arms, of riſing trade:
For what his wiſdom plann'd, and power enforc'd,
More potent ſtill, his great example ſhew'd.

Muttering, the winds at eve, with blunted point,
Blow hollow-bluſtering from the ſouth. Subdu'd,
The froſt reſolves into a trickling thaw.
Spotted the mountains ſhine; looſe ſleet deſcends,
And floods the country round. The rivers ſwell,
Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills,
O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,
A thouſand ſnow-fed torrents ſhoot at once;
And, where they ruſh, the wide-reſounding plain
Is left one ſlimy waſte. Thoſe ſullen ſeas,
That waſh'd th' ungenial pole, will reſt no more
Beneath the ſhackles of the mighty north;
But, rouſing all their waves, reſiſtleſs heave.
And hark! the lengthening roar continuous runs
Athwart the rifted deep: at once it burſts,
And piles a thouſand mountains to the clouds.
Ill fares the bark with trembling wretches charg'd,
That, toſt amid the floating fragments, moors

Beneath

Beneath the ſhelter of an icy iſle,
While night o'erwhelms the ſea, and horror looks
More horrible. Can human force endure
Th' aſſembled miſchiefs that beſiege them round?
Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting wearineſs,
The roar of winds and waves, the cruſh of ice,
Now ceaſing, now renew'd with louder rage,
And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.
More to embroil the deep, Leviathan
And his unwieldy train, in dreadful ſport,
Tempeſt the looſen'd brine, while thro' the gloom,
Far, from the bleak inhoſpitable ſhore,
Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl
Of famiſh'd monſters, there awaiting wrecks.
Yet Providence, that ever-waking eye,
Looks down with pity on the feeble toil
Of mortals loſt to hope, and lights them ſafe,
Thro' all this dreary labyrinth of fate.

'Tis done! dread Winter ſpreads his lateſt glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.

How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
His deſolate domain. Behold, fond Man!
See here thy pictur'd life, paſs ſome few years,
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent ſtrength,

Thy ſober Autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding Winter comes at laſt,
And ſhuts the ſcene. Ah! whither now are fled,
Thoſe dreams of greatneſs? thoſe unſolid hopes
Of happineſs? thoſe longings after fame?
Thoſe reſtleſs cares? thoſe buſy buſtling days?
Thoſe gay-ſpent, feſtive nights? thoſe veering thoughts

Loſt between good and ill, that ſhar'd thy life?
All now are vaniſh'd; Virtue ſole-ſurvives,
Immortal, never failing friend of Man,
His guide to happineſs on high. — And ſee!
'Tis come, the glorious morn! the ſecond birth
Of heaven, and earth! awakening Nature hears
The new-creating word, and ſtarts to life,
In every heightened form, from pain and death
For ever free. The great eternal ſcheme,
Involving all, and in a perfect whole
Uniting, as the proſpect wider ſpreads,
To reaſon's eye refin'd clears up apace.
Ye vainly wiſe! ye blind preſumptuous! now,
Confounded in the duſt, adore that Power,
And Wisdom oft arraign'd: ſee now the cauſe,
Why unaſſuming worth in ſecret liv'd,
And dy'd, neglected: why the good Man's ſhare
In life was gall and bitterneſs of ſoul:
Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd
In ſtarving ſolitude; while luxury,
In palaces, lay ſtraining her low thought,
To form unreal wants: why heaven-born truth,
And moderation fair, wore the red marks
Of ſuperſtition's ſcourge: why licens'd pain,
That cruel ſpoiler, that emboſom'd foe,
Imbitter'd all our bliſs. Ye good diſtreſt!
Ye noble few! who here unbending ſtand
Beneath life's preſſure, yet bear up a while,
And what your bounded view, which only ſaw
A little part, deem'd Evil, is no more:
The ſtorms of Wintry Time will quickly paſs,
And one unbounded Spring encircle all.

A

HYMN.

These, as they change, Almighty Father, these,
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, Thy tenderness and love:
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense, and every heart is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the Summer-months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
Shoots full perfection thro' the swelling year:
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives,
In Winter awful Thou! with clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
Majestic darkness! On the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, Thou bidst the world adore,
And humblest Nature with thy northern blast.

Myſterious round! what ſkill, what force divine,
Deep-felt, in theſe appear! a ſimple train,
Yet ſo delightful mix'd, with ſuch kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;
Shade, unperceiv'd, ſo ſoftening into ſhade;
And all ſo forming an harmonious whole;
That, as they ſtill ſucceed, they raviſh ſtill.
But wandering oft, with brute inconſcious gaze,
Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand,
That, ever-buſy, wheels the ſilent ſpheres;
Works in the ſecret deep; ſhoots, ſteaming, thence
The fair profuſion that o'erſpreads the Spring:
Flings from the ſun direct the flaming day;
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempeſt forth;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With tranſport touches all the ſprings of life.

Nature, attend! join every living ſoul,
Beneath the ſpacious temple of the ſky,
In adoration join; and, ardent, raiſe
One general ſong! To Him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe ſoft, whoſe Spirit in your freſhneſs breathes:
Oh talk of Him in ſolitary glooms!
Where, o'er the rock, the ſcarcely waving pine
Fills the brown ſhade with a religious awe.
And ye, whoſe bolder note is heard afar,
Who ſhake th' aſtoniſh'd world, lift high to heaven
Th' impetuous ſong, and ſay from whom you rage.

His praiſe, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muſe along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound;
Ye ſofter floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majeſtic main,
A ſecret world of wonders in thyſelf,
Sound His ſtupendous praiſe; whoſe greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft-roll your incenſe, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to Him; whoſe ſun exalts,
Whoſe breath perfumes you, and whoſe pencil paints,
Ye foreſts bend, ye harveſts wave, to Him;
Breathe your ſtill ſong into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth aſleep
Unconſcious lies, effuſe your mildeſt beams,
Ye conſtellations, while your angels ſtrike,
Amid the ſpangled ſky, the ſilver lyre.
Great ſource of day! beſt image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On Nature write with every beam His praiſe.
The thunder rolls: be huſh'd the proſtrate world;
While cloud to cloud returns the ſolemn hymn.
Bleat out afreſh, ye hills: ye moſſy rocks,
Retain the ſound: the broad reſponſive lowe,
Ye valleys, raiſe; for the Great Shepherd reigns;

And his unſuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake: a boundleſs ſong
Burſt from the groves! and when the reſtleſs day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world aſleep,
Sweeteſt of birds! ſweet Philomela, charm
The liſtening ſhades, and teach the night His praiſe.
Ye, chief, for whom the whole creation ſmiles,
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn! in ſwarming cities vaſt,
Aſſembled men, to the deep organ join
The long-reſounding voice, oft-breaking clear,
At ſolemn pauſes, through the ſwelling baſe;
And, as each mingling flame increaſes each,
In one united ardor riſe to heaven.
Or if you rather chuſe the rural ſhade,
And find a fane in every ſacred grove;
There let the ſhepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting ſeraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still ſing the God of Seaſons, as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the bloſſom blows, the ſummer-ray
Ruſſets the plain, inſpiring Autumn gleams;
Or Winter riſes in the blackening eaſt;
Be my tongue mute, may fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!

Should fate command me to the fartheſt verge
Of the green earth, to diſtant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to ſong; where firſt the ſun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his ſetting beam
Flames on th' Atlantic iſles; 'tis nought to me:

Since

Since God is ever preſent, ever felt,
In the void waſte as in the city full;
And where He vital ſpreads there muſt be joy.
When even at laſt the ſolemn hour ſhall come,
And wing my myſtic flight to future worlds,
I chearful will obey; there, with new powers,
Will riſing wonders ſing: I cannot go
Where Univerſal Love not ſmiles around,
Suſtaining all yon orbs and all their ſons;
From ſeeming Evil ſtill educing Good,
And Better thence again, and Better ſtill,
In infinite progreſſion. — But I loſe
Myſelf in Him, in Light ineffable!
Come then, expreſſive ſilence, muſe his praiſe,

THE END.

BSB Bayerische StaatsBibliothek
MDZ Münchener DigitalisierungsZentrum Digitale Bibliothek

A poetical anthology or a choice collection of fables, eclogues, epistles, satires, elegies, odes , and ballads

Mentz u.a. 1788

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